DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

5¢ a copy
March 21, 1931

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

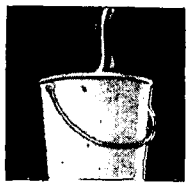
Why Statesmen Straddle

By

Senator William E. Borah

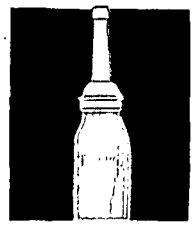
Arthur Somers Roche - Jeffery Farnol - Harris Dickson - Sax Rohmer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAIN

"WINTER-WORN" OIL



FILL

WITH *NEW* TEXACO

Scotties—after an etching by Morgan Dennis

then

LISTEN!

TO THE IMPROVEMENT IN YOUR ENGINE

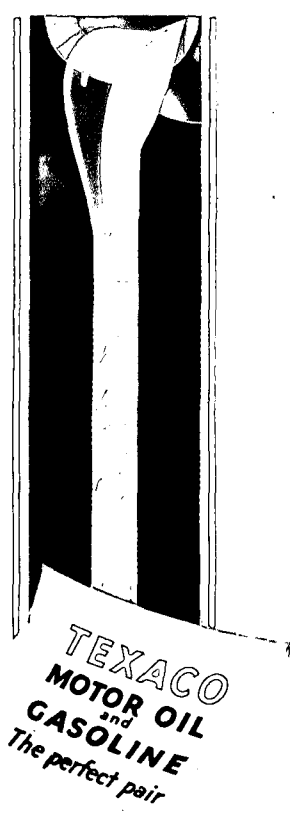
WINTER is dead! The glorious months of open windshields are near at hand. Let your car welcome spring unhampered by the dangers and handicaps of weakened, diluted "winter-worn" motor oil.

Winter-grade oil will never do for the warmer days that are here. Drain it off. Fill with the correct grade of the new crack-proof Texaco! In every drop of this longer-lasting golden oil is new life, new power, new quietness, for your motor. Listen to the difference!

Free from paraffin wax, and hard, carbon-forming elements, the new crack-proof Texaco sheathes every moving part of your engine, smoothing the action, quieting the sound. Heat cannot pierce it! Friction dwindles away before it! Perfectly protected, your engine purrs over the steepest hill and hums along the straightaway.

Begin long months of driving pleasure today at a Texaco Service Station. Drain—Fill—then Listen! A smoother, quieter engine immediately forecasts the finer, trouble-free performance that crack-proof longer-lasting Texaco Motor Oil always assures.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Texaco Petroleum Products



TEXACO

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE NEW

© 1931, The Texas Company

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

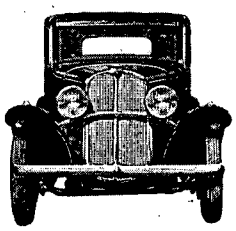
"CRACK-PROOF" . LONGER-LASTING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

THE WAY TO MAKE A FRIEND IS TO BE ONE

We of Oakland-Pontiac are building into our cars and service the extra qualities that we should like if we were the customers. . . . For instance, you will find both the new Oakland Eight and new Pontiac Six very comfortable cars. Long wheelbases, long springs, balanced design, and four Lovejoy shock absorbers make riding easy. There is comfort in the special form-fitting seat cushions in the new Fisher Bodies, and there is plenty of room. . . . Upholstery in closed cars is mohair or whipcord—in the convertible coupes, fine leather. Body insulation protects you against cold and heat. . . . Road shocks and noises are reduced by a new type of rubber cushioning at more than forty chassis points. . . . In their new power, speed, lower prices, and dependability, these two fine cars prove how sincere we are in our desire to make new friends and keep the old.

OAKLAND 8  PONTIAC 6

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

BODIES BY FISHER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

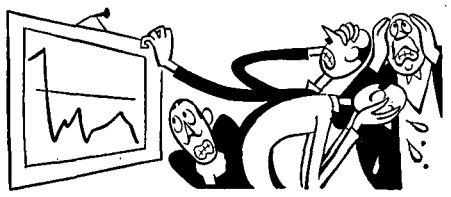
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"PA ALWAYS used to say mines were mostly just holes in the ground that belong to liars. This here King Solomon Black Sand Dredging Corporation ain't a hole in the ground. Look what it says up in this corner, right under the cornucopia. Says 't the aurif'rous black sand lays right on top of the ground, where you can see it."

That's Clem, the spokesman of the Lebbeter twins, telling the president of the bank about his gold stock. Logical but unconvincing. That is, Clem's story didn't persuade Colonel Elwood to loan money on worthless paper; but it did convince the firm of Finn and Dorner that the Lebbeters were ripe for the plucking. And so the firm concocted a scheme. It was proof against everything but the innocence of fools. Hugh MacNair Kahler tells you how the engaging twins emerge as usual with flying colors by being "Just Dumb Enough."



ROGER BABSON, our famous business prophet, also has something to say about fools. He thinks a good many of us could be described that way. We take business depressions too hard. We talk as though they had never happened before and act as though they would never end. Of course that makes matters worse. Mr. Babson reviews our periodic depressions of the past and shows you that the economic cycle in this country is on an upward curve. The recoil from a depression always carries us to new heights. And the recoil has begun. Mr. Babson's article is called, appropriately, "How to Cure the Blues."

—

BENEATH the brilliance and gayety of Monte Carlo lies a world of desperation and crime. Into this world Peter Hames, artist and amateur detective, was precipitated by the cold-blooded murder of Dumesnil, cashier of the Sporting Club. E. Phillips Oppenheim tells you how Peter once more sees justice done. The story is called "The Imperfect Crime."

—

JAMES DERIEUX gives you a picture of Chase Osborn, ex-governor of Michigan and "The Sage of the Soo." Of necessity it is a moving picture. There is nothing quiet about this seventy-year-old pioneer. Iron hunter, editor, statesman, scientist, he is a versatile and astonishing man. To give you an example: he shaves every morning standing on one leg. Just to make it harder, he does it in the dark.

—

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH writes of a group of star-crossed astrologers. The story is called "Leave It to Venus." James Hopper tells you about vocational guidance in "Jobs to Suit." Frank Condon introduces you to a pair of red-headed heroes whose friendship was endangered by golf. Because he is a golfer himself, Mr. Condon tries to confuse the issue by calling the story "Two Dollars Down." Courtney Ryley Cooper writes the Short Short Story. Messrs. Rice, Work and Foster instruct while they amuse. The Gentleman at the Keyhole continues his shrewd comments upon the political drama. Sax Rohmer and Alan LeMay bring intrigue from the East and West. That ought to give you an idea.

THIS WEEK

March 21, 1931

Cover—George de Zayas

Page 7—Senator William E. Borah

WHY STATESMEN STRADDLE: Loyalty to party vs. loyalty to the nation—a challenging article.

Page 9—Grantland Rice

BATTERY TROUBLE: 1931 baseball prospects.

Page 10—Bertram Atkey

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER: Identical twins—with a difference.

Page 12—Guy Gilpatric

DARBY AND JONES: Two old troupers carry on.

Page 14—Sax Rohmer

YU'AN HEE SEE LAUGHS, Part IV: The coils of an international plot.

Page 16—Harris Dickson

JODY DEFIES KING CHARLES: A vivid story of old New Orleans.

Page 18—Arthur Somers Roche

FRIED POTATOES: The love story of a rich young man.

Page 20—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 21—Logan Clendening, M. D.

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ADULTS: Common-sense heresies.

Page 22—William G. Shepherd

A MONEY LENDER IS CONVERTED: Personal finance made respectable.

Page 24—Alan LeMay

GUNSIGHT TRAIL, Part III: Feud flares around the Buckhorn water.

Page 26—The Short Short Story

SPEAKING OF FARNSWORTH: By Bernice Brown.

Page 28—Jeffery Farnol

THE DEATHLESS MIRACLE: An irresistible short story.

Page 36—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? A chance for headwork.

Page 38—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

BIG-TOWN BOB: Senator Wagner, the metropolitan.

Page 41—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD! Here's how.

Page 66—Editorial

An Open Letter to George W. Wickersham.

Any Week

AMONG the important reasons several of our readers are doing their best to cling to life for at least another year or so (at least so they tell us) is that they would hate to miss seeing the toe holds, flying mares, full Nelsons and headlocks that will ensue when the White House meets the new Congress.

—

THINKING doubtless to surprise us, Dr. P. R. Sheaffer, Cabot, Arkansas, informs us that a party of singularly unsuccessful duck hunters from Little Rock met a native in a canebrake. The native had what seemed to them to be all the ducks in the world. Determined to get something out of their long, wet trudge, the duckless gentlemen asked the native whether he could direct them to a drink. Out of his pocket he drew a pint of corn whisky, for which they paid him one dollar. Then, feeling a little better, they asked him whether he would sell them a few ducks, that they might not return home to be laughed at.

"Gosh, no!" he protested. "That's agin the law, strangers."

—

IF WE'RE informed by some indignant reader that we're a bit late with that one we offer one of our own. It came to mind after we had read a brief note from Mrs. F. L. Benzwanger of Sayville, Long Island. She asks us to set forth briefly "at least one of your fundamental policies." The story has to do with one Corporal Bill Linck of the Thirty-second Division, A. E. F. Corporal Linck, while busy on the Vesle River winning the war, was captured by the Germans. They took him to one of their most serious intelligence officers.

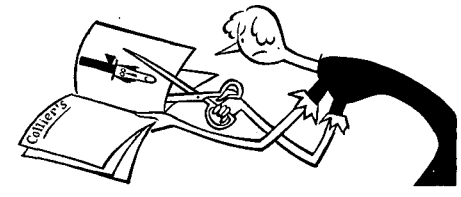
"State briefly," commanded the latter, "what are the aims of your government in this war?"

"Well, sir," said Bill after some thought, "for one thing, we aim to please."

—

OF COURSE there's always the danger of really brilliant editors out-smarting themselves. Mr. B. G. Lindeman writes from Detroit that he, an enthusiastic reader of this most readable magazine, always reads our neighboring column, "Next Week," first. Then "Any Week." But he never reads the table of contents because "I read about that last week in the Next Week column."

"Your Next Week column," concludes Mr. Lindeman, "is so very interesting that I am ever afraid the stories and articles will be disappointing. So I silently lay aside Collier's and wait for the next issue."



WHICH is the proper introduction to a question by Mr. Richard P. Taft of Freehold, New Jersey. "How," asks he, "do you do it for a nickel?"

—

WE REJOICE in this letter from Mrs. Ella Craggen of Fort Worth, Texas. An ardent prohibitionist, Mrs. Craggen tells us that if it were not that we publish so much stuff that delights her and her family she would not permit us in her house. However, she masters the difficulty neatly by reading us before we reach the library table and using her censoring scissors on "each and every slur on the Eighteenth Amendment."

Vol. 87, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.

Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

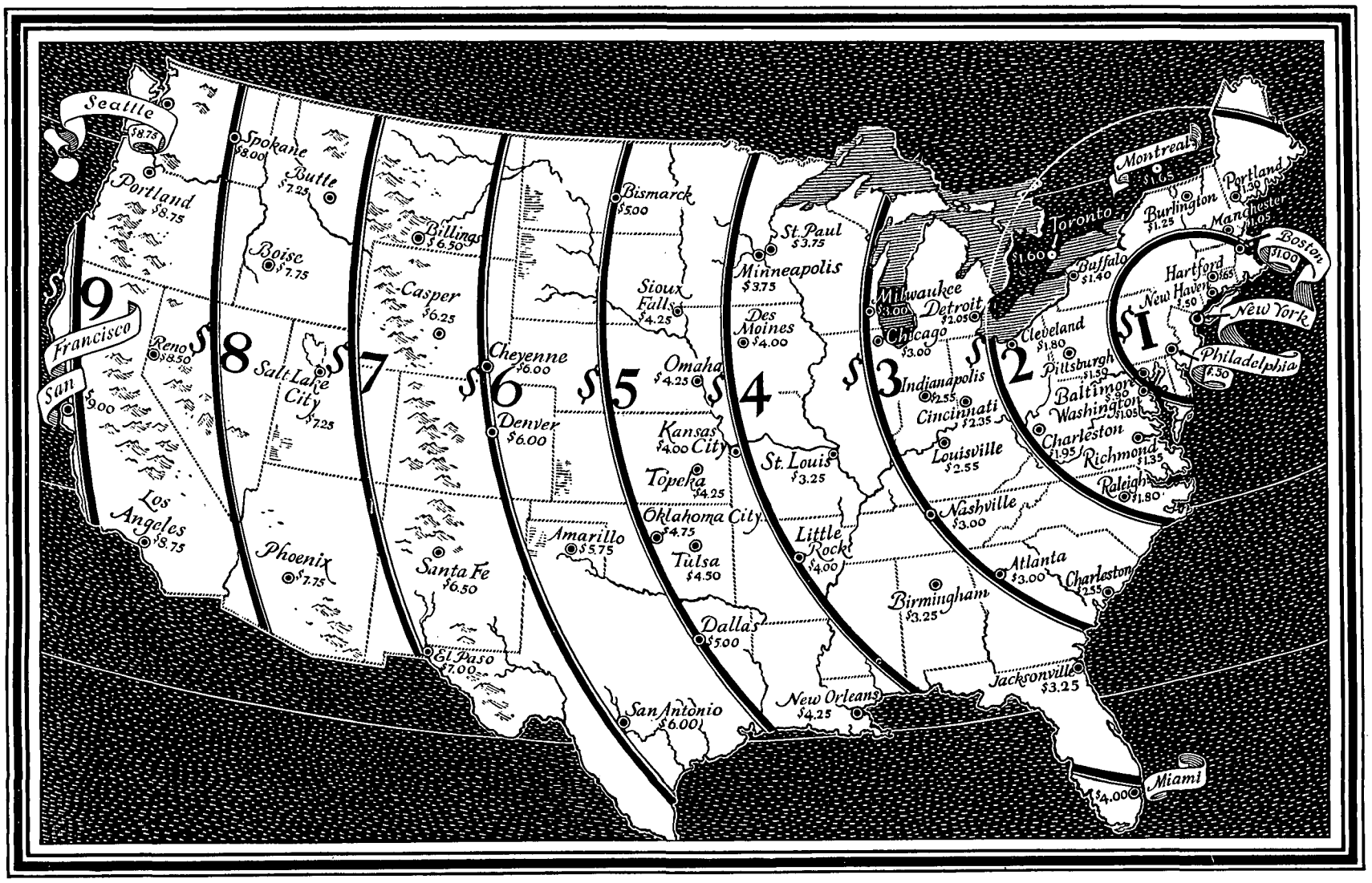
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEPHONE!

Today's economical way of doing business



LONG DISTANCE RATES HAVE BEEN REDUCED FOUR TIMES IN THE PAST FEW YEARS. CALLING FROM COAST TO COAST NOW COSTS ONLY $9

RATES . . . low • • • SERVICE . . . better than ever

In today's keen competition, the telephone is getting things done in minutes. It allows a person to *accomplish more.* It *cuts costs.*

A sales executive analyzed the methods of the men under him. He found that the most successful were increasing their productive time by the use of the telephone. Others were spending only a few hours each week actually talking to buyers; the rest of the time they passed in ante-rooms waiting to see prospects and buyers.

Long Distance does away with unnecessary waste of time. It is a quick and direct pathway to greater sales opportunities. Whether it is used to make an appointment or to conclude a deal, it is one of today's efficient and economical ways of doing business.

The map shows typical rates from New York City—station-to-station day rates for three minutes. Evening and night rates are even lower. Telephone calls between cities cost little. Consider what they get done and you will know why so many companies instruct their people to *use Long Distance wherever possible.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Maxwell House Coffee is today's expression of the good living of the Old South

WE may well envy them the grace and gentility of their day in the Old South, but we need not envy them their coffee. The smoothest and mellowest and most flavorous blend they had then, is ours now. Only it is even more surely better. Modern safeguards to quality have seen to that! Just try Maxwell House Coffee—see how its dark, rich, aromatic presence ennobles every meal. See and *enjoy* how much good living can be compassed in a coffee cup!

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

Why Statesmen Straddle

By William E. Borah

United States Senator from Idaho

Straddling is precisely what Senator Borah does not do in this article. It is a straightforward, hard-hitting attack on what he believes to be "a false and vicious conception of the function of political parties" and on corruption in public life. He discusses party loyalty, the use of commissions in determining party programs and the placing of party success above the national welfare with a candor which is refreshing

A HEAVY charge of insincerity rests upon the public men of the United States. The want of intellectual integrity is a theme of constant discussion from the street car to the metropolitan press—and nowhere more than among public men themselves. Politics has come to be looked upon as the science of chicanery. Absence of candor on public questions, want of moral courage, weasel words on vital problems, straddling—there can be no doubt that thoughts along these lines are constantly in the minds of the people when thinking of and discussing public men and public questions. This cannot be charged to mere pessimism or to criticism gone chronic; it is a cold, challenging fact, well known to every intelligent observer of our political life.

What is the cause? The same men who are criticized for this course of conduct in public affairs are wholly free from such charges in private affairs. My own belief is that these conditions spring largely from a false and vicious conception of the function of political parties and from an unreal and unjust theory as to the relation of the individual to his political party. There is a constant conflict between the public interests and party expediency. It is too often true that it is not politically expedient to deal with a public question in a candid and direct fashion. Hence, unwilling wholly to abandon or disregard the public welfare and hopeful of serving party expediency, a middle course is chosen, sophistry takes the place of logic and plausibility the place of realities.

The Wickersham Fiasco

This straddling propensity seems to be growing in degree and quantity. Perhaps the most startling exhibition of it in recent days is the report of the Wickersham Commission. In this respect the report takes on the flavor of genius. Here is what was said, in effect:

"As a member of the commission, I am opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. As an individual, I am in favor of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. The Eighteenth Amendment is all right at present. But if it does not work any better in a year or two than it has worked for the last ten years, it is all wrong and we submit the facts to show it will never work and also submit a new amendment to take the place of the Eighteenth Amendment." When one contemplates the gravity of the subject, the deep interest of the people, the necessity for plain, direct, unequivocal speaking, and then contemplates the confused and contradictory terms of the report, amazement mingles with compassion.

The fact is that a commission upon such a subject is of itself a straddle. Men go before the electorate, make their pledges, receive the approval of the people, take their oaths to support the Constitution and then turn about, create and appoint a commission to advise them what they shall do and whether they shall carry out their own pledges. If there is a vital and sacred principle in the government superior to any other principle in government, it is the responsibility, direct and immediate, of men who are elected to office to the people who elect them. What the people are interested to know is not what some commission thinks—a commission responsible to no constituency and accountable to no electorate—but what those think and what those are going to do who sought and received, upon solemn pledges, their votes.

Evidences of Insincerity

There is a limited field for expert commissions. But the kind of commissions now being created every time a troublesome question arises at Washington has the effect, if not the design, of avoiding direct responsibility to the people; when the commission itself divides and contradicts, builds up and knocks down, the whole process of government halts and we get nowhere with our public questions. The people conclude, and rightly conclude, that public men are not sincerely meeting the problems with which the people in their daily lives are confronted.

Corruption in public life has gone far to undermine the faith of the average man in his government. We have long

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"These are rather troublesome times and we have rather involved and difficult problems, with no party program on three fourths of the questions which arise in Congress"

known of our lawlessness as a people and that is serious enough. But there are conditions in our new, rushing, wealth-gathering national life which account for many crimes and for much of our lawlessness. The people understand this and, notwithstanding our record in this respect, they do not lose confidence in their government. But when the malefactors are found to be their own chosen public servants, and when the very sources of justice and the well-springs of political power become tainted with corruption, it never has been and in my opinion never will be long after such discovery until the people themselves become demoralized and come to look upon their government as something which owes them all they can get from it. When the people begin to feel that their public servants are not protecting them and are filching for themselves what they can get, it has its effect upon the whole community.

One of the great contributing causes to this growing corruption in our official life is a false party loyalty, the loyalty which protects party even at the hazard of sacrificing the public interests. If wrongdoing is discovered this false party loyalty would cover it up for the sake of the party. To criticize your own party or to attack officials of your party is to subject yourself to criticism and abuse or, if possible, drastic discipline. Hence no political party, from Walpole to Harding, ever turned out its own rascals or ever purged itself of corruption except under the lash of an aroused and infuriated public opinion or that of the opposing party. It ought to be a matter of commendation and approval for one to oppose wrongdoing within the party of which he is a member. But ordinarily it is a subject of severe criticism by the party press and by party leaders. By reason of this, there is no incentive to corruption in politics and no protection to corruption in public life like the shield of a political party.

"None So Blind—"

In no other way than under the cover and protection of a false party loyalty could the alarming venality in President Harding's administration have grown up and spread until its slimy creatures held rendezvous in the very rooms of the White House and basked in the smiles of executive power. These party leaders, engaged in their looting of the public property, wormed themselves in and out and around and about with other great party leaders, brazenly and coarsely going on with their criminal schemes, but blind party devotion neither saw nor suspected anything wrong. It seems incredible that public officials closely associated with these men did not know what was going on. Had they been members of another party they would have known, for their acts and conduct had all the earmarks of fraud and crime. The uncovering of this hive of corruption, this saturnalia of peculation, had to await the bloodhound tenacity of a Democrat.

William E. Borah, United States senator from Idaho

The situation is no different, and is equally illustrative of the contention I am making, in New York. The party which had exposed crime in Washington was utterly blind or stupidly indifferent to crime in New York. There party loyalty, party blindness and callousness of the party conscience enable malfeasance to reach the courts, the very fountains of justice; to rob the schools, to despoil public works—and all this goes forward not only without exposure but under the assurances of party leaders, who by reason of their position ought to have known what was going on, that everything was clean and invulnerable to attack. The lid was finally raised by a Republican, and the extent and ramifications of the crookedness are amazing.

The Public's Only Protection

Thus, to such an extent has this so-called party loyalty been carried and so ruthless is the discipline of and the attack upon those who would challenge or assail such practices within the party that the only protection against the most brazen and persistent conspiracy to rob the people is the somewhat doubtful protection of party warfare. In other words, a clean party and clean public service under our present system depend not upon a vigilant watch from within but upon a malevolent spirit from without. Political parties hold a most important place under our system of government and when they are corrupt inevitably the government is corrupt. To consent to or to connive at their debasement or wrongdoing or at their misdeeds is to betray both the party and the nation. Loyalty to the public interests is loyalty to party. Or, to put it in another way, he who serves his party best serves the public best.

The discussion which followed a recent unexpected disclosure of some curious proceedings in the last campaign in Nebraska brought vividly to our attention what is expected of a member of a political party in these days. I do not refer to what actually happened in Nebraska, what Mr. Lucas did or how he did it, but I refer to the attack which was made upon a group of senators following this exposé.

When the controversy began it seemed possible to regard it as a mistake of a subordinate officer in the party organization. But the controversy had not proceeded far before it became perfectly clear that the organization approved and was pleased with the opportunity to teach a lesson in party loyalty. Men high in the councils of the party, and to some extent the party press, took advantage of the incident to assail in bitter terms and without any great regard for facts a group of senators who, by reason of their votes and their advocacy of certain measures, are sometimes referred to as Progressives.

What was the offense of these senators? They were accused of no dereliction of public duty, they were charged with no betrayal of pledges made to their constituents. They were charged with the political crime of voting their convictions when it seemed to be claimed they ought to have voted somebody else's convictions. One newspaper had the following to say: "Too long have Norris and Borah and Johnson and their ilk been coddled and catered to, received committee assignments, been consulted in party matters and carried around on feather pillows. They are not Republicans and are not entitled to be treated as such. Outside the pale where they belong they will quickly dwindle into their intrinsic insignificance." This paragraph from this paper is chosen from among many that might be chosen, first, because of

(*Continued on page 58*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Battery Trouble

While the rest of us are just preparing for our annual spring fever the diamond merchants are well into summer rehearsal. As usual, great managers hold out great hopes for their teams, but they all could use another good pitcher

By Grantland Rice

CONNIE MACK sits on a pine bench peering into the Florida sunlight. He isn't paying much attention to Mickey Cochrane. He knows that in Cochrane he has the best all-around catcher in baseball. He isn't bothering much about Grove and Earnshaw; in fact, he isn't wasting any time on either his infield or his outfield, although he could use at least one young star in each of these departments.

Connie, the amazing veteran, who started baseball more than fifty years ago, is looking for another pitcher.

He will tell you that Bob Grove, his big left-hander, worked in fifty games last year, won twenty-eight and saved eight or ten more; that George Earnshaw pitched forty-nine games and won twenty-two; that these two pitchers won a pennant for him and then stepped out to win another world series. But this might be too much to ask of one pair for another year.

Walberg, the speed entry, would round out the staff, but he was below form last year. To be fairly sure of winning a third crown Connie must find another pitcher who can win at least twenty games, otherwise Washington and New York may give him trouble. "If we can locate one good young pitcher," says Mickey Cochrane, "we'll be back there in the next world series. If we don't, it will be a scramble to the wire."

There are now sixteen major league squads scattered in training camps between Florida and California. And most of these squads are looking for pitchers.

Last season baseball had one of its greatest years and 1931 promises two better races and therefore greater public interest. In the National League five clubs have a chance for the pennant. They are St. Louis, Brooklyn, Chicago, New York and Pittsburgh. Wilbert Robinson and his Dodgers at Clearwater, Florida, are teeming with unusual enthusiasm this spring. Last summer this club took the lead, threw it away, and then came charging down the stretch and almost won the pennant race.

A New Deal for the Dodgers

Uncle Wilbert has a better club this spring. He has a great young catcher in Lopez, a strong pitching staff, a good infield and a hard-hitting outfield. The team carries the pitching and the punch. It might have won the pennant last year by eight or ten games. "It will be different this year," says Robby.

This Brooklyn club, with Dazzy Vance, Babe Herman and other unique characters, is one of the most interesting collections in the league. Dazzy allowed fewer earned runs last summer than any pitcher in either league and that's a sure test of good pitching.

One of the most interesting of the spring problems lies in Rogers Hornsby's direction of the Cubs. Hornsby started for Catalina early in February to build up a weak ankle and lay plans for what he believes will be his pennant-winning season.

"I am going to insist," he said, "that we play for the old percentage. The law of percentage should dictate most of the plays in baseball on offense. I still believe in getting the one or two runs you might get in place of shooting for the five or six runs you probably won't get. We've got a good ball club coming along—a fine catcher in Harnett—an improved pitching staff and one of the best outfields in baseball. And if we get some fair pitching from one or two youngsters I think we're pretty sure to finish first."

P. & A. *Acme* *Underwood & Underwood* *Wide World* *Wide World* *P. & A.*

Bright prospects for 1931 baseball—Upper left, Cronin; upper right, Gelbert; center, Walberg; right center, Hallahan, and below, Klein and Hornsby

Hornsby is one of the hardest spring workers in baseball. No player and no manager ever took his work more seriously. He says what he thinks and he doesn't waste any time looking for softer or gentler words.

Joe McCarthy, who transferred from the Cubs to the Yankees, is now working hard to place Babe Ruth and his mates back in the running. McCarthy has a tough job ahead with the Athletics and Senators blocking the way but once again if he can get the pitching he has the punch to be up front. Here is some of the punch that McCarthy is watching at St. Petersburg, taking 1930 averages: Gehrig, .379; Ruth, .359; Reese, .346; Combs, .344; Dickey, .339; Chapman, .316; Lazzeri, .303, and Sewell, .299.

The Dangerous Yankees

If Joe Sewell is back in old-time shape—and Joe is only thirty-two—it will then be largely a matter of getting some fair pitching to assist him. Last season the Yankees made more runs than any team in the league, but the collapse of the pitching more than offset the heavy cannonading of their attack. This year there are several good young possibilities on the Yankees' pitching staff.

Last season Connie Mack admitted near the end of the race that if Washington hadn't run into so many doubleheaders on the second Western trip, when the team slipped badly, it might have won the pennant. Washington has one of the best all-around pitching staffs in either league. It has experience and youth combined and in Cronin it has one of the best young shortstops in the diamond trade.

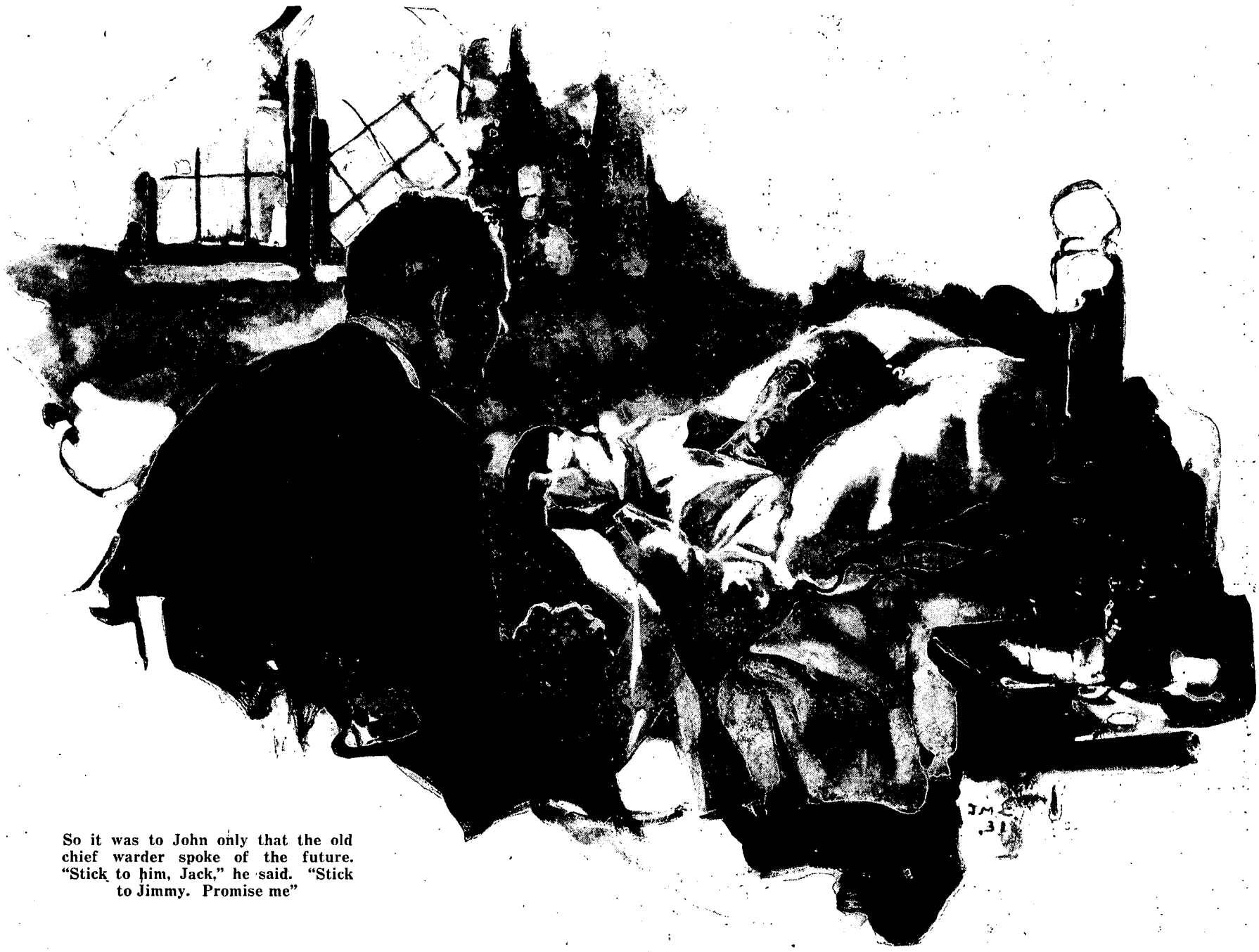
Another promising pennant contender in the National League is St. Louis. Last spring the Cardinals started out like a runaway horse. They won fourteen out of fifteen games in one stretch. Then a series of accidents cut in and they lost fourteen out of fifteen games. Counted out of the race, the Cards later hit top speed again and ripped their way through to a pennant.

Like Washington, they have good pitchers and one of the best young shortstops of the decade. His name is Gelbert, son of the old Pennsylvania end. His play in the last world series was sensational, and he has been up to form this spring. Gelbert and Frisch make a great combination around short and second.

The Cardinals have a star left-hander in Hallahan. Hallahan, Grimes and Haines make a strong basis for a winning staff and they will have plenty of help.

One of the great human studies of any training camp is the battle between the veterans and rookies. The veteran, nursing an aging arm, can't quite keep the envy out of his eyes when he watches some kid pegging fast ones across the plate about the second or third day out. But there are not many Chuck Kleins to crash in. This young Philly star has had the greatest two-year record of any young ball player, but he is again on a club that has almost no chance for the first division. In the meanwhile John J. McGraw is still hoping to win his eleventh pennant and he, also, is looking for the pitching that will give him this chance. The new type of ball with a thicker cover and a heavier seam should bolster up pitching considerably. It is quite possible this change in the ammunition will bring back a number of pitchers who had trouble controlling the smoother ball.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



So it was to John only that the old chief warder spoke of the future. "Stick to him, Jack," he said. "Stick to Jimmy. Promise me"

His Brother's Keeper

Grim—but rendered beautiful by the splendor of human nobility: a powerful drama of life behind prison walls

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

IN THEIR boyhood their father had been chief warder of Brandmoor Prison, so that the twin brothers, John and James Smith, had gradually and unconsciously acquired a complete knowledge of that great grim tomb. They had been reared in the shadow of its gray and haunted walls, and, in a small way, had been one of the chief local curiosities—for they were physically as alike as two new pennies stamped one after the other by the same die.

Only the schoolmaster—an oldish man who drank—ever suggested that in character they were totally unlike.

"Jackie's the dull bone handle of the knife, Jimmy's the sharp steel blade!" he used to say. But nobody ever cared about that—least of all the "dull" Jackie.

For he adored his brother above all people and above all things.

Their mother had died when they were born; their father lived long enough in his chief warder's position to see them both started in life, John entering the police force with a view later to transfer into the prison service as a warder who should in due time duplicate his father's success, and James going to London as a clerk in an insurance office.

Only John was present when the old chief warder died. James, for some reason, obscurely worded and difficult to understand, telegraphed that he could not arrive for another two days. So it was to John only that the old chief warder spoke of the future.

"You're all right, Jack—well settled in a good job. You'll get on—you're like me—slow but sure. But I—I've been wondering about Jimmy. He's different from you . . . inside. I seem to have a fancy that he'll get himself into trouble one of these fine days. Stick to him, Jack, if he does. Promise me that, Jack . . . stick to Jimmy . . ."

JOHN had never forgotten—though he had never acquired what he considered the presumption to attempt to advise his brother. John rarely saw him, but he gleaned from occasional letters that Jimmy, in the succeeding years, became brilliantly successful. He left insurance and went on the stage, left the stage just when (John understood) he was beginning to make some small reputation as an actor, and became "something in the City." Later he forsook the City and was associated with "something new" in connection with racing.

So the years flickered by.

John had been a warder at Brandmoor Prison for five years, and he was thirty-seven years old, when, among his duties one day, was included that of escorting the only convict arriving that day to take the prison bath—a man booked in under the surname of Berris.

But it was his brother, Jimmy.

And he was sentenced for life.

Not for the intricacy of fraudulence and blackmail proved against him during his trial but for the killing of one of his criminal associates. Only the fact that the dead man had attacked him first had saved him from the gallows. . . .

"A lot of it wasn't true, Jack—Tenbold—the Scotland Yard man—worked me up to it in the end. He was always badgering me. And that man I killed was impersonating him—blackmailing me! I oughtn't to have got a lifer for him! Life, my God! Life! Do your best for me, Jack," the convict had muttered as he stripped.

"I will—I swear I—" the white-faced warder broke off then, at the sound of a step in the stone passage outside. "Stop that talking—*get in!*"

THE chief warder looked in, ran his eye over the stripped convict, said nothing and moved on. It may have occurred to him that Warder Smith looked extraordinarily pale—but it is certain that it did not occur to him that Warder Smith and Convict 661 were astonishingly alike.

For the eyes of a convict do not look out from their sockets with the same expression as those of a freeman, and the poise and air and balance of a prison guard in uniform with a good record behind him are far different from the poise and air and balance of a naked convict with his haunted eyes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fixed on the appalling years to come.

Convict 661 was a bad, callous and utterly treacherous blackguard. He was in the right place for the right number of years. But his devoted brother did not know that. Nor would he have believed it if anyone had told him the truth. He had always loved Jimmy and admired him. He had always believed Jimmy to be his superior. Whereas by every standard 661 knew his brother John for a plain fool. And the terrible secret envy of the prisoner for the free man in authority soon turned his easy, condescending, almost contemptuous liking for him into a cold hatred. That hatred, however, he never once revealed. He had made his plan. If it worked, he would be a free man.

He was prepared to spend years, if necessary, in carefully directing his brother's mind towards the idea that it was entirely possible to *change places* occasionally. He intended to lead Jack's mentality, slowly, patiently and inexorably to a point where the warder's affection and pity for his brother, manipulated with eternal patience, great skill and minute care, would render such an exchange possible. It was his scheme to time this thing so that it coincided with one of the warder's annual leaves—a fortnight. . . .

His chance came much more quickly and dramatically than he expected.

While working at the quarries an old "lifer"—an ignorant, brutal and utterly bestial old savage—went mad, seized a heavy pickax and attacked the nearest warder. It chanced to be John Smith. The convict missed his swing, but the heavy haft of the big tool struck the warder's shoulder, beating him to the ground.

Like a pouncing cat, Convict 661 leaped forward and, clamping his calloused hands round the killer's throat, held him securely.

A few seconds later four of the other warders had the maniac safe. . . .

It was perhaps an exaggeration to represent to the authorities, as the governor did, that Convict 661 had saved the life of Warder Smith. But it had come pretty near to that, and 661's sentence was remitted to fifteen years.

CONVICT No. 661's hour came shortly after when his brother told him he was due to take a fortnight's leave in three weeks' time.

"You deserve it, Jack," he whispered rapidly, gripping his brother's hand. "But me—I shall either be dead or mad by the time you get back!"

"Eh?" Jack stared.

"I can't stand any more of it, old man," came the convict's swift and ready whisper. "Been brooding too long. That time I saved your life I banked on being let out at once—total remission. . . . Built on it. It broke my heart to get a few years of freedom—if I live long enough—in return for a man's life. That wasn't fair, Jack—was it? I ask you. But for me you'd be dead and buried. . . . And, as it is, you're going on a fortnight's holiday—and *I'm* buried!"

He gripped his brother's sleeve with hungry hands.

Warder Smith's face was wrung and tormented . . . 661 saw that his moment was here.

"You can do one thing to save me—as I saved you, Jack. Give me your fortnight—in exchange for the life I gave you! Change places—so that I can breathe freeman's air for just fourteen days!"

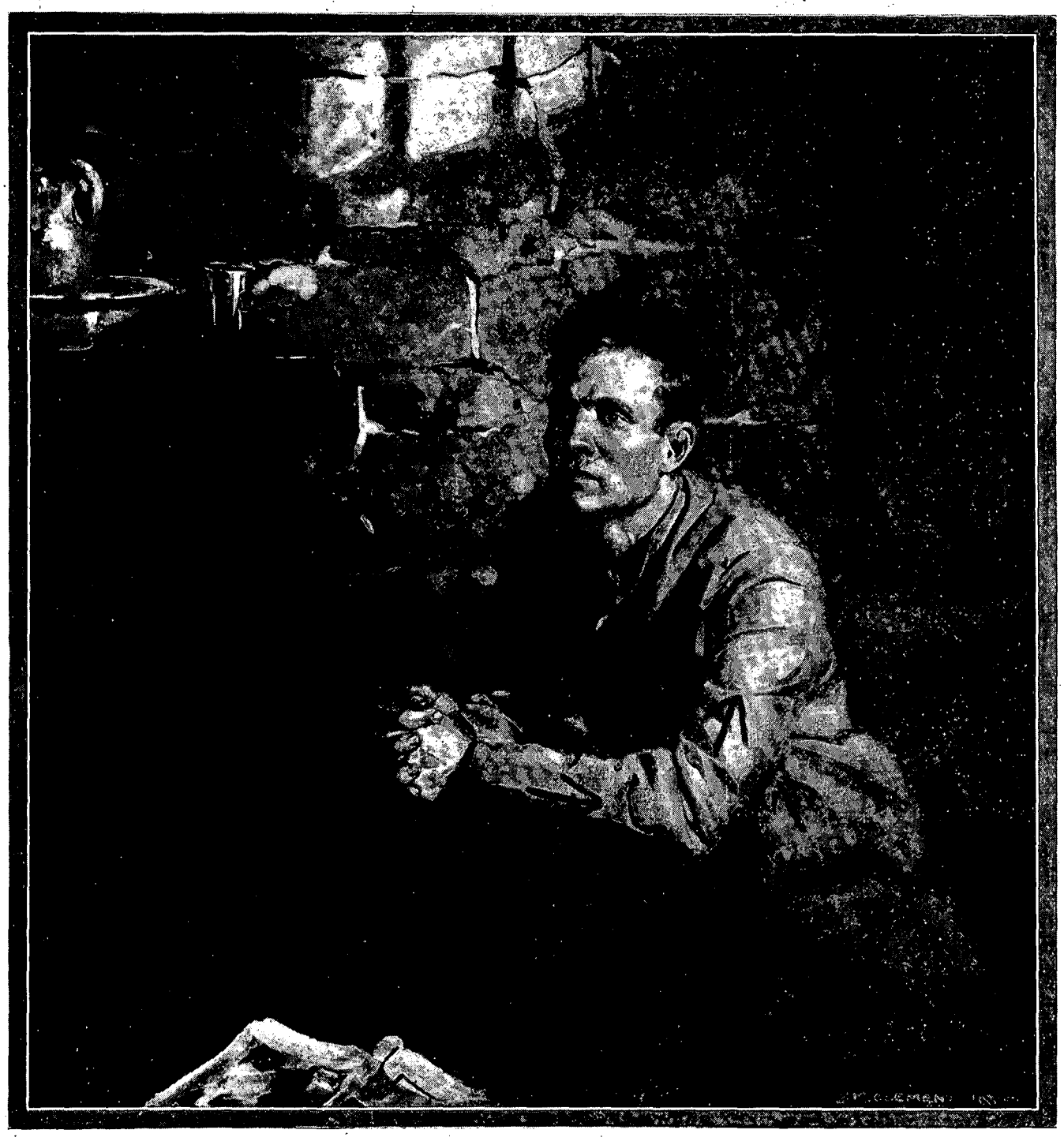
He listened. He was far calmer than his brother.

"Go now—think it over. It's easy. Think it over!"

He half pushed his brother to the cell door, which a moment later shut upon him.

The warder resumed night patrol, staring before him down the grim corridors like a man who sees an apparition and cannot satisfy himself whether it is that of an angel or a devil.

"It isn't possible," he muttered under his breath as he went his round.



"Convict 661" sat staring at the stone wall

"But it *is* . . . Jim's right—you could do it for him. A fortnight for a life . . . only fourteen days—for Jimmy . . . and never a soul would be the wiser! . . ."

THE voice of the old chief warder, his father, seemed continually to come back to him now, insistently, like the voice of his own conscience:

"Stick to him, Jack . . . if ever he gets into trouble. Promise me that! . . ."

His face began to clear and his eyes to brighten as he paced the corridors. And he had made his decision and taken his resolution with the grim and almost fanatic stubbornness of his slow type of mind by the time he went off duty at dawn.

Long before the vital day 661 had made it clear that no preventable mistakes should happen. He had thought of everything. The length of their hair, the condition of their teeth and hands, the exact tint of their dark complexions—he had been working with the outdoor gang so that there was little difficulty about this—bit by bit, trifle by trifle, he matched his brother to himself. He went without food for three days because he fancied he was just a shade fatter in the face than his brother. Minutely, subtly, infinitesimally, microscopically he matched them, till even the warder was amazed at the patient mastery of detail and fertility of resource the convict possessed.

So, in the end, they were ready. Luck favored them also to the extent that the warder was on duty the night before his leave started. That simplified several important risks—eliminating as it did the necessity for the convict to act as warder in his brother's place for, possibly, several days.

He could have done this—but it was great good fortune that he would not need to do it. . . .

THE convict smiled tensely as he sat in his cell running over every little point, making sure that nothing was forgotten.

"It's fool-proof," he said at last. "What with this bit of night-duty luck. Night after next, just before Jack goes off, he slips in, changes clothes, and *I* step out, and go off duty—and away, my God! *Away!* Nothing to hinder—not a chance of coming back—not a risk"—his face shadowed—"except two! Just those two—the fingerprints and Tenbold! . . . If Jack gets tired and gives it away and proves it with his fingerprints! And if that bloodhound Tenbold gets onto me . . ."

But Tenbold could never know. Even if Jack got tired and confessed, Detective Inspector Tenbold would never know till he, 661, was thousands of miles from England.

All was well.

At five o'clock in the morning—one hour before he would go off duty for a fortnight—Warder Smith stepped into his brother's cell. Jimmy was waiting there for him, stark naked. In his turn, the warder stripped, exchanged clothing and both men redressed in silent and desperate haste.

Jack was far from being the clever actor that his brother was—but there was no need.

The man who, a few moments later, sat on the cell pallet, clad in the shocking, arrow-marked garb of those days, was as blatantly a convict as the man in the blue uniform who faced him was a warder—steady, honest, not too intelligent, but reliable!

There was no time to linger, for a prison is full of fox-keen listening ears.

But even ex-661 gasped as his keen eyes took in his brother.

(*Continued on page 46*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Darby and Jones

By Guy Gilpatric

As you read this tender story of two gentle souls in distress you will remember quiet folk you've known who were like them—and wish them well

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

"I show him that I've got on my old spangled tights underneath, and I tell him either he goes up or I do"

YES, indeed," said old Joe Darby, feeling in his pocket for a toothpick and then suddenly thinking better of it. "I'll say it's been a pretty tough season for the tent-show business."

"I'll say it has!" agreed trim little Nell Jones, who had been Mrs. Joe Darby since way back when Barnum teamed up with Bailey. "One tough season is right. Specially with an outfit like Shapiro's."

"Well, things have been slow in a lot of lines," I said. "Maybe business will pick up when you start your swing back East. Now look here, Joe and Nell, I don't want to hurry you, but it's almost seven o'clock. Hadn't I better get the car around and take you out to the lot?"

Old Joe Darby squirmed in his chair and looked pleadingly toward his wife.

"Well, don't start throwing out distress signals at me," she scolded him. "You ought to tell him yourself, Joe. Go on now, Joe, speak up."

Her husband turned to me, started to say something, smiled a smile which trembled at the corners and then drank a tumblerful of water. From under the table came the sound of a small but capable foot encountering a long, lean shin.

"Ouch!" he said. "Now you lay off me, Ma. You said you was going to tell him, and I sure do think you'd . . ."

"Oh, all right, all right!" said Nell, and as she busied herself with mirror and lip stick I suddenly realized that she was trying to keep back the tears. "You see, well, Joe and me are mighty grateful for this swell feed and all, and it's mighty fine of you to offer to shoot us back to the lot in your car. But, you see, we don't have to go back. . . ."

"No," Joe Darby chimed in. "Ha, ha! We don't have to go back."

"—We don't have to go back because we're all through," explained Ma with a little choke.

"Yair, all through," her husband confirmed her. "We're canned, fired, ouslayed umfray the ointjay."

"He means we haven't got a job," explained Nell. "Say, listen, Joe Darby, you ought to be ashamed of yourself talking that cheap carnival talk in a high-grade private residence like this!"

Old Joe Darby hurried around the table, knelt beside his wife and patted her awkwardly on the back. "Aw, now, Ma, you're crying, ain't you? Don't cry, Ma—come on, now, Nellie, just a little smile for Papa, 'atta girl. . . . She'll be okay in just a minute," he explained apologetically. "It's just that we had a kind of a tough season. And then about Boy-Joe and all. . . ."

"Boy-Joe?" I repeated, suddenly remembering their grown son. "Oh, why, sure, I meant to ask about him. Do you mean that something happened?"

"Yes," said Joe Darby in a matter-of-fact tone. "Boy-Joe got killed. It was my fault."

"No, it wasn't," declared Nell, recovering herself with a final sniffle. "It was my fault. But anyway, it don't matter whose fault it was, because Boy-Joe's dead, and now we ain't got a son any more."

"Unh-huh," nodded her husband. "I guess that's just about the size of it. Having no job is a cinch beside having no son. But still and all, I guess it was more of Sam Shapiro's fault than anybody else's, don't you think so, Mamma?"

"Oh, oh, oh, what difference does it make?" she said, swaying from side to side. "We'll never see Boy-Joe any more and we'll never see Sam Shapiro any more, so what difference does it make?"

"That's right, we'll never see Sam Shapiro any more either, will we? It was him that give us the ate-gay this afternoon."

"Ate-gay!" repeated Mrs. Darby indignantly. "Ate-gay! If you mean *gate*, Joe Darby, say gate and stop talking like a spieler."

"WELL, I am a spieler, ain't I?" he answered. "I'm the best spieler in the business, if you ask me, and when Sam Shapiro says that old age is getting to my voice, he lies."

"Of course he does," nodded Ma Darby. "It's whisky. But even so, Joe's spiel is that loud you can hear it clear across the lot when the calliope is whooping."

"—Yes, and even the shooting-gallery, too—that's just what I told Sam Shapiro when he first got picking on me back in the middle of the season. I says to him, 'See here, Sam,' I says, 'no matter what you say, I can spiel 'em in better than the best in the business. My voice ain't only loud, it's got personality—personality and magnetism. And you mustn't forget, either,' I says to him, 'that my spiels is all new original stuff, and that's why I panic 'em in. Now, you take, for instance, the part when I'm through with Fatima the Naughty Nautch Girl and I'm spieling 'em into Flambo the Fire Eater—that part where I suddenly screams 'Fi-ah! Fi-ah! Fi-ah! . . .'

"'Yair,' says Shapiro in that nasty way of his. 'That's another thing you gotta cut out. You panic 'em, all right, but in the other direction. Why don't you yell murder, murder, murder, while you're at it? With that wheezy voice of yours, they'd think that somebody was getting strangled sure.' "

"Is that really what he said, Joe?" asked Ma Darby incredulously. "Well, I never!"

"Nope, neither did I!" declared her husband. "But, anyway, it's then he tells me that he's wired East for this other guy, and that if I and Ma and Boy-Joe wants to stick with the show, we gotta find some new way to make ourselves useful."

"YAIR, just think, can you tie that?" snorted Nell. "Pa doing his spieling—me singing three soprano numbers, one of them is Eyetalian grand opera, in the Big Free Concert—poor Boy-Joe doubling in brass in the band. All that we was doing, mind you, and all for a lousy sixty bucks! Why, if I . . . Oh, excuse me! I oughtn't to of said lousy."

"Well, it was, anyway," declared Joe Darby. "And make out I didn't tell Sam Shapiro so, too. But he says, 'Listen, Joe, lous—er, right or wrong, it goes as it lays. This show needs new attractions, new talent, new pep, and I can't afford to pay pensions to a lot of has-beens.'

"Well, when he pulls that crack about

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has-beens I have a mind to smack him down. But then I think, no, what's the use, I might as well wait and see what his proposition is, because I can feel one coming, even though it is liable to be a lot of horse feathers.

"Well, it does come, sure enough. 'Now, look here, Joe, listen,' he says to me. 'Don't think I'm giving you the ate-gay or the old razoo,' he says. 'I wouldn't do nothing like that to an old trouper like you, especially a team like Darby and Jones that is famous throughout the show business for two generations. But,' he says, 'I was thinking that what this show needs is new attractions, and what would you say to a balloon and parachute drop, hey, same as you and Nellie used to do with your old smokebag twenty years ago?'

"WELL, at first I think he's crazy, and I tell him so. 'Smokebag and chute?' I says, laughing, kind of. 'Why, hell's bells, Sam, first you talk about something new, and then you pull a gag that's been dead since Bill McKinley. There ain't a smokebag rider working in this whole broad land today, not that I know of. No, nor I ain't seen an ad of one in The Billboard for I bet it's fifteen years.'

"'Well, that's just the point,' he says, and I begin to see where he's not so dumb. 'There's none of the modern generation has ever seen a smokebag and chute, only airplanes. And, shucks, planes ain't in it for thrills, throbs and daredevil, death-defying draymer compared to seeing a guy in pink tights plunging down on the trapeze, and the old bag turning over and shooting out black smoke up there in the sky like a barn was on fire.'

"Well, I got to admit that Sam is right, and the more I think of it, the better the old smokebag gag listens as an attraction. 'But,' I says to him, 'you can't proposition me on smokebags. As far as I and Nellie is concerned, smokebags is entirely out. Neither of us is still so young that we could stick to the trap when the chute springs, because usually it pretty near yanks your insides out.'

"'Oh, sure, sure,' says Sam. 'I didn't mean for you and Nellie to ride it. I meant that we could use Boy-Joe. You could go up with him for a double drop one or two times, like I remember you done when you was teaching little Nellie, and after that Boy-Joe could work alone.'

"Well, we sit there in the office-car talking price, and finally we settle at a hunnerd and twenty-five smackers a week. He tells me to see the canvas boss for what fabric I need and as many men and sewing machines and things, and start right in on a bag and chutes and the inflation outfit.

"Well, it's a long time since I have built a balloon, so I go back to the sleeper to get my old scrapbook out of my trunk, which I have always saved. This book has the whole dope in it which Charlie Baysdorfer gave me, what shape to cut the panels and all. Ma is there and she asks me what I'm looking for, so I tell her the proposition and she don't like it. You didn't like it, did you, Ma?"

"No," said Mrs. Darby, "I didn't like it. But you see we was up against it, so I had to like it. The only thing is, I thought we'd ought to tell Boy-Joe right away."

"Yair, that's right, so you did," said her husband. "Well, I send for Boy-Joe, and I says to him, 'Sonny, I've got swell news. Things have broke swell for you, and I've fixed up a chance for you to make a wad of ack-jay.'

"'Yair?' he says, 'What doing?' he says, taking a pack of scags out of the pocket of his red and gold band uniform—he sure looked nice in that uniform, didn't he, Mamma?—'What doing, and how much jack?'

"'A hunnerd and a quarter a week!' I tell him. 'Yessir—and just for riding a smokebag, same's your Ma and I useter do.'

"Well, I set back waiting for him to look pleased, but he don't look no such thing.

"'Me ride a smokebag?' he says, shaking his head very positive. 'Unh-unh, Pa, not me!'

"'Why, whaddya mean unh-unh, not you?' I ask him. 'Haven't you got no ambition? Do you want to blow brass and be an elephant's chambermaid all your life?'

"'Of course I don't,' he says. 'But I'd a darn' sight rather do it than go up on any smokebag or go jumping with a chute, I'm here to tell the world,' he says.

"Well, we argues back and forth, and pretty soon I get sore and call him yellow. I guess we was right on the verge of taking a sock at each other when Ma horned in and stopped us. You stopped us, didn't you, Ma?"

"Yair," said Mrs. Darby pensively. "I horned in and stopped 'em. And all the time since I been wondering if maybe I hadn't stopped 'em, wouldn't it of all turned out different."

"NO, OF course it wouldn't," declared Pa Darby. "The poor kid's number was up, that's the only way to figure it. But of course me calling him yellow, I didn't really mean he was yellow all over, but just yellow about ballooning. Why, I've seen that kid clean out the hyena cage many a time with nothing to protect him but the broom."

"So've I," Ma Darby nodded. "He wasn't yellow all over. It's like Joe says—it was only about flying he was yellow. There's lots of people like that, and they just can't help it, same as some people are a-scared of cats. But, anyway, after I'd made Pa lay off and stop hollering at him, I . . . I talked poor Boy-Joe into it myself. Oh, just think, I talked my own little baby. . . ."

"Aw, now, there, there, Ma, come on now, 'atta girl!" old Joe Darby hastened to comfort her. "You gotta brace up and help me tell this, Ma."

"Okay!" she said, biting her lip and trying to smile. "Okay. Sure. Go right ahead, Pa, I'm okay now."

"Of course you are! Well, so anyway Ma talks to Boy-Joe pretty near all morning, and when I sees 'em in the chow tent that noon I can see that Boy-Joe's been crying. But he grins at me and socks me on the back and says, 'Okay, Pop! Trot out your old smokebag and lead me to it!' And that afternoon he chucks up his two jobs with the menadjerie and the band and we go over to the canvas boss and get to work.

"We work for three days at that stand, and then two days more at the next town we move to, and so on, and at the end of three weeks we've got a very nice outfit. We've got a nice tight smokebag, a couple of chutes, the four big hold-down posts, and rigging for filling her up, and everything.

"ALL the time we're working I keep telling Boy-Joe what's what and what to do when you're riding a smokebag. I give him all the dope that me and Ma learned in the eleven years we was riding smokebags together before he was born."

"And not so many days before he was born, either!" said Ma Darby proudly.

"—No, I'll say it wasn't!" agreed Pa, squeezing her hand. "And, say, come to think of it, you'd of thought that would of made a difference to him, having balloons bred in his blood, so to speak. . . . But it didn't. Nope, it didn't. For all the time I'd be talking to him and telling him what a cinch it was, I could tell that he was scared to death. He was only half listening, kind of. 'But, shucks,' thinks I to myself, 'I'll make the first couple or three jumps with him, and after that he'll be rarin' to go, he'll be that tickled with it.' You know—the spangled tights and all. . . .

"Well, the outfit is all ready, so I go to Sam Shapiro and tell him we'll show at the next pitch. ''Atta stuff!' says Sam. 'I'll wire the advance crew to stick up plenty of paper, and I bet we'll play to capacity.'

"Well, when we get to this joint Bement, or Bismont, or whatever its name is, it sure looks like Sam has called the turn. The hicks has come in flivvers from all over the county, and the town is jammed. And they're all talking about the balloon—the old ones remembering when they'd last seen one, and the kids all anxious to. You see, this burg was on an air-mail route, and nobody even bothered to rubber up when an airplane went buzzing by. But a balloon—oh, boy, a balloon was something different!

"All that morning we are busy digging the fire pit and putting the straw in it, and rigging the four big corner poles that the smokebag hangs from when you're filling it up. But all the time we are working I can see that Boy-Joe is feeling pretty weak in the knees. He ain't surly, exactly, but still he don't say much.

"We're billed to go up at one-thirty, but when I knock off at about eleven to grab a bite of lunch I tell Boy-Joe that maybe he'd better not eat any. You see, if he gets swung around much on the chute I know he's liable to be sick.

"'No chow for yours, kid, till after you're down,' I tell him. 'But then your Ma and me will take you uptown and buy you a swell plank steak; what do you know about that?'

"HE DON'T say nothing to this, one way or the other, but just sets down on a coal-oil barrel and looks awful solemn. And then I know it's pretty bad with him, because he is always nuts about plank steak."

"Yair," said Ma. "Plank steak, and also cold hard-boiled eggs."

"Yair, and he liked pigs' knuckles, too," murmured Pa Darby. "Pigs' knuckles with kraut on the side. He always put vinegar on them."

"He did that because I told him to when he was just a baby," explained Ma. "It's really the best way to eat pigs' knuckles. Go ahead, Joe."

"Well, after I'd et a bite of chow, I go back to the pit, and the gang of

(*Continued on page 51*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

The Story Thus Far:

WITH headquarters in the establishment of one Jo Lung, a dealer in stolen goods, a gang of what the police believe to be opium smugglers is operating in London. To oblige an old friend—Inspector Dawson Haig of Scotland Yard—Matt Kearney goes to Jo Lung's in search of evidence. Gaining admittance by posing as a possible purchaser of gems, he is shown a beautiful necklace. To his amazement, he recognizes it—it had belonged to his aunt; had been lost at sea, with its owner, ten months before!

With his companion, Detective-Sergeant Norwich, he looks the place over and departs—not, however, until he has found, and appropriated, a notebook which he believes may prove of value to the police.

The notebook is missed immediately. Its owner, a sinister-visaged Oriental—Yu'an Hee See, obviously a person of tremendous importance—appears. "Jo Lung," he exclaims, in a weird, piping voice, "get that book! Summon The Adder at once, and follow those men—they're detectives! . . ." Within half an hour, Norwich's body is found on the street. He has been brutally murdered—torn, not cut, as though some beast had attacked him.

Mystified, Dawson Haig sets to work. The notebook, he finds, contains somewhat cryptic memoranda which make it obvious that the gang he is combating is engaged in some vast and mysterious illegal enterprise, centering around the steamship Wallaroo. And the Wallaroo is the vessel on which the girl Haig loves—Matt Kearney's sister Eileen—is now sailing, en route to Colombo. . . . There follows an audacious attempt on the detective's life by a weird creature, which, when Haig shows fight, amazes him by climbing down the façade of a building and vanishing—with the notebook! . . .

Accompanied by a woman, a beautiful but sinister creature who—like Polodos, a Greek; Ali, an Arab; Jo Lung, and several other sycophants—is always near him, Yu'an Hee See goes to Paris. Haig, now thoroughly cognizant that he is dealing with a band of desperate criminals, directed by a master mind, follows him. . . . Yu'an Hee See's forces gather in a secret upstairs chamber at the Restaurant Suleiman Bey. With Ballon, a French detective, Haig is there—in the dining-room. Now at last he is at close grips with his quarry: the most dangerous band of criminals on earth!

IV

THE meeting to which he referred was taking place in a large room two floors above. Heavy curtains were drawn over windows commanding the side street, and on settees which lined the walls a singular company was assembled.

A case of champagne had been opened in the center of the floor and the carpet was littered with straw and pink wrapping paper. Upon a big, marble-topped table were bottles of whisky, brandy, gin, absinthe and even arrack. Boxes of excellent cigars, all of them opened, lay upon many of the smaller tables placed before the settees. The air was gray, almost unbreathable, with tobacco smoke.

Out of those thick glass mugs which are usually employed to serve lager the guests were engaged in consuming the various beverages provided.

Approach to this room from the restaurant below was guarded by two doors, so that the din created by the party was not audible on the ground floor.

As the big man entered, pipe in hand, and stood, swaying and looking about him with bleared eyes, wild yells of greeting went up:

"Mac! Mac! Good old Mac! . . ."

"Sink me! it is *goot* to see you, Mac! . . ."

"*Gott in Himmel!* here is Mac! . . ."

"*Viva!* Mac. . . ."

The newcomer seemed bemused by his riotous reception. One could almost watch the slow workings of that fuddled brain. He peered through tobacco smoke, nodding shortly to some of the shouters. Then, evidently having discovered the person he was seeking, he picked his way through straw, paper and champagne bottles to a narrow settee placed between two curtained windows, on which one man lounged in supercilious isolation.

THIS was a sprucely groomed Egyptian, his sleek black hair growing low upon his cheekbones. With his clean-shaven, olive face and very white teeth, he was a languorously handsome figure. A scarlet *tarbûsh* lay beside him where he reclined, supported by many silken cushions, and there was an open attaché case upon the floor, apparently full of papers.

"Hello, MacIles," he said, greeting the newcomer in English, which he spoke with facility but with a slight accent. "You are late. You and one other are last to report."

Watching the heavy lip twitching under a graying mustache, he thought, "Only desperation has made you report at all. . . ."

"I had hell's work and a'," was the reply, spoken in broad Caledonian. "I had'na a bean. I've had bite nor sup since yesterday morning, and I walked here a' the way from Calais."

"You should have ordered something downstairs."

"I did that. I ordered brandy."

"So it would appear!" the Egyptian smiled. "However, you had a well-lined purse the last time we met, Mac, and it's your own fault if it's empty now. But"—he smiled more meaningly into the debauched face—"it will soon be well filled again. Show me your papers and I will see that you have supper."

THE Scotsman sat down on the settee near the extended, neatly shod feet of the speaker and laid a number of papers, including a greasy passport, upon a little table.

"There you are, Chief."

The man addressed as chief glanced through the documents and the passport; then, opening the attaché case which lay upon the floor beside him, he took out a long envelope.

He removed the contents with delicate, yellow fingers, enumerating them as he did so.

"One—fifty pounds English," he said. "Two—a week's pay in advance. Three

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What have you come to tell me?" she asked. "Is it that I must embark upon a ship, stifle in a train—something, I see in your eyes"

By Sax Rohmer

—your ticket for Trieste; you leave in the morning. Four—cabin accommodation, Trieste to Alexandria. Five—in the small envelope—the name and address of the man from whom you will take further instructions when you get there."

He replaced them all, adding those papers which MacIles had given him, then deftly slipped an elastic band around envelope and passport, handing them back with a smile.

"AND now go to it, Mac," he said. "It's your last night. From now on, you are under orders. . . ."

But his keen brain was busy and he was thinking: "This man is efficient but dangerous. I must be prepared to replace him."

MacIles turned and looked about the smoke-laden room. It would have been difficult to find within any similar area a more complete set of ruffians. Their nationalities were various. But most of them had at least one quality in common—they were drunk. In the matter of villainy there was little to choose between them. There was a huge, cross-eyed Swede, bearded nearly to the eyes, who apparently possessed no name other than Red; an Italian with sly sidelong eyes, answering without resentment to the name of The Wasp; a Chinaman with a scarred and pock-marked face of so evil a quality that it resembled a cunning mask fashioned by a master with a turn for sadism—this creature was apparently known as One Eye. Other ruffians there were, black, white, yellow and brown, draining tankards of champagne and shouting coarse personalities from side to side of the room.

The big Scotsman faced them for a moment. The chief was watching him. And he saw an expression as of sudden nausea cross those bloated features.

"MacIles must be watched," he thought, as:

"You look rotten, Mac, you do!" shouted a coarse voice. "Come and feed your face. Uncle Tom, here, wants to talk to you."

MacIles stared in the direction of the speaker, a thick-set, bull-necked individual, scars of the prize-ring visible upon nose and ears. His companion, Uncle Tom, was a powerful Negro, whose little, sunken eyes seemed to hold a reddish light so that they resembled those of a gorilla.

MacIles, exchanging surly greetings with several others, joined these two at their table, and the Negro, standing up, drew a laden supper wagon alongside. As a man who is famished, the Scotsman helped himself promiscuously to caviar, cold grouse, plover-egg sandwiches, smoked salmon and sauerkraut.

"You won't have enough there," said the ex-prize fighter, cutting off and setting before him nearly half a pound of Westphalian ham. "Here, have a drink."

He filled a mug to the brim with champagne.

At which moment the Portuguese came in, greeted with cries of "Ferdy! . . ."

"What's scared you, Ferdy? . . ."

"Has somebody been unkind to you, Ferdy? . . ."

"Didn't think you was goin' to join up again, Ferdy."

This last from Kid Brown, the cockney fighter. Loud laughter, clapping of hands and stamping of feet. . . .

The new arrival smiled uneasily and made his way to the settee where the chief reclined, watching him and thinking: "This man is afraid. He may destroy us. . . ."

DOWNSTAIRS in the restaurant the Russian politician continued his apparently interminable harangue without once losing the interest of his audience. This admirable quality in Russian audiences accounts, no doubt, for the character of Russian plays.

No other customers appeared, and the two men who had penetrated to the mysteries beyond failed to return. Dawson Haig turned to the French detective.

"I may be chasing a shadow," he said, "but I am not satisfied."

The Frenchman shrugged and smiled deprecatingly.

"I cannot know upon what information you are acting, M. Haig," he replied. "But I have done my best for you—and what is the result?"

"Nothing."

"Precisely."

"Except that I mean to wait until one of them comes out again; then I mean to follow him."

The Frenchman shrugged again.

"Shall we then order a bottle of wine?" he suggested. "For we may have some time to wait."

"Certainly. Is there any other way out of this place?"

"Not that I am aware of. As I told you, it has never come under our notice before. It is used by political fanatics, and Suleiman, the proprietor, is, I believe, a Turkish Communist. Some Algerians, and such people, use it also." He smiled. "There is perhaps a political meeting going on. I fear you are wasting your time, monsieur."

"Having nothing better to do at the moment," Dawson Haig returned grimly, "with your permission I intend to go on wasting my time for at least another hour, M. Ballon."

Upstairs the party was growing riotous. As a result of some small dispute Red, the huge Swede, had challenged One Eye, the Chinaman, to a wrestling match. For the purpose a space had been cleared, but it proved to be inadequate.

One of the tables had been overturned by the combatants and much glass broken. One Eye was wildly cheered by the audience when he proved to be a match for his enormous opponent. Against the bull strength of the Swede he brought to bear an Oriental cunning and a knowledge of the more obscure tricks of wrestling, which resulted in a draw.

CERTAINLY the Swede was very drunk, and halfway through the encounter had paused to be very sick, so that the conditions of the match were perhaps not strictly fair. However, neither the sickness nor the referee's decision had destroyed the harmony of the evening, and all carried on merrily.

The elegant chief sipped coffee and smoked Egyptian cigarettes, exchanging light badinage with various members of the company. But always he remained aloof, reclining amidst his cushions—watching, weighing men and estimating motives. . . .

Two guests were singing at the top of their voices, one in German and the other in Portuguese. The supporters of these rivals (who were not singing the same song) added their voices to the choruses. And in the midst of this uproar The Wasp, drawing a knife from his sleeve, leaped across the table before him and sprang, snarling, upon the German singer.

"You sing that about *me*, you swine!" he shouted.

Someone threw a half-emptied bottle of wine at him; it struck the wall, and fell, cracked, upon a seat.

Both vocalists ceased abruptly, and the German fell back on a table immediately behind him, which was smashed by his weight, so that its contents were spilled all over those seated near it. At the same moment, with great presence of mind, he kicked the Italian in the stomach.

The Wasp's knife fell from his hand, and, howling with agony, he dropped and lay writhing on the floor.

This happy thought was greeted with a wild yell of appreciation and roars of laughter. But the big blond Brandenburger was seriously annoyed. Extricating himself from débris of the broken table he sprang upon the fallen Wasp.

"Italian pig! I strangle you!" he roared.

The chief stood up, smiling no longer; and:

"*Orders!*" he cried in a sharp voice.

The Brandenburger hesitated, drew back. Catcalls, cheers and laughter ceased. The agonized Italian, groaning, struggled to regain his feet. In the space of ten seconds complete silence came, so that the sound made by wine dripping from the cracked bottle was plainly to be heard.

All faced the chief. The German's great, thick fingers were twitching convulsively, his glaring blue eyes were turned in the direction of the tottering figure beside him.

"I HAVE to remind you of orders." The Egyptian's voice cut through the stillness. "I will overlook this breach—it is the first tonight. But any other infringement I must report to Mr. King."

"To hell with Mr. King!" the German exclaimed thickly, his murderous glance still set upon The Wasp. . . .

(Continued on page 30)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She smiled, and Jody recognized her. It was the lady of the chair

Jody Defies King Charles

What a Kentucky boy saw in New Orleans when that Port of Queer Cargoes was under the flag of Spain

By Harris Dickson

IN ALL that measureless solitude of forest, swamp and water no human eye beheld one small, brown speck that went gliding southward on the turbid currents of the Mississippi. From a range of lordly bluffs at the east this speck might have been indistinguishable among a thousand fragments of driftwood, except for its much more rapid motion. Helpless logs and trees preserved their relative positions on the river's tawny surface, while this tinier object wriggled in and out like a floundering bug that passed them one by one.

The lone Kentucky boy in his frail bark canoe seemed pitifully unequal to battle against the immensities of a flooded Mississippi, yet Jody Karr gazed fearlessly upon its dangers and smiled as he neared the fulfillment of a desire that had become a fixed purpose of his life. The tenacious Karrs never gave up a purpose and at last, in 1787, he was voyaging to New Orleans.

Jody had itched to go, because ever since he was big enough to listen he had drunk in the tales of adventurers who stopped overnight at his father's mountain cabin and told strange yarns about the Creole city. The wide-eyed child was then too young to comprehend what these travelers meant by certain whispers when his mother and sister had gone from the room. But as Jody grew older his secret and half-shamed instincts construed for him the significance of winks and leers as boatmen bragged of money squandered on red-lipped señoritas, who smiled behind their fans, and vivacious dancing demoiselles.

The lad also remembered old Parson Tackett, who at times would come plodding through Big Stone Gap on a fleabitten gray nag to preach his gospel of damnation wherever three or four settlers might assemble. Tackett was rabid in lambasting the scarlet sins of New Orleans, just as ancient prophets had denounced the iniquities of Babylon.

Hell-Bent for New Orleans

Many of Tackett's fierce words conveyed no meaning to an unlettered lad, but only roused a wonderment as to whether the parson would be so vicious if he were nineteen years old, like Jody, instead of being sixty. For David, Sweet Singer of Israel, had got pretty well stricken with age before he abandoned the paths of dalliance and devoted himself exclusively to psalms.

Even if New Orleans were more stupid than a monastery, Jody would have traveled there in spite of hell and high water, because King Charles of Spain had ordered the Kentuckians to keep off his river. *His* river? No, sir-ree. Not by a jugful! The Mississippi belonged to Kentucky and any foreigner who blocked its passage must stand aside just as soon as Kaintucks got strong enough to crash through.

The sun of early springtime flashed upon waters that were brilliant but not yet hot. Jody dipped his paddle deep, and down the vast river his canoe went leaping. Its forward half was packed with pelts, lashed fast and covered by a raw cowhide. The deer and bear were his own kill. No man had helped him—he asked none for help. In the arrogance of nineteen years Jody braced a pair of moccasined legs against his cargo of skins and whistled as he paddled. The gray-ringed tail of a coonskin cap dangled behind his head and red fringe fluttered from a deerskin hunting shirt; his eyes danced more brilliantly than the sunshine on the ruffled river and Jody sang a jubilant song, for he was paddling hell-bent to the City of Delicious Sins.

Two days south of Natchez the Mississippi widened and grew quieter. The crests of rugged highlands on his left had now flattened out until both the banks were level. Soon he approached a fort and barracks on the eastern shore.

That must be Baton Rouge, and the boy paused very cautiously to reconnoiter the hostile stockade. A bugle sent its melodious reverberations along the river. Jody saw a few idle soldiers lounging around but none of the Spanish garrison noticed a canoe that stole past them, a slinking shadow. Careful, Jody, or you'll land in Governor Miro's *calabozo* and never see any sins at all.

"Settlements is too almighty thick down here," the mountaineer grumbled. "A man ain't got room to breathe."

During the early afternoon the boy, whistling and flying along a deserted river, suddenly spied a barge. Quicker than he could cover a sick pup with a saddle blanket his nimble canoe shot inshore to hide under some bushes.

The huge unwieldy contraption just ahead of him was built like a scow, square at both ends, with high gunwales and three stout tree forks on either side which served as rowlocks for enormous paddle sweeps. The sweep-handles were long hickory saplings with boards spiked at their ends, and each one required the power of a he-man to operate it. Awkwardly the sweeps rose and fell, while a helmsman steered from the stern. "Shucks!" Jody grinned, "that's an Ohio flatboat," and darted out of hiding. Immediately the crew saw him and four idlers ranged themselves at the stern, stalwart pioneers who wore a nondescript garb, half-Indian, half-white.

A Kentucky Greeting

His canoe grated against the barge. A burly arm, covered with red hair, caught the prow and made fast a rope. Then Jody clambered aboard.

The flatboat's crew stared him up and down. Measured him. Nobody extended a hand of welcome. Nobody spoke. A small, wiry, bristle-bearded man, who seemed to be their captain, wore regulation pantaloons of blue homespun and a belted shirt. His jaws kept grinding on a quid of tobacco as he silently regarded the stranger with shrewd gray eyes that rarely made a mistake. Cap'n

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hezzy saw a tall young Kentuckian whose reddish hair escaped from underneath a coonskin cap and clustered, half curling, at the back of his neck. A hunting shirt of softest deerskin, fringed and bead-woven, reached midway of Jody's thighs. Below the shirt were long Indian leggings and moccasins in which the lad poised himself as alertly as a panther.

"Bub," Cap'n Hezzy observed, "I figgers that you stands six foot three inches on the puppendickeler."

"Inches?" Jody gave a snort. "My pap measures all his chillun by the yard."

"Whar'd you come from?"

"Heaven," the boy answered promptly. "Greased my shirt tail an' slid down on a rainbow."

"What mought be yo' name?"

"Mought be Smith, or mought be Jones. Which 'tain't."

This was a Kaintuck's orthodox greeting, and rarely varied. After certain other formalities, their negotiations would lead to the jug. The other formalities were coming, for one of Cap'n Hezzy's biggest boatmen now began edging forward, and Jody knew what was about to happen. A hefty fellow confronted him, near Jody's height, but far broader, who sidled around into position and jeered at the newcomer.

"Mister Johnny-come-lately," the fellow said, " 'pears like you got the swell head. Won't tell yo' name, you mangy, egg-suckin' hoss thief. Don't be skeered. I ain't nary sheriff, but comes nigh to bein' a ondertaker. Observe me keerful. I'm Hellfire Sam, boss o' Killer's Creek. My left fist's name is Danger an' my right is Sudden Death. Smell 'em, Bub. Smell 'em, and—"

Those were Sam's last words. According to Hoyle the Johnny-come-lately was supposed to do a lot of bragging and introduce himself as the man-eatin' varmint o' Tombstone Mountain as he shucked his shirt and circled about for an opening. But Jody Karr gave no warning. With dazing unexpectedness his right fist caught Hellfire on the point of a protruding jaw. Down went Sam in a scrambling heap, striking the back of his head against a bale of hides.

"I Craves to be Sociable"

Never shifting a vigilant eye from the gladiator who lay stunned and still, Jody remarked, "Cap'n, hold my rifle," as he flung off crossbelts and hunting shirt. Tomahawk and knife clattered on the deck. In less than half an instant the boy had stripped for action. Underneath his shirt he wore a coarse vest of homespun girdled at the waist. His leggings reached well above the knees, suspended by thongs from the belt. Thighs, hips and loins were naked, except for a breech-clout that passed between the thighs and was tucked into his girdle at front and back. There stood Jody Karr, a magnificent male animal with skin of pinkish leather, who smiled at the men around him.

"Hellfire Sam ain't in no rush to git up," he said most amiably. "Jest drapped off to sleep, kinder peaceful. That's the way I fights. Two licks. I hits you an' you hits the ground. Step forward, gents. Promenade to the front, three or four at a time. I craves to be sociable."

Hellfire Sam now began to stir, and had raised himself experimentally on one elbow when the helmsman pointed with his pipe. "Look yonder, Cap."

The men kissed the señora's hand as she stepped into the tub

It takes something highly important to interrupt a Kentucky scrimmage, but a Spanish three-master, her decks thronged with soldiers, is not to be sneezed at. Even Hellfire Sam forgot the fight as everybody turned southward to gaze at a schooner that came tacking around a bend.

Fortunately their flatboat had been hugging the western shore, while contrary winds in a tortuous channel forced the schooner's course to eastward. But Hezzy noticed that she towed a yawl astern and might send a boarding party, for customs officials are notoriously greedy.

"Quick, men!" he ordered. "Drag Bub's canoe on t' other side, an' pile them pelts on our deck."

"No, you don't," Jody objected manfully. "Them skins is *mine*."

"Sartin they's yourn. An' I wants 'em *to stay* yourn."

In the Name of the King

One searching glance convinced the boy that Cap'n Hezzy was square, so Jody helped to get his canoe around on the far side, where the Spaniards couldn't see him transfer his pelts to the flatboat.

"Now, Bub," said Cap'n Hezzy as he nonchalantly lighted a pipe, "put on yo' shirt. Act easy an' keerless like."

"What's the matter?"

"You'll see what's the matter plenty soon. Every one o' them custom thieves is got his señorita to feed, an' señoritas jest naturally eats up money."

With this sententious observation, which the mountain boy did not comprehend, Cap'n Hezzy strolled around his deck and kept a suspicious eye upon the Spaniard. Presently he saw them man the yawl, which left the schooner's side and started towards the barge.

Without a word the Kentucky boy took up his rifle and examined its priming, but old man Hezzy laughed, "Put that down."

"I can pick off them skunks without no trouble."

" 'Tain't necessary, son."

From a distance it might have seemed that Hezzy and his crew paid no attention to the rapidly approaching yawl. A Spanish officer who sat in her prow could not see that Hellfire Sam brought out extra rifles to hide on deck amongst the flour barrels, where each man could snatch them up.

A fair-sized ship's yawl, trim and white, came angling across the yellow currents, rowed by eight sailors, who pulled their oars with the precision of man-of-war's men. Cap'n Hezzy leaned against his gunwale beside Jody Karr and watched them draw near, while Jody secretly loosened a tomahawk at his belt.

(*Continued on page 60*)

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

With big, bulging eyes, he saw a whole flock of ships riding at anchor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fried Potatoes

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

You can't go out and grab happiness—it usually grabs you. This is the love story of a rich man who had to learn this homely truth

KRAYNE—you've heard of Krayne's Cranes; look in the classified advertisements; if you happen to need a nice big derrick or you'd like to know how they get the beams up to the seventy-eighth story, call on the affable young man who handles inquiries at Krayne's Cranes, but look out that he doesn't sell you a bridge or a tall white lighthouse with the latest thing in reflectors—Krayne nodded unsmilingly to the master of ceremonies. That saturnine gentleman put on his most ingratiating expression. When Krayne—of Krayne's Cranes—entered a night club, it was up to everyone to do his prettiest.

You could almost feel it traveling in waves from the doorman on the sidewalk up to the girls in the checkroom, from there to the dinner-coated bouncers at the restaurant entrance, from them to the head waiter and from him to the captains, waiters and bus-boys: an unuttered exhortation to do-your-stuff-here-comes-heavy-sugar.

Not that Krayne was a spendthrift, a Coal-Oil Johnnie, or anything like that. He never sent orchids to all the members of the chorus; he never tipped head waiters hundred-dollar bills. The best the check-girls got from him was a quarter or fifty cents; the waiters got ten per cent of the bill with an extra dollar thrown in for *lagniappe*. He had never spent over two hundred dollars in a night-club evening in all his life.

You see, he had so much money that he didn't need to spend it. He was heavy-sugar-that-never-spilled, *but*—he was heavy sugar, and if you don't know what I mean, why, where have you been and could I sell you the City Hall today?

"I GOT half a yard from that sap with the blonde," a waiter would say, showing a fifty-dollar bill. "The poor four-flusher. He'll be hocking his studs by Toosday week. Any luck?"

"Leighton Krayne gimme three bucks," the other waiter would say. "He certainly knows how to tip. Class."

"Yeah, class," the other would agree.

Have I made it clear? Leighton Krayne was the great-great-grandson of Leighton Krayne, who founded the Krayne Iron Works, and whose son, Leighton Krayne, built the third armored warship in the world, whose son, Leighton Krayne, supplied the Wilmington and Western with all its rails, whose son, Leighton Krayne, gave the second monkey dinner ever held in America, and announced that there were only sixty-eight well-bred people in the United States and whose son we are looking at now.

He could have called himself Leighton Krayne Fifth and did until his parents died, when he tossed the numeral in the same wastebasket wherein he deposited the family coat-of-arms and crest which his father had acquired from Swazey and Ichelboch, pedigrees, five hundred dollars (with crest).

The fourth richest bachelor in the world; two-time winner of the Newport-to-Halifax race for yawls; semifinalist—1924—in the Eastern Coast golf championship; five-feet-eleven; weight, stripped, one-seventy-four; eyes gray; hair black; nose and chin strong and mouth nice; welcomed in any circle anywhere; clean-living, generous and bored to extinction.

"When'd ya get back from Paris, Mr. Krayne?" asked the master of ceremonies.

"Yesterday," replied Krayne.

"Nice time?"

Krayne shrugged.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Expecting a party of friends?"

Krayne shook his head.

"Like one of our hostesses to sit with you?" pursued the master of ceremonies.

Krayne shook his head again.

"THANKS. No. Only going to be here a few minutes. Just dropped in—"

"Oh, we got a new number since you left," said the master of ceremonies eagerly. "You gotta stay for that."

"That so? You—er—have a new chorus?"

"No, we got the same girls, only this new number—"

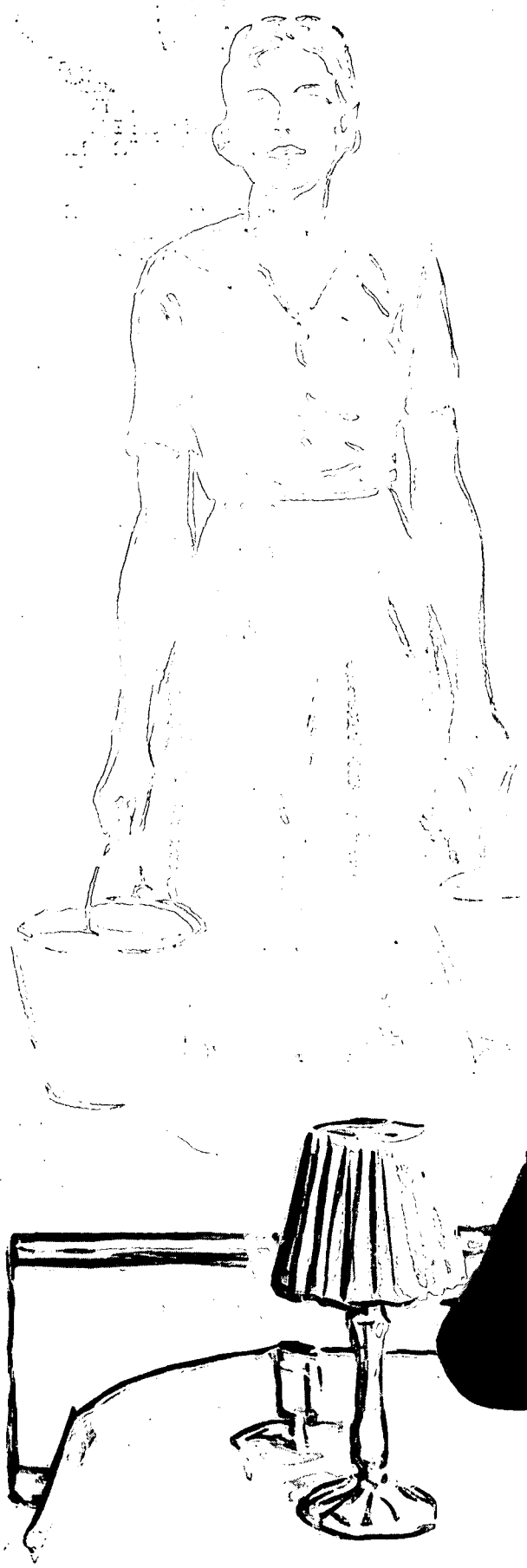
"I'll stay," said Krayne.

He leaned back in his chair, and the movement was a dismissal. The master of ceremonies strutted proudly off. He had been talking to Leighton Krayne—of Krayne's Cranes—and half a hundred people had observed him as he chatted with the possessor of the best-known name—financially and socially—in the United States.

As for Krayne, he hoped that the master of ceremonies hadn't noticed his eagerness when he asked if there was a new chorus. It was bad enough to let yourself go for a cheap little torso-tosser in a night club without taking the world into your confidence. He leaned back more deeply in the chair, lowered his eyelids so that he wouldn't see any friends that happened to drop in, and waited for the show to begin.

How he hated himself! After all, though his father had been the rankest snob on earth, there must be *something* in education, in training, in environment, in the possession of wealth for five generations. At least, these things should instill in the last generation a certain discrimination. All his life Leighton Krayne had assumed, without thinking much about it, that when he fell in love it must necessarily be with the sort of girl whose traditions and upbringing had been similar to his own. Her instincts must be opposed to vulgarity of any sort; she must be a lady, and a *simple* lady. She needn't have money—he certainly had plenty of that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—nor need she be of a distinguished family. But she must be decently shy, possessed of reserve and able to conduct herself unexcitedly in any situation. She must neither be impressed by wealth, nor cheaply disdainful of it. And, of course, she must be beautiful and bright, and have a nice speaking voice.

And he had met, in New York, in Paris, in London, in San Francisco, and in the hundred and one summer or winter resorts which he had visited, scores of girls who had answered to all his specifications. Only—he hadn't happened to fall in love with any of them.

That had been reserved for Hazel Cartwright, who, unless the night-club program lied, was the girl who posed as Miss Paris in the opening number, and who later, in the various songs, skipped about the floor as jauntily—and almost as nakedly—as a pert sparrow.

Krayne, bored as only a young man of imagination and too much money and energy can be bored, had dropped in at the Trouville one night about six months ago. He had tried desperately to interest himself in the tremendous series of interlocking corporations which were generally grouped under the title of Krayne's Cranes. On his graduation from college he had begun in the shipping-room of one of the minor branches of the huge business.

BUT he hated it. He didn't have the mind for big business. He wanted to paint. But his talent, he had discovered, was mediocre. Oh, he could get plenty of commissions. The world was filled with people who would pay fabulous prices to have their portraits painted by Leighton Krayne, and who would really believe that he had great talent.

But he knew better, and a decent pride forbade him to sell his daubs on the strength of his name. He liked sport, but he didn't want to make a career of it. He had social graces a-plenty, but society bored him. In fact, everything except painting bored him, and he would not go on with that because he knew he could never do anything worthwhile.

For a few years he had thought that a change of scene would make him happier. He had tried hunting in Africa, roughing it in the Andes—he had done everything that mind could imagine and money could execute. Had he been compelled to earn his own living, he would have buckled down to some sort of uncongenial job and made the best of it. But that, to a man with an income of over a million a year, was too absurd.

His New York house bored him; his flat in Paris tired him; his London rooms filled him with disgust. The girls he met—even those nicer ones who, if he had happened to love them, might have satisfied his not-too-exacting demands—all seemed possessed of the demon of restlessness. The world was eternally on the move, going places and doing things. And what Leighton Krayne wanted was a girl who didn't want to go places and do things. He wanted someone simple, content with trifling amusements, who would be more concerned with the fact that her husband was to be with her than with where they were going to go. A girl unspoiled by the jazz-mad generation, a companion, a chum, a pal, as well as an adored mistress. The kind of girl that his grandmother probably had been.

"And where you going to find her?" jeered an unsympathetic friend when, in a moment of confidence inspired by an extra glass of champagne, young Krayne voiced his longings. "They're all on the make, Leighton. If they aren't out for money, then they're out for position, or some damn' thing or other. Everyone is. Out for something. *You* are. You're out for a girl that died in the Nineties."

"MAYBE," said Leighton stubbornly. "But I'll not quit looking for her yet a while."

And then he fell in love with Hazel Cartwright. The minute she appeared in the scanty costume worn by Miss Paris he loved her. The right height—her eyes would reach his chin, he guessed—beautifully slim yet gorgeously round, from the tip of her toes to her deep blue eyes—semi-veiled—she was utterly and absolutely desirable.

He saw her first on a Saturday night. The friends with him found Trouville dull, and tried to get him to move on. The Harlem hot spots were livelier than this, they assured him. How could the friends know that he was unable to rise from his chair, that he had been shot through the heart by the most rascally little marksman of all?

Krayne stayed for the second show. Once, during a number, the blue eyes of Hazel Cartwright met his own eyes of gray, and it seemed to him that he saw a light matching the gleam in his own. But he must have been mistaken, for in the next number the blue eyes looked right through him. Other members of the chorus, recognizing the Krayne lineaments, showed less hauteur. They not only looked at him, but they smiled, and made it quite obvious that if a gentleman should ask a lady, in a nice refined way, to knock over a bottle of something, no offense would be taken.

But Krayne didn't even see them. No one noticed, he was certain, that he was completely bowled over by the blue-eyed, golden-brown-haired girl with the creamy skin. But he was. This was love; in capital letters. And, because he had looked for something different upon which to bestow his heart and hand and family name and fortune, he fled abroad.

A MAN—outside the dreams of romantic poets—was never permanently crippled by one of Cupid's pot shots. If a man went away, his sleep would soon cease to be troubled by visions of blue eyes, golden brown hair, creamy skin, slim limbs and a sweet expression.

But the trip over was simply rotten. Even genuine, uncut Scotch couldn't make him forget the Cartwright girl. Paris held no diversion for a man whose every thought was thirty-five hundred miles away. He won a hundred thousand francs at roulette at Monte Carlo, and lost two hundred thousand playing baccarat at Cannes, and was hardly aware that he was playing. He tried to fall in love with the eminently desirable Duchess of Lancastria, and thought to solace himself with a flirtation with Mlle. Fifi of the *Folies*.

But it wouldn't do. His mind and heart and body ached for the girl in the Trouville night club. So he went back to New York and to the night club.

If only, Krayne thought bitterly, she had been a great artiste. But she wasn't; she was merely a pretty chorus girl

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He saw the new number of which the master of ceremonies had been so proud. Hazel Cartwright had been promoted while Krayne had been away. She sang the new number, and did it indifferently well. If only, thought Krayne, bitterly, she had been a great artiste. . . . But she wasn't; she was merely a pretty chorus girl. Not that Krayne wanted a great artiste; he wanted a simple home-loving girl. But if he *must* fall in love with the kind of girl that this generation breeds, if he must fall in love with a girl who displayed her body publicly, then why on earth couldn't he have chosen one with great talent?

FOR now, having returned after several months of absence, he knew that it was a permanent thing, this desire for Hazel Cartwright. At home that night, he paced the floor. Why, he hadn't even spoken to the girl. Tonight he had heard her sing, and, thank God, her voice was not cheap and her diction was all right. But even now, as his heart yearned for her, his mind recoiled at recollection of her lovely young body being displayed for the avid gaze of night-club patrons.

He must cure himself of this insane infatuation. He must find some simple girl, whose sweet qualities would make him forget this painted hussy of the night club. And he knew where he could find such a girl—at Bridgetown, where, as a small boy, he had camped on the shores of the lake. He remembered the broad acres sown in wheat, the watermelon patches, the truck gardens. He'd go there.

He arrived in Bridgetown the following night. The cab of twenty years ago was displaced by a taxi.

"Take me to the hotel," he said to the driver.

"Which one?" asked the man.

"More than one here?" inquired Krayne, surprised.

The chauffeur glanced in the side mirror of his cab. He plastered down more carefully a lock of hair that had escaped the bondage of Ly-Flat.

"I'll say there is," he replied. "There's the Bridgetown House. Got the niftiest orchestra in town. Of course, they ain't got any show. Now the Metropolitan Hotel has got Bribble and Hale, and when they do the rumba, oh, baby! Don't miss their nine-o'clock dancing, pal."

"There—there isn't any—er—more quiet place to stay, is there?" asked Krayne.

"Why, sure, pal. There's the New Mansion House, all renovated and redecorated. Take you there?"

"Please," said Krayne.

A uniformed doorman took Krayne's bags, and handed them to a uniformed bell boy. A sleek young man behind a desk twirled a register for the guest to sign. Krayne wrote his name in the book.

"Ah, Mr. Krayne? Of Krayne's Cranes, I assume? First visit to Bridgetown, Mr. Krayne? Well, we'll do our best to make your stay comfortable, sir. Front! Show Mr. Krayne to the Duke of Marlborough suite."

He rode in an elevator to the fifth floor, and was ushered into rooms that he could hardly have told from the rooms of any first-class New York hotel.

He ate a lonely supper, undressed and went to bed. All night long, it seemed to him, he heard the jazz orchestra from the Bridgetown House across the street. He breakfasted in the morning in his room, paid his bill and walked down the main street, where he managed to rent a car.

Of course, Bridgetown—as daylight observation made clear—had grown into a bustling young city. But the country around—ah, that couldn't be changed—much. He drove along a macadam road that skirted the lovely lake. Where once had been a beautiful farm was now a country club. Where, in days gone by, had been a corner store, was now a filling station, and a Tom Thumb golf course seemed to appear every quarter mile.

He pressed his foot on the accelerator and bounded along the road. Beyond, at the far end of the forty-mile lake, lay the woods, the wilds, the real country. And late that afternoon Krayne reached it.

Set back a hundred yards from the road was a white farmhouse. Krayne had driven a hundred miles up and down back roads looking for this paradise and when he saw it he almost wept with happiness. If only they would take a boarder, as the farmers used to in the good old days!

HE DROVE up the grassy, maple-bordered lane, climbed out of his car, and knocked.

A buxom maid opened the door. Yes, Mrs. Higgins took boarders. Would he come in? He was ushered into an old-fashioned parlor, where a sweet-faced old lady with a lace cap on her head greeted him:

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr.—er—"

"Krayne," he supplied.

"Mr. Krayne. But I was listening to Elmer Brightstone on the kitchen extension of the radio—we have an extension in every room, Mr. Krayne. He was giving his usual Wednesday afternoon bridge lesson. Mr. Krayne, do you play the Vanderbilt Club or the two-forcing system?"

"Why—I rarely play," he said.

"Then we shall teach you," she said brightly. "Yes, we have a room for you."

A head peered around the edge of the door. It was a lovely young head, crowned with curly golden hair. The mouth was red and there were dimples in the cheeks.

"Busy, Mother?"

"Yes—but come in, Molly. Molly, may I present Mr. Krayne, who is going to stop with us—we hope for a long time."

The girl entered the room. Her dress reached fashionably just below her knees. Her lips, one instantly knew, wore kiss-proof rouge.

"Well, I should say we do," she said cordially. "Do you tango, Mr. Krayne? What say we try out a few steps now?"

She slipped a record deftly on the phonograph, and then turned, her arms invitingly open. But no personable young man stepped into them. Leighton Krayne was running out of the house, toward his rented car.

HE LOST his way several times on the way to Bridgetown, but he managed to catch the midnight train for New York. And the next night he entered the Trouville Club. The master of ceremonies came hurriedly in response to Krayne's signal.

"The girl that was Miss Paris? Oh, the Cartwright girl. No, she quit us last night. Fired? No, indeed. Seems she got herself some dough. Anyway, out she stepped. Her address? Why, sure, for you, Mr. Krayne, of course."

Krayne had arrived for the first show, and he reached the Amsterdam Avenue address shortly after eleven-thirty. There, above a letter-box, was a card bearing the name of Hazel Cartwright. Krayne pressed a button and heard a click. He opened the door and climbed three flights of stairs. A door was slightly ajar and from behind it came a voice:

"Who is it and what do you want?"

"I'm Leighton Krayne, Miss Cartwright," he said. "And—and—I don't exactly know what I want—unless it's you."

"Eh?" The sweet voice was startled. He saw her eyes in the narrow opening of the door, and felt himself being studied. Then the door opened. There, as lovely in a simple frock as she had ever seemed in her night-club costume, stood the girl he loved.

"Well, aren't you coming in?" she asked.

"I—I—what's that cooking?" he asked.

"Fried ham—and fried potatoes," she replied. "I've been too busy getting ready to leave to eat any dinner. Why?"

"I—I don't know," he said. He entered the shabby little apartment. In a corner stood an open trunk.

"You were packing?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," she said. "That's one of the reasons I let you in. I thought I ought to see, once before I left Broadway, what a night-club John looks like at close range."

"You're leaving Broadway?"

"You bet I am," she cried. "But how did you know where I live?"

"I went to the Trouville—to see you," he said simply. "They told me you had left—that you'd come into money—"

"To see me? What for?" she asked.

"Because I've wanted to—to know you," he said.

"Yes? Well, you've met me, then, Mr. Krayne. Shall we say good-by?"

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Going? I'm going back to the farm I came from. I've been working two years, saving every cent I could, sending it back home so that Ma could pay off the mortgage. And my Aunt Ida died two months ago, and I got five thousand she left me day before yesterday—I'm going back to the farm, Mr. Krayne. I'm going to raise turnips and cabbages and chickens, and maybe I'll manage to write the children's stories I've been trying to write for years. And if I never sell any of them, I'll have my farm and can live—what do you think of the idea? Sound awful to you?"

"I think we'll love it," he said. "Oh, not all the time. We'll have to go abroad occasionally, and when I have a horse entered in some big race, we'll have to watch him run. But most of the time—yes, I'll like it."

"*You'll* like it?" she gasped.

"Uh-huh," he nodded. "And maybe I can paint the illustrations for your stories, and if no publisher has sense enough to bring them out, why—we'll just buy a publishing firm and issue them ourselves."

"WHAT on earth are you talking about?" she cried.

"Us," he replied. "I've been looking for you—for ever so long. And—"

"I think you must be mad," she said. But her eyes were twinkling.

"It's wonderful—being mad," he said. "Shall I tell you when I began to feel that way?"

"I hope it was that night, about six months ago, when you first came into the Trouville," she said.

"Did you notice me?" he gasped. "May—may I sit down? I have so much to tell you."

"I'd adore listening," she said.

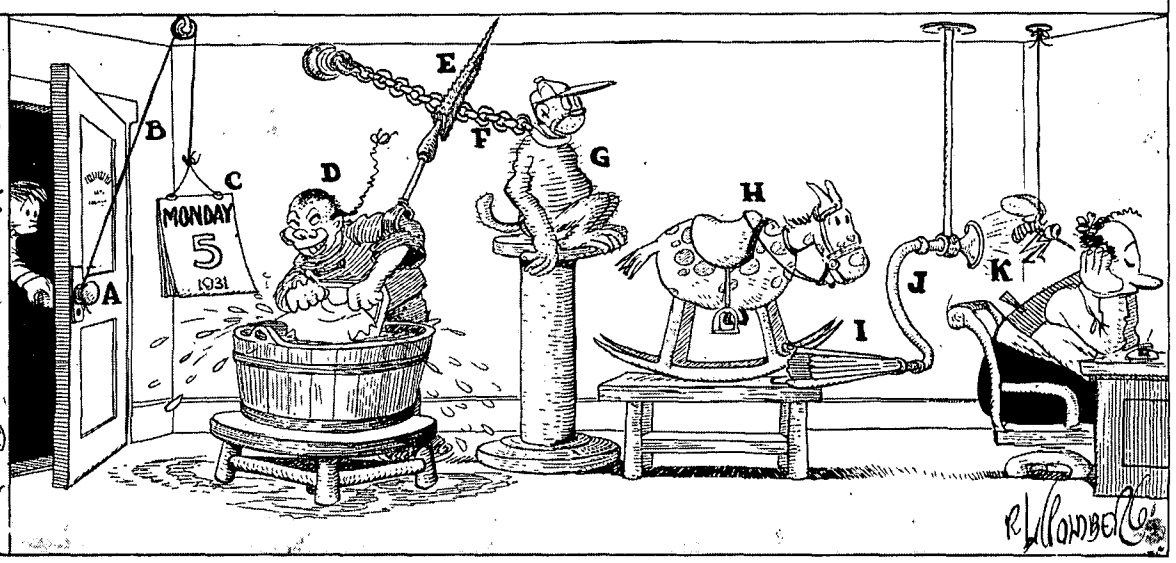
"But don't let those potatoes burn," he warned her.

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS IS HIT ON THE HEAD BY A METEOR AND WHEN THE AUTHORITIES GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS TO IDENTIFY HIM ALL THEY FIND IS A DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW TO KEEP AWAKE DURING BUSINESS HOURS.

AS OFFICE BOY OPENS DOOR (A) IT CAUSES CORD (B) TO SLACKEN AND LOWER CALENDAR (C) MARKED MONDAY. CHINESE LAUNDRYMAN (D), SEEING CALENDAR, IMMEDIATELY KNOWS IT'S WASH DAY AND STARTS WASHING SHIRTS. MOTION OF CHINAMAN'S ARM CAUSES FILE (E) TO RUB AGAINST CHAIN (F) CUTTING IT IN HALF AND RELEASING TRAINED MONKEY (G). MONKEY REMEMBERING HIS EARLY DAYS AS A CIRCUS JOCKEY JUMPS ON HOBBY HORSE (H) AND STARTS ROCKING, CAUSING BELLOWS (I) TO PUMP AIR THROUGH TUBE (J). AIR BLOWS CAPTIVE MOSQUITO (K) AGAINST YOUR NECK WHICH BITES YOU BACK TO WAKEFULNESS. IF THE CHINAMAN ASKS FOR PAY FOR DOING THE LAUNDRY, GIVE HIM A CHECK ON YOUR WIFE'S BANK.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Care and Feeding of Adults

By Logan Clendening, M.D.

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

Grandstand quarterbacks and sea-lawyers have a new addition to their ranks. He is the dining-room doctor. It seems that nowadays everybody who can read is his own physician; which is all right with the professional medicine men—it makes more work for them. Doctor Clendening expects to be arrested for some of the things he says herein about the fads and fancies and superstitions which are as rife among his colleagues as among us ordinary fellows. Well, if he is we'll go to jail with him

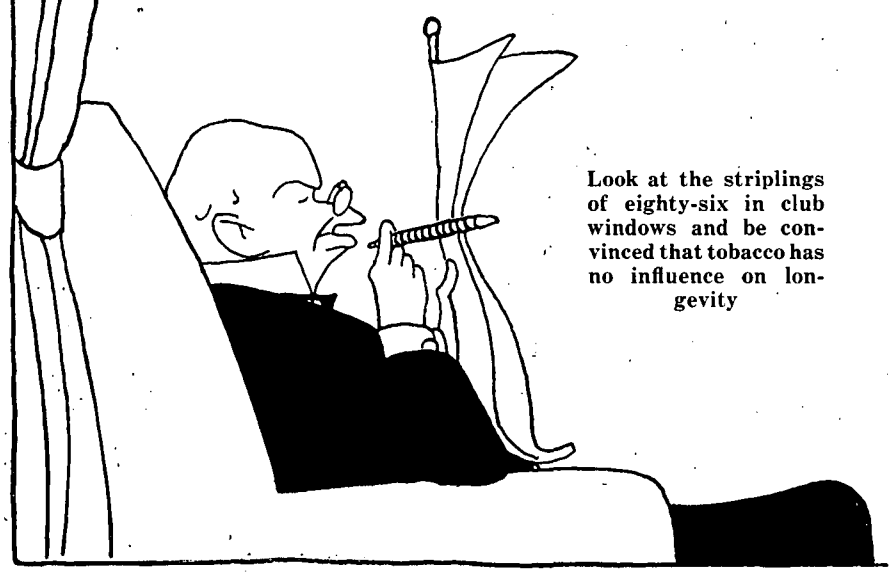
ADULTS, according to them, are able to think for themselves. It is in this respect, so they patiently explain to me, that they differ from children. They learn all about their bodies by reading a book on The Normal Diet and a book on Your Nerves and a book on Blood Pressure and a book on Intestinal Sewerage and pamphlets from their life insurance companies, and they are all ready to arrange their future so that the wheels will grind with the least possibility of friction.

And that is one of the reasons they are more trouble to keep healthy than children.

It is not without chagrin, indeed, that the members of my profession learn how easy it is for mere laymen to learn all about the nature and treatment of various diseases. We remember the time we spent in medical college. A year dissecting, just to become acquainted with the way the human body is formed. Long hours at the microscope looking at sections of healthy, then of diseased, organs. Interminable periods of observation on experiments in the physiological laboratory, learning about blood pressure and nerves and muscles, and gaseous exchanges. Then examining patients and listening to heart murmurs and weighing children and delivering mothers in tenements and observing the effects of medicines and calculating diets and timidly assisting at surgical operations.

It all seems such a waste of time when you meet one of these lay hygienists who has read Clendening's book, The Human Body, and knows all about the subject.

I recently crossed the continent on the same train with a fellow scientist who got up pamphlets for some life insurance company. His preparation for this was an apprenticeship in the advertising business. When he found out I was a doctor his joy appeared to be unbounded and he gave me the benefit of his views.



Look at the striplings of eighty-six in club windows and be convinced that tobacco has no influence on longevity

All one blazing afternoon, going across the Arizona desert, he told me about Bright's disease. He said that when he discovered he was going to have to do a piece on it, he took a lot of books home and read up on it. It took him four or five days to get it. But he got it all right. His views were clear and final on the subject.

Advice for Physicians

The trouble with me is I'm terribly puzzled and mixed up about Bright's disease. What seemed to disappoint my colleague was that I had no convictions about it. In that airy intellectual region where he dwelt no such thing as a doubt was ever allowed to penetrate.

When he got to the subject of pernicious anemia, I remembered the remark of a professor of medicine in one of our great universities. He has been studying pernicious anemia for ten years and has made valuable contributions to our knowledge. He told me that every once in a while he thought he knew something about the blood and then a case would come along which showed him he didn't know anything. I wished he could meet this fellow who "did the pamphlets" and get straightened out.

The habit of being a physician after forty is likely to get a person into practical difficulties, also, as the following instance will show:

A vigorous, successful executive, who read all the medical books he could lay his hands on, once said to me: "Bad health is a reflection on a man's intelligence." I know why he said it. He controlled his organization with an iron hand. Any disarrangement of that organization he considered a blunder on the part of some head of a department. His body was the same way. He had been repeatedly told it was a good machine. If he got sick it was because he had neglected a rule, or failed to carry out the routine of the "laws of hygiene." If he got sick it was a reflection on his intelligence.

If you want to realize how very delicate adults really are, watch a crowd around a soda fountain

No sillier statement ever emanated from a smart man's mouth. And my friend expounded that foolish heresy as grimly and completely as could be possible. He always rode horseback every morning before breakfast and walked to and from his office. Every day his quota of exercise. When he reached fifty-nine he was as splendid an example of manhood as you could wish to find. Why not? He exercised every day—rain or shine. He always got to bed by eleven. His smoking, drinking and eating were moderate to a degree.

But one day he felt a little achy, as if he had caught cold. Nonsense! This would never do. A slip-up in the chest department. He would walk it off. He did. He walked and walked! When he came home he had a chill. Two days later he died of lobar pneumonia. How many exercise worshippers kill themselves by "walking off a cold" every year is unknown, but it must be no small number.

The points I am trying to make here are several. One concerns the idea, carefully fostered in the past few decades, that there is a certain single way to live in order to be healthy. There is a certain definite dietary that must be followed. There is a certain fixed stint of exercise to be gone through. There are certain kinds of clothes that are healthful, others that are unhealthful. And if a person can find out by the

(Continued on page 53)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Money Lender

When the public decided it was being defrauded by loan sharks, the legitimate money lenders helped clean up their own business. They are still working hard to put it on a respectable basis. Here Mr. Shepherd shows you how they have gone about it and what obstacles they have had to surmount

Usury battens on the atmosphere of furtive secrecy fostered in many a small-loan office

Wise legislation is rapidly banishing the gouging loan shark whose victims

IT COSTS a money lender nine dollars to make the average loan which people in trouble request of him. This takes in loans of from five to three hundred dollars and more.

"It costs him ninety cents a month, or $10.80 a year, to carry it."

A leading business man was telling me the story of how the passage in several states of a new law, known as the Uniform Small Loan Law, backed by the Russell Sage Foundation and approved by all sociologists who have studied not only the horrors of illegal borrowing but also the mathematics of sound borrowing, had enabled him and his associates to change the business of making small loans from an outlawed, prohibited, bootleg business in those states into a decent, honorable and acceptable one. There's no reason, except the inertia of citizens on one side and, on the other, the pull and graft with legislators of the old-fashioned, blood-sucking loan sharks, why all the states do not have such a helpful law. Hundreds of thousands of people today who owe money to loan sharks in the unprotected states, where unlicensed lenders operate for lack of the new law of which I speak, could, if they only knew it, rise in rebellion, either as individuals or en masse, and tell the loan sharks from whom they have borrowed money, "Sue me if you want to. I won't give you another cent."

"What used to puzzle me during my third of a century in the money-lending business," continued this expert, "was how to make it possible for the fellow who needed ten or fifteen dollars or maybe twenty-five dollars to get it without being gouged.

"And he couldn't get it, on safe terms. Of course not. Nine dollars and ninety cents was the outlay of the money lender himself for the first month of a ten-dollar loan. Now I'm not excusing the money lenders of the past or many of the money lenders of today, in states where the Uniform Small Loan Law does not provide for licensed lenders.

"The fact of the matter is that there have been two kinds of us, or maybe, to be literally honest, perhaps I should say that many of us did two kinds of business—big loans and little loans—in lending money to men and women who were in trouble.

"Loans of large sums—say three hundred dollars—are profitable to the small-loan dealer, without any gouging. They're the cream of loans. You know how banks speak of 'best commercial paper'? Well, the large loan, say of from $100 up to $300 in the personal lending business, is just that.

"The security is usually highly prized by the borrower. It's probably the household furniture. Two names are signed to the borrowers' note, those of the borrower and of his wife. That puts the credit of a home at stake.

The Necessity for Credit

"And if anyone in America is worrying today about the solidity of the American home, let him ask the personal finance dealers of this country, both the bad ones and those who are trying to be fair and decent about it. The stories of love and loyalty and bravery that every money lender knows are like beautiful, pure lilies that grow out of mud and mire. Personal finance dealers all know how far a man and woman will go to save their home and keep it together.

"It is amazing how many families borrow money, repay it and when another pinch comes along do the same thing over again. They get to be regular customers and they bring friends with them to be helped out.

"All of this proved to me, years ago, that there were hundreds of thousands of homes in this country that had good credit and that they were just as safe business risks as any meat store, grocery store or retail establishment of any sort. They were not only good credit but they were entitled to credit of some sort. You *must* have small-loan dealers in the United States; people can't do without them."

Now this writer, let it be said, has checked up on every statement made to him by this particular dealer in money and many of his associates. *The most expert of our students of social welfare now insist that American homes MUST have credit with reputable, personal finance dealers, provided they are under the strictest sort of state direction.* Homes do get into trouble; with credit they can get themselves out.

Credit unions help to meet this need

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is Converted

By William G. Shepherd

for loans; so do building and loan societies. And today about a hundred and fifty state and national banks in the country have lending departments which satisfy to a limited extent the demands of personal borrowers within their communities.

There's a Bright Side, Too

The social workers were speaking from theory, after studies and surveys. This financier, who was telling me his story, was speaking from actual experience. He continued:

"Not every deal between a borrower and a money lender was a cruel or unjust one. I remember, many years ago in an Eastern town, I was sent to a little home to investigate the situation of a man who had asked for a loan of twenty-five dollars.

"I found a young Irishman whose family would be put out of the house, with Christmas just around the corner, if he couldn't get the money to pay the rent. He had a job but sickness and a doctor bill had put him away behind.

"There wasn't a stick of furniture in the house that would make good collateral for twenty-five dollars. Things were neat and clean but the furniture was not the sort that would bring in any money at a sale. Furniture isn't good collateral, anyhow. Most money lenders hesitate to take it and they usually don't unless they see a borrower is trying to cheat them. I could see that this Irishman was all-fired, hell-bent to keep his home together. He had been too proud to ask the priest for help. His hands were hard and calloused. Finally, I felt his muscle. He bent his arm and a muscle as big as a small ham arose.

" 'That's good enough security for me,' I said. And we loaned him the money.

"He understood the terms of repayment and he kept his end of the bargain to the last penny; every Saturday evening he came in and put down his money.

"It wasn't very long before he brought another man to us to make a small loan. For twenty-five years that Irishman kept in contact with us. He'd send to us people who were in a pinch and every now and then he'd drop in and say: 'Now if everybody isn't payin' up all right just let me know. I'll fix 'em.'

"Now, in addition to the home," he continued, "that needs the larger credit, there's the small individual borrower. That also may be a home; it may need only ten or fifteen dollars in a tremendous hurry to make up a month's rent.

"You can't imagine how much trouble under the old-time unlicensed money-lending system a small loan like that can get a family into. Suppose the employer of the borrower hears of it. One of the first things to do, before the law can pull the horns of the heartless loan shark, is to teach employers that it is almost a crime to discharge an employee because he is being hounded by money lenders. An employer who thinks that any or every employee who is driven to borrow money is a ne'er-do-well is the loan shark's biggest club. The shark can grind a man who's got a boss like that into complete disaster.

"It's this small borrower, sometimes head of a home and sometimes only one of the breadwinners in the home, who needs money as badly as the next fellow.

The Weapons of Usurers

"Well, see what the loan sharks do to him! They use their four instruments of torture against him. They think they have to. And here's their reasoning: it'll cost them, as I have shown, about ten dollars to make the loan and carry it one month. Why should they lend him ten dollars or fifteen or even twenty-five dollars on such a small margin, with no security. 'We must charge extra for the risk,' they say, 'because the collateral for this loan is not good.'

"The first tool they use on him is secrecy. He signs his note alone; they encourage him not to let any other person know that he is coming to a money lender. The second tool is a sense of disgrace; they let him think that the entire proceeding is an utterly disgraceful one, in which he is, as the lawyers say, *particeps criminis*.

"The contracts which such borrowers are forced to sign are so complicated that the customers cannot possibly understand them—many hundreds of words printed in small type. This is the third tool of the lender who deals in small loans—ignorance of the terms of a loan. 'Come in next pay day with so-and-so-much money,' says the lender, with a calculated finality.

"If the borrower doesn't come in the next pay day, he's doing exactly the thing that pleases the money lender. This gives the lender the opportunity to let the debt increase and when it has increased sufficiently he puts his fourth tool to work: the tool of frightfulness.

"I'm not saying that people who borrow large sums in the hundreds of dollars don't suffer from such money lenders, as well as the small borrowers.

"But it's a fact that the lenders who took the large-sum business didn't have to be mean and cruel to make collections. They wanted good reputations in order to keep the cream of the business even if they did charge high rates. And they wanted repeat orders; regular customers.

"Less than one third of the patrons are newcomers. Approximately seventy per cent have borrowed money before and considerably more than one half have had *more* than one previous loan.

"It's no wonder the social agencies like the Russell Sage Foundation and others got after the money lenders.

"Some of us may have been so good

(*Continued on page 43*)

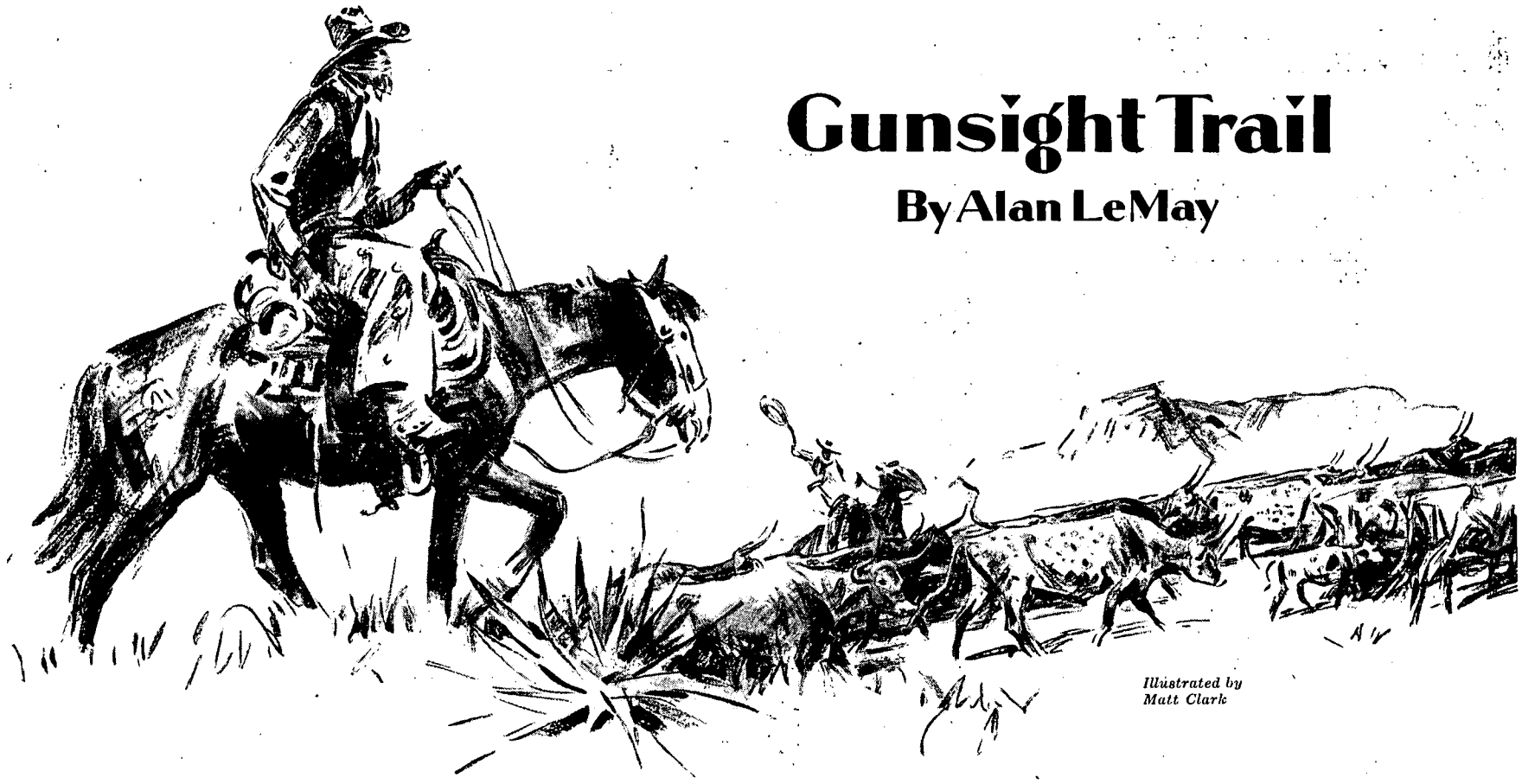
are always the helpless and needy

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gunsight Trail

By Alan LeMay



Illustrated by Matt Clark

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE sleeping beside his camp fire, near Gunsight Trail, Clay Hughes, a wandering cowboy, is awakened by a shot. Then, out of the darkness lurches a man. "Get that damn—" he gasps—and dies.

Leaving the body, Hughes rides to the Lazy M ranch. There he learns that the dead man was Hugo Donnan, the sheriff, and that the ranch owner's son, Dick Major, who has been absent, is under suspicion.

Hughes' reception, a frigid one, mystifies him. He refuses to divulge what Donnan told him; whereupon he finds himself a prisoner, his revolver stolen, a shadower constantly on his trail! He learns that a tremendous struggle—between the Lazy M forces and those of one Earl Shaw, owner of Adobe Wells, a neighboring ranch—is impending. . . . Going to his room that night, he finds old man Major's daughter, Sally, waiting for him in the darkness. The girl is desperately anxious to have a talk with him—alone. Before he can even light his lamp, however, someone fires through a window at him—and misses.

Cowboys come running. Realizing that Hughes is in danger, Sally hands him a gun. He steps out and closes the door which Tom Ireland, foreman in Macumber's absence, locks behind him. . . . Oliver Major arrives. With Bart Holt, he has been to the scene of the tragedy. "Hughes," he says coldly, "we found a .45 cartridge shell in the ashes of your fire. It's the kind you use."

A cowboy steps forward and pulls back Hughes' coat. There—exposed to everyone's gaze—is a revolver. A revolver instantly identified by those who've seen it before as Dick Major's favorite weapon! . . . Old man Major receives a full report of the evening's events. Two people, one cowboy informs him, had been overheard conversing in Hughes' room. And the door, according to another, is now barred—*on the inside!*

"Give me that key," Major growls, "I'm going to open that door!"

III

THAT was a strangely silent procession which followed at the spurred heels of old Oliver Major and Bart Holt. All of the cowboys had seen in those strained moments in Major's office that the black butt of the gun Clay Hughes wore was marked with an inlaid star. But if any of them understood why this discovery should knock the wind out of Oliver Major as definitely as if a horse had been shot from under him, he kept it to himself.

And Clay Hughes, who wore the marked gun, knew least of all the significance of what had happened. He had seen black ruin come into the face of Oliver Major at the sight of the inlaid star; but Hughes himself knew nothing about the history of the weapon. It had been pressed into his hands by Sally Major, in place of the guns which had been taken from him. In Major's office Hughes had heard someone behind him whisper that this was Dick Major's gun, a fact which hinted at much; how much he could not tell in the sparse state of his present knowledge.

Nor did he have any time on his hands now to figure it out. Above all else, now, he wanted to postpone the opening of the gun-room door. But all he could do, he decided, was to wait, casual and cool, for the developments which the next few moments would bring forth.

THEY were in front of the gun-room door at last, and a long moment seemed to pass while old Major's unsteady hands fumbled at padlock and key. Dusty Rivers said in a low voice, "Shall I get something to smash the door?" and Major answered, his voice lower still, "We'll try it first. By heaven, it'll open for me—I think."

Then abruptly the door swung back. Once more a tall shaft of yellow light from the hallway was flooding into the narrow room; and Oliver Major went in with the slow, grim step of a man who leans against the steel. Bart Holt planted himself in the doorway, facing the rest, as if he would bar them out.

Clay Hughes, who was nearest, turned away his eyes. He did not wish to see the accusing glance of the girl as she faced at last that grim old man.

There was silence when Oliver Major had entered the old gun-room, a silence that held them all in a curiously motionless grip. Hughes, without moving his head, turned his eyes to the face of Art French and saw that a dew of perspiration had come to the man's forehead. French's eyes were fixed upon distances beyond the wall, and, as once before, Hughes knew that French was listening, listening. . . .

Oliver Major's voice, coming very low from within, must have startled them all as sharply as the sound of a shot would have done. "Bring a light." Something in that voice was hair-raising and very cold.

A curious terror swept Clay Hughes. What had happened in this room since he had been released from it and the door had been locked again behind him? That that room was not empty he alone knew best of all; yet, the long silence ended finally by the request for a light—

It was Tom Ireland, who, straining his gigantic height, unhooked the lantern from the beams above and handed it to Bart Holt. In the sudden darkness of the hallway the silent men watched the bar of light from the doorway of the old gun-room waver and shift, casting Bart Holt's shadow as a strange, swaying grotesque upon the opposite wall. Then at last Oliver Major came out, his face puzzled and looking unfamiliar in the up-striking light of the lantern in his hand.

"Bart—Tom Ireland—was there ever another key made to this lock?"

"Mr. Major," said Ireland slowly, "I'm dead certain there never was."

There was a short silence before the voice of Bob Macumber said, "Just the same, if ever a door was barred, that door was, as I threw my weight against it tonight!"

"And yet you claim the door has been shut all the time?" Major said.

"That padlock," said Tom Ireland, "has been locked every minute since Hughes came out."

"Well, it's empty now. I think you're a bunch of fools," said Major without conviction. He tossed the key aside so that it rang upon the tiles, and, leaving the door of the gun-room wide open behind him, took a couple of long strides forward, as if he would walk through them all, unseeing.

Hughes had never been more mystified in his life. But before he could muster his wits to an explanation Oliver Major suddenly turned upon him, his voice exploding: "Where did you get that gun?"

"I—"

He had started to say that he had borrowed it, or that he had stolen it, or that it was none of the old man's business. He never knew exactly what his answer would have been, for it remained unfinished.

SALLY MAJOR'S voice came from the patio end of the hallway, startling them all. "I gave it to him," she said.

Everyone's eyes jumped to the slender figure—she was wearing a white dress now—which had stepped into the hallway from the moonlight of the patio. The cowboys moved closer to the wall, so that a lane was opened between father and daughter, down which they faced each other for a long moment. Hughes saw that Sally Major's face looked very white, even in the yellow light of the lantern; and her slim figure was very straight and uncompromising—defiant almost. Oliver Major's face he could not read.

Old Major spoke at last. "Go hit your blankets, all of you," he told the cowboys wearily. "Get some sleep while you can. For all I know we may be out of here long before sun-up. I haven't decided yet." For a moment or two nobody moved; and Major's voice rose in anger: "Go on! Turn in, I said!"

Those were not men accustomed to jump when they were spoken to. But now they began to drift slowly out into the night, sidling past old Major, who stood aside to let them go.

"Macumber—Hughes," said old Major, "you two stay back a minute. I want to talk to you."

When the rest were gone, Major moved slowly down the hallway toward the patio, followed by Hughes and Macumber. "You too, Sally," he said, as he passed the waiting girl at the end of the hall. Thumbs in belt, he led the way toward his office again, his boots slow and heavy upon the tiles.

Hughes, trailing behind, found that Sally Major was walking beside him, seeming light-footed and ephemeral in the moonlight of the patio. Then, as they entered the shadows of the great hallway, her fingers closed upon his hand and she leaned close to whisper in his ear:

"I take back everything I said! I don't want you to leave! I want you to stay and help me—help us, here."

Hughes drew a deep breath. Now he knew that whatever might follow he was in this game to stay.

"Count on it," he answered.

"SALLY"—Oliver Major turned from the deep, recessed window at which he liked to stand looking out at nothing—"bring Dick here."

Hughes did not miss Macumber's start of surprise at this first open acknowledgment that Dick Major was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good Lord, girl, do you realize that your brother may never come out of this alive?"

anywhere on the place. Macumber had told Hughes that Dick Major was riding long circle, and Clay had neither noticed nor heard anything to the contrary.

For a moment Sally Major hesitated, a slim, cool, poised figure, with vivid eyes that met her father's squarely; then she acquiesced and went out. Major turned upon Clay Hughes.

"How many of the boys did you talk to about this business up at Gunsight?" he demanded.

"None of them, to amount to anything."

"How many of them asked you if Donnan had said anything before he died?"

"Not one," said Hughes. "We didn't get to talking together much."

Major turned upon Macumber. "Bob, nobody but you and me and Bart Holt knew that Hughes wasn't telling all he knew. Yet somebody tried to kill this man tonight while he was unarmed and shut up, here in my own house!"

Macumber's shoulders dropped, as if something had suddenly crumpled inside him. "I reckon it's my fault, Mr. Major. I told Tom Ireland when we was talking it over. Naturally we all thought Tom—"

"What's that got to do with it? Did you tell anybody else?"

"Tom told Art French, I think, when he picked Art to ride herd on Clay. I don't know who-all Art's told."

"And there you are," said Major. "There's not a man on the ranch tonight that don't know all about it!"

"I KNOW, I expect so. If Clay had been killed, it would have been nobody's fault but my own." That was a man who forever blamed himself for everything that went wrong. He never passed the buck, nor let himself off of anything in his life. There was a massive self-accusation in the set of his shoulders now.

Major sighed. "That's all, Bob." He turned to the empty window again.

"Clay, I'm sorry," said Macumber. "If you get it in the neck you can blame me."

Hughes smiled faintly. "I wouldn't have it any different, Bob." He could say no more than that; he couldn't tell the chunky foreman that the strength of his position—if it had any strength—rested entirely upon just such spreading of the news as Macumber had begun. He watched Macumber affectionately as the foreman wandered drearily to the door and let himself out.

Major went to his desk and cut himself a chew of tobacco. "I don't know what I ought to do about you, Hughes," he said. "The only fair thing to do is to tell you to take your horse and get out of here, as far as you can, and as quick as you can. Way things stand, you're awful likely to get gunned."

"Probably," Clay agreed.

"Do you realize," Major insisted, "that even if you want to back down now, and admit Donnan never said anything before he died—do you realize it's too late for that? From here out, no matter what you do or say, them that are against us are going to have to go ahead on the idee that you know something almighty dangerous. Do you realize that?"

"I don't even know who's against us, yet," Hughes reminded him. "If I'm going to play this hand out, I've got to know. Over and over, all day long, I've been hearing the name of Earl Shaw and Adobe Wells, Adobe Wells and Earl Shaw. Now I'd like to know who is this important cuss? He sure sounds like part rain-maker and part haunt-up-a-canyon. And I want to know what ails Adobe Wells—ants in the pants, or a set-to of the water-gimmes?"

"YOU can't savvy—nobody but us here can understand it—what it means to us here to hang onto this range." The old range wolf drew a deep breath, and the slow red glow came into his eyes again. "You first set eyes on this valley today, did you? Yesterday? Seems hard to remember when I first rode in from the Gunsight, like you done this morning, it's so long ago. But this I remember plain: as soon as I saw the Buckhorn, spread out below, I knew that this here was the range that I'd come a long way to find.

"My brother and me—his name was Sol—we'd scraped together nigh two thousand head, and I went back, and we carried 'em here. Only a little over half of 'em made it all the long way—but they was enough for seed. It was hard going those first few years, but every once in a while we'd make a little beef drive—for the government usually—and get enough out of it to piece along a little while more.

"Then, while we was still in our beginnings, was when Earl Shaw put in his appearance for the first time. Well, it's no wonder if you've heard that name!

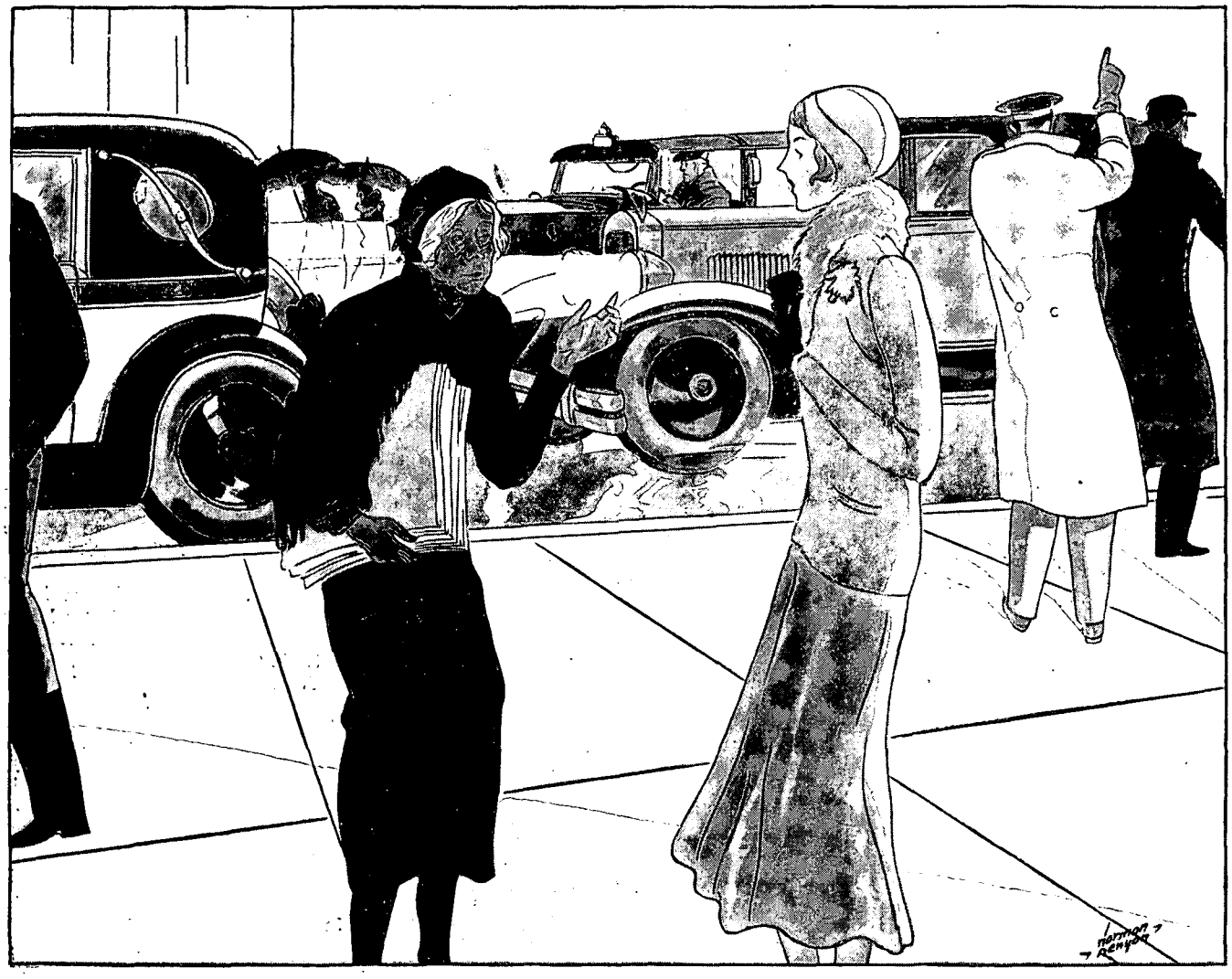
"This Earl Shaw come riding through, and we put him up at the ranch and made him at home; and he took an almighty interest in our range. Then he rode on.

"But a year later he was back. He come in the lower end of the valley this time—and he was driving with him five thousand head. Five thousand head! I thought that was a lot of cattle then. Earl Shaw built his main ranch at Adobe Wells, and that was all right; though I could see that his cattle was going to run mighty gaunt, down on that desert land. But the next year, come grass, the Shaw herd come trailing north."

Even in that first year many a trailing bunch of cattle bearing Shaw's Bar S brand wandered northward into Lazy M territory. The longhorn blood, still very strong in the range cattle of those days, could carry the herds so far that

(*Continued on page 55*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Why are you telling me this?" . . . The old woman made a gesture with her hands

Speaking of Farnsworth

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Bernice Brown

Illustrated by Norman Kenyon

FOR many years one of the most conspicuous persons on a street where many persons are conspicuous was an old woman who sold newspapers. Perhaps it was out of respect to her age, or perhaps it was due to a certain imperiousness about her nose, but she managed, year in and year out, to secure for herself a position enviously near the entrance of whatever Broadway revue blazoned itself the hit of the season.

Handsome still in a battered way, there was something both aristocratic and fallen about her. Her white hair was not always neatly brushed, her hands were just this side of grubby and her eyes had the look of one who had known at once gayety and sorrow and too much drink. It was her nose that merited attention. Finely arched, the nostrils delicately patrician, her nose alone had survived the vicissitudes of fortune.

You had a feeling she might once have been a lady, but you had a conviction she had at one time been a beauty. A ginny duchess, a hawker of newspapers, her watery eyes shrewd now rather than imperious, she was a figure no one passed without some definite emotional reaction.

Molly O'Leary saw her and for a second the two women stared at each other. Old Mrs. Astorbilt, as the ginny duchess was flippantly called by the newsboys, had seen a good many Molly O'Learys first and last. The girl was pretty, pretty and innocent-looking, and her clothes were appealing because she had so obviously tried, on so little money, to do her escort proud.

As for the man, it would have been patent, even to less shrewd eyes than old Mrs. Astorbilt's, that he and Molly belonged to two quite different social classes. "A swell," Mrs. Astorbilt decided. Lean, impatient, able, he had the eyes of one who knows what he wants and the jaw of one who gets it.

Mrs. Astorbilt smiled at the girl. Then, at once, the girl put her hand on her escort's arm. But there was nothing possessive about the gesture. "Buy a paper, Mr. Farnsworth—Geoffrey," she corrected quickly.

"What do you want a paper for?" he asked indifferently.

"I don't know." She hesitated. "For luck, I guess."

Her escort smiled mockingly at her. "Don't be a superstitious idiot."

"MAYBE I am superstitious." She stopped. "But I don't think it's ever bad luck to do a kindness."

Again he smiled. "Do you think you can cajole the Almighty into casting an indulgent eye over your peccadillos by buying a paper you don't want?"

Her eyes ran away from him. "I haven't done anything to be ashamed of."

"He was a proud man . . . I was a servant"

"Yet—" mused the old woman on the sidewalk.

In the crush the man drew the girl for a second hard against his side. "Of course you haven't. And if you ever should—" Oh, he wanted her all right, the old woman saw that, but his eyes were hard. "If you ever should," he repeated, "you've only to come to me to be forgiven."

"You do love me?" Yes, she wanted him too. But she wanted love to justify whatever happened. Surely God could forgive love.

"Of course I do," he said. "I've something in my pocket now to prove it to you." He smiled. "I'll give it to you, later tonight, perhaps." Then he stared ahead. They were moving forward now, away from the old woman. "Damn these crushes."

"I don't like that young man," mused old Mrs. Astorbilt. "He's married and his wife's in Europe. The girl works in his office. That sort don't generally pick 'em out of their offices. But he's regularly bowled over this time. All the same, I don't like him."

WHEN the play inside was about two thirds finished it began to drizzle. Just a mist at first, but cold. The dampness crept up out of the pavement and old Mrs. Astorbilt shivered. She could go home, of course. Still, if she waited, she might pick up a few more dimes and nickels. Then she could stop in at Tony's. Tony was good-natured but even he had refused to give her gin "on tick" any longer. And she wanted a nip tonight. It was cold and that girl in her little cheap dress, with her thin coat over it, had brought back too many ghosts.

At last the doors opened. Against the curb private motors and taxicabs fought for precedence. Big Jim, the doorman, tried to straighten out the line. The drizzle had become a rain now.

"Paper. Paper. Last edition," she lied glibly.

Gradually the crowd thinned. The private motors drew away and men ran shouting for the final taxis.

Then at once she looked up. Those two were beside her once more.

"Damn that starter at the club." The man hunched up his coat collar. "I told him to have a cab for me at ten-forty-five. You wait here." He was gone. Old Mrs. Astorbilt grinned.

Then she glanced up at the girl. The girl was shivering. Well, it was cold. But there was a look on the girl's face the old woman didn't like to see.

"Look here," she said.

The girl started. She hadn't noticed the old woman.

"Look here," the old woman repeated. "I was pretty once. And good. Well, good enough."

The girl edged away.

"I was in love, like you," she went on. "It's no sin. He was a proud man. I was a servant. Girls were servants in my day." She stopped. "He left me. I was eighteen. He gave me money right enough. But look at me."

"WHY are you telling me this?"

The old woman made a gesture with her hands. Then her eyes sharpened. "I'll tell you his name. It was Farnsworth. He looked like your young man. Maybe he's his father. What's your man's name?"

The girl trembled. Around them the rain splashed. "What shall I do?"

"Run. Never mind your pretty dress." Then, at once, the old woman started fumbling with her papers. A quarter dropped onto the pile. But she didn't glance up, as she made change, until she was sure that the girl was gone.

"Ho hum." Old Mrs. Astorbilt picked up her damp bundle of newspapers and walked crookedly away. Surely Tony would give her just an inch of gin. What was that man's name now? Farnsworth. She grinned. Lucky she'd heard the girl call him that. And that she'd remembered it. For she had never heard the name before in all her life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TASTE SENSATION OF A NATION

Cool...

as a Woodland Pool

Pep-O-Mint Life Savers... refreshing... pure, 'holesome rings of sweetness... with the flavor of fresh mint... quieting to the nerves... soothing to the throat... the cooling enjoymint of a nation... aids digestion... after eating... sweetens breath ...after smoking.

You'll find real contentmint in other flavors of Life Savers, too... Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon, Vi-O-let... and the delicious Fruit Drops with the Hole... Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape... a foursome popular with millions.

PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It became the custom for this ordinary young man to break bread with the Princess

The Deathless Miracle

A story of that sweet, beneficent power that transforms the commonplace and makes the ordinary glorious

By Jeffery Farnol

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

NO ONE, especially a woman, ever troubled to look at John Martin twice, until. . . . But I have begun this narrative at the wrong place. Let us try again:

John Martin was neither tall nor short, with eyes and hair of no particular color—a very ordinary young man who, having a passionless loathing for office work, did as little as possible in an office all day long. He caught the 8:35 every morning, trudged the too-familiar quarter mile to his place of business, got through the day's dull routine somehow and returned by the 6:15 to a dingy boarding house in a dismal suburb. One of a countless host was John, quite lost in the ruck, a human cipher with no particular ambitions, no dream of nobler future until upon his purview dawned Princess Charming and the Gross Animal.

The Princess was a little too thin, much too pale, and slightly shabby; the Gross Animal rubicund of visage, full-bodied, and loud in every way.

It was on the crowded 8:35 of a bitter morning and John had just shaken open his newspaper when he became aware of her, and for two reasons: first, because she sat in the opposite corner and was looking at him, and, second, because she shivered in the icy blast of the open window. John, not recognizing her (of course) for the Princess, would have begun to scan his paper but he saw a small hand, in its worn glove, reach forth a little diffidently and essay quite vainly to pull up and close the heavy window; therefore, after a momentary hesitation, John touched the brim of his second-best (or business) hat and, seizing the strap, jerked up the window.

The Princess in a soft, shy voice had murmured her thanks and John had turned to his paper when the Gross Animal burst upon the scene—that is to say, the Plethoric Person, leaning across this slim, shrinking and very timid Princess, snatched the strap and let down the window with a crash:

"Sir!" he boomed, glaring round about him truculently. "Nothing like fresh air! Air's life!"

John, about to extinguish himself behind his newspaper, saw that she still watched him, and, moved by sudden adventurous impulse, he spoke:

"Excuse me, but . . . are you cold?"

"Yes, I . . . am rather," she answered, in the same shy murmur, "but it . . . oh, it doesn't matter, please don't trouble."

Actuated by a second strange, wild impulse, John instantly jerked the window up again and in the utmost perturbation awaited the expected outburst.

"Well, of all the confounded insolence!" roared the Gross Animal, and reached for the window strap; but his plump hand in its natty, fur-lined glove was struck aside by a bony fist and his scowling eyes looked into other eyes (of no determinate color) that yet held a gleam not to be disregarded.

"GO ON," said John, his commonplace features desperately grim, "touch that window and you get a punch right on the snout!" And John's chin looked as craggy as his fist.

The Gross Animal half rose in terrific wrath, he snorted, blinked and—subsided. . . . Somebody chuckled, papers rustled and the 8:35 sped on while in this thronged compartment reigned that silence which is, and ever hath been, so typically British.

At Cannon Street, long before the train had reached a standstill, John swung lightly to the platform and thereafter trudged, slow of foot and heavy of soul, to his day's labor and thus had passed the barrier when a soft voice arrested him:

"Please, I . . . I should like to thank you." John took off his hat, turned from the hurrying throng and pausing beside the bookstall became aware of two large, brown eyes and a drooping, wistful mouth. "I think it was awfully . . . brave of you."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, twiddling his hat.

"But it was, he—that man didn't dare touch the window or say anything—you scared him."

"Scared him? Did I? Me?" said John, forgetting grammar in pleased amazement. "I rather expected he'd bounce me one at any moment."

"He was afraid to, you looked so frightfully fierce. I never saw anyone so terribly determined."

"I SAY, do you really mean that?" asked John and caught his breath, for these brown eyes were so direct and truthful that they inspired him with a marvelous sense of confidence seldom known till now, so much so that he squared his shoulders and forgot to slouch. "I was certainly ready to try a wallop at the blighter," he nodded, and cocked his chin; then, stirred by something in these gentle, truthful eyes, he became truthful also: "Though I was in a blue funk all the time!" he confessed. "I'm no Dempsey or Gene Tunney!" Here John sighed and his shoulders drooped again.

"That only makes you all the braver!" she murmured.

"Not me!" he answered, shaking his head despondently as they moved slowly onward again. "I never fought anyone or . . . anything since I was a kid at school."

"You will!" said she, softly, but with such gentle conviction that John pondered this until they were descending the steps into Cannon Street. "I'm wondering just what you mean?" he inquired.

"I mean you will fight difficulties and win. You have the look of success."

"Who? Me?" said John again, staring his amazement. "But I'm only . . . I've never done anything worth while."

"Because you've never tried, I think," she answered, shaking her head at him. "A man can do anything if he's determined enough and believes in himself."

"But," said John, gloomily, "I'm the sort that needs someone else to believe in me too—and nobody does, and I don't blame 'em."

"Your own folks?" she questioned.

"Dead!"

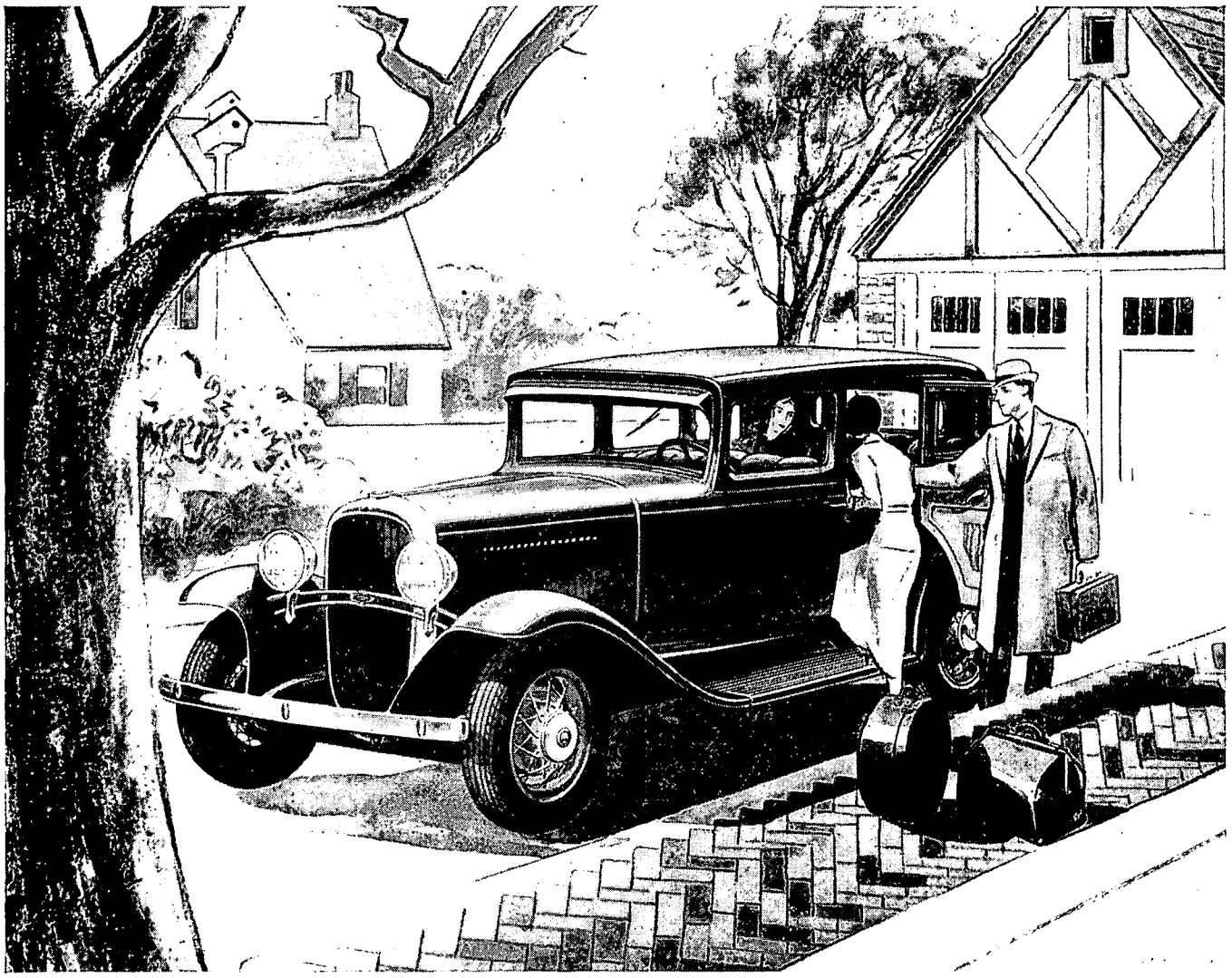
"So are mine," said she with a quick sigh.

"That's tough—on a girl!" mused John.

"Yes. . . . Good-by!" She nodded. "I work over there."

(Continued on page 64)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



These ADVANCEMENTS IN FISHER CONSTRUCTION MAKE *the new* OLDSMOBILE BODIES STRONG QUIET *and* SERVICEABLE

Many advantages of the new Oldsmobile's finer Fisher bodies will be apparent as soon as you examine the car. You will discover new grace and beauty. From every angle you get an impression that the car is longer and lower. Smart new tailoring and appointments add to the attractiveness of body interiors. And deeper, more restful seat cushions contribute to greater riding comfort.

But there are other advantages of the new Oldsmobile's coachwork which are not so quickly apparent—advantages that become increasingly important as the months and miles go by. These advantages are the direct result of new features which have been developed by Fisher engineers.

A new type of steel bracing employed throughout the combination wood-and-steel body framework adds materially to strength and durability. The elimination of wood-to-wood contacts at body joints assures unusually quiet operation under all conditions of travel. New insulation makes body interiors warmer in winter and cooler in summer. And a new method of anchoring body to chassis gives greater strength and solidity to the car as a whole.

These specific features of Fisher body construction add definitely to the new Oldsmobile's desirability . . . and they contribute in no small way to the unusual dollar-for-dollar value which this fine car now provides.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 15

There are degrees in what is called silence. If this room had been silent before, it now became doubly so. The chief slowly turned his luminous eyes upon the speaker, whom every man was watching. This he seemed to realize; the lust of battle faded from his expression, and he looked almost with despair at that slim figure standing at the end of the room regarding him.

"This is regrettable, Franz," the chief continued in his calm voice, "most regrettable tonight, when we are newly reassembled. Nevertheless I cannot possibly overlook it."

He began to glance about from face to face. All eyes were suddenly averted.

"Not The Adder!" the German whispered. "Don't send for The Adder. I don't mean to do it, Chief. I am drunk —see? And when it is so, I am mad to fight!"

"I shall make due allowance for the fact."

AND now the chief's glance rested upon the battle-scarred face of the London prize fighter and:

"Kid," he called sharply.

With obvious reluctance the Kid obeyed, stepping forward almost sheepishly.

"Yes, Chief?"

The Egyptian pointed to the big Brandenburger.

"Thrash Franz for me," he directed calmly. "Do not injure him seriously—but teach him to respect orders—drunk or sober."

Mention of that seemingly commonplace name, Mr. King, as if it possessed some magic quality, had sobered the company. The center of the floor was cleared of bottles, straw, pink paper, broken glass and cigar ends. All drew back to the utmost limits of the room. But all avoided the neighborhood of the chief.

The Kid, who wore a double-breasted coat with a woolen pullover beneath, removed first the coat, then the pullover. When finally he had discarded his vest, he displayed a formidable torso, with bulging biceps and rippling shoulder muscles. The German also shed his coat, and as he did so:

"Thank you, Chief," he said, looking along the room. "I take what it is coming to me."

Turning, he faced the pugilist.

"I'm sorry, mate," said the latter. "But orders is orders. No offense. Cover up as well as you know 'ow."

With which friendly warning he shot a left of deadly accuracy to the man's jaw. The sound of its impact echoed around the room. It was the "Maxim silencer," in the words of one sporting critic, for which the Kid had been celebrated in the prize ring—a piston-rod blow, which, if it registered, flesh and blood could not withstand.

And, incredible though it seemed, the Kid meant it kindly. He knew that swift oblivion followed by an aching head was preferable to a mangling.

Franz staggered, threw up his arms and fell to his knees. Stooping, he spat a tooth upon the floor. The Kid stood over him, amazed when he did not topple forward; but:

"Has he had enough, Chief?" he asked.

"No. Hit him again, but make him stand up. Stand up, Franz," he ordered.

The big German looked up, almost pathetically, into the face of the Kid. Then, slowly, he rose to his feet. Blood streamed down his chin.

"Put yer 'ands up," Brown demanded. "I can't 'it you while you keep yer 'ands down. Make a fight for it—it'll make me feel better."

The Brandenburger rushed, closed with the boxer, and held him in a bear-like grip. The Kid brought a short one to his right ear, but that grizzly hug prevailed; until:

"Chief!" the fighter cried. "Make 'im break away!"

"I told you to thrash him," was the calm reply.

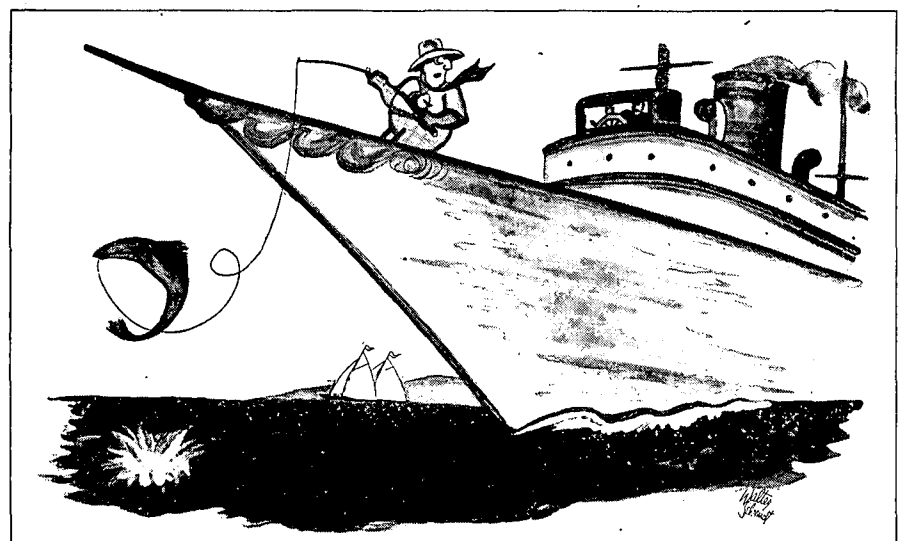
The Kid rained blows upon the head and body of his opponent, but the tenacious, powerful German was slowly lifting him off his feet. . . . And now he had him clear of the floor!

A hoarse, suppressed cry of excitement from the onlookers greeted this feat.

Drink fumes cleared from the fighter's brain and ring craft came to his aid. Suddenly, he seemed to crumple up in that strangle hug which was squeezing the life out of him. He collapsed, dropped limply from those embracing arms . . . and even as the German looked down at him, panting with his giant exertions, the Kid came to his feet like a catch released, and that piston-rod left drove again straight to the point.

Franz crashed down so as to shake the room.

"Good," said the chief. "Lay him on the settee there until he comes to."



"Back her up with a jerk, Skipper—he's weakening!"

His orders were obeyed and the party continued merrily.

IN THE restaurant below, Dawson Haig and his Paris confrère exchanged reminiscences. The Frenchman had resigned himself to an evening's recreation, but would have preferred another café.

Perhaps a dozen customers came and went during the hour that they dallied there, but no more penetrated beyond the curtain at the head of the little staircase.

M. Ballon was growing restless, the stipulated hour having expired.

"Would it be possible," said Haig, apologetically, "to arrange for someone to follow any persons coming down from above and leaving the restaurant tonight?"

"Why, certainly," was the reply. "I can go and arrange for this now, if you care to wait."

"I'll wait," said Haig.

As a result the Sûreté man presently went out. Haig settled their account with the Arab waiter and, lighting a cigarette, was turning over the mystery of the whole thing in his mind. Except for the Russian party he was alone in the place, when suddenly the curtains at the head of the stair were drawn aside. . . .

Two men came down, one supporting the other. The man supported was heavily built and of definitely Teutonic type. From time to time he spat into a blood-stained handkerchief. He walked unsteadily.

His companion, who wore a brightly colored pullover and gray flannel trousers, seemed much concerned about him.

"Sure you're all right, mate?" he asked as they reached the foot of the stairs.

"I'm all right, Kid," was the guttural reply. "You do me well, but you do me decent."

They began to cross the floor, making for the doorway.

"There's no malice, Franz?"

"There is none. Orders is orders."

Haig realized that the fighting man—with that sublime, insular ignorance of his class—took for granted the fact that no one else in the restaurant understood English!

"Anyway, I'll see you to a taxi," he said, "and we'll 'ave a drink together in Cairo."

They had nearly reached the curtain draped in the opening beyond which the stout lady presided over coffee beans. Dawson Haig held his breath.

"For me, not Cairo," the German replied. "I go to Marseilles tomorrow by the Wallaroo. . . ."

Haig stood up and followed.

By some unfortunate accident a taxi passed at the very moment of their exit and he came out onto the street only in time to see it pulling away and to meet the glare of vicious, sunken eyes, as the cockney fighter confronted him.

"Lookin' for anything, moosoo?" inquired the latter truculently.

"Yes," said Haig, "do you think you could get me a taxi?"

For a moment the other glared, then his battle-scarred face broke into an appreciative grin.

"I thought you was a foreign bloke, but I ain't no bloomin' porter, mate. Get your own bloody taxi!"

Dawson Haig walked slowly in the direction of the Place Pigalle.

THE R. M. S. Wallaroo lay about fifty miles south-southeast of Barcelona, having experienced a wet, cold, but singularly smooth passage. Eileen was in the writing-room completing a long letter which she had commenced the day before, immediately after receipt of a wireless message which read:

DONT FORGET YOU PROMISED TO WRITE
BILLY HAIG

It was destined to be consigned to the post at Marseilles. She was pondering over the earlier part, because it had some good pieces in it, but on the other hand it largely consisted of complaints about the passengers who, as represented by those joining the ship in London, were far from interesting.

The final paragraph written on the previous evening ran:

"I suppose it's hopeless to expect too much for a fare of thirty pounds. My cabin is quite comfy and the eats are good. The ship's officers are dears, and Jack Rattray looks after me wonderfully. But the passengers are very piggish. . . ."

FINALLY, Eileen decided to let it all stand. She took writing-paper from the rack and continued:

"There's one rather nice man on board, a Mr. Durham, and oddly enough, he knows *you!* Isn't that funny? He seems to be a great friend of Charlie Winter, the purser. At least, he's always there, whenever there's a cocktail party.

"I'm told he's some kind of official of the line, but perhaps you remember him? A big, fresh-colored man, with a light brown mustache and very happy-looking blue eyes. He tells most amusing stories, and I shall be sorry when he leaves.

"He's going ashore at Marseilles.

"Then there's a Dr. Oestler, whose cabin is next door to mine. He's going to Sydney, to take charge of the construction of some big electrical works somewhere in Australia. He knows a terrible lot about electricity. He's an Austrian, I think, ugly, with thick-rimmed glasses; but clever and very fascinating.

"Jimmy Jackson, the senior radio man, told me that the doctor is going to revolutionize the radio industry. . . . I don't know what he means. But both times I've been up to send messages Dr. Oestler has been in the wireless-room. He sends and receives a great number of messages.

"There's nobody to fall in love with, or nobody I've found so far, I mean. There's a perfectly dreadful woman at the chief's table (old Corcoran is chief engineer. Do you know him?). Some sort of half-caste. A truly terrible pig. I don't know her name and haven't troubled to find out. But old Corky has fallen badly; everybody's laughing about it.

"Charlie Winter says she's some sort of vaudeville act going back to an Australian engagement. I hope she gets the bird the first night she opens.

"There are two very unholy-looking Chinamen living somewhere on the deck below—at least, *I* thought they were Chinamen, but someone told me they're Siamese. They are certainly not twins. One is small and very highbrow and wears glasses, and the other is quite tall with a long neck. I think they must have tried to hang him at some time, but he was too tough. He's a poisonous-looking brute. Anyway, the chief steward put them at a table by themselves, but beyond glaring at each other they never exchange a word. It's really funny. . . ."

So far Eileen had succeeded in covering several sheets of ship's stationery with her bold, rather large writing, when a scratching on the glass of the window immediately in front of the table attracted her attention.

She paused, pen in hand, looking up.

Jack Rattray stood on the deck outside, jerking his thumb aft, and performing an excellent pantomime of a very thirsty man drinking.

Eileen shook her head and pointed

(*Continued on page 32*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING *Shift freedom*

. . . a new Royal Typewriter *without* Carriage Shift

Always the favorite of the business world, the Easy-Writing Royal Typewriter—faster, easier to operate, does away with carriage shift! Royal, ever progressive in typewriter design and construction, now presents the most important development of years . . . Shift freedom.

Touch the new shift key. See how lightly, alertly, it responds—with almost magic ease! Instead of the heavy carriage rising, it remains fixed—only the type segment moves. Gone are the bang and jar of a dropping carriage! Gone, also, are its weight and sluggishness from the shift key!

Shift freedom . . . means greater comfort, extra-ease, for the business girl; quicker, better typing for the executive! In addition, this new Royal includes many other features of revolutionary character. They are of such far-reaching importance to every business office that the Royal Typewriter Company has designated the week of March 12th to 21st as National Demonstration Week.

Take this opportunity to see and try the new Easy-Writing Royal in your own office without obligation. Once you are aware of the energy it saves, and the advantages of its remarkable performance, you will not let a single operator be without it . . . Compare the Work!

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK CITY
Branches and Agencies the World Over

. . .

TUNE IN . . . Sunday Night, March 15th. Special Announcement of Interest to all Executives and Business Girls. "Royal's Poet of the Organ" and The Royal Duotones every Sunday Night at 10 o'clock (E.S.T.) over an International Network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

20 PRIZES - *for business girls*

March 12th to 21st is National Demonstration Week for the new Royal Standard Typewriter without carriage shift. Every Royal Branch Office and Royal Typewriter dealer will welcome trials of the new Royal and provide blank forms for the writing of a brief opinion on *Shift freedom*. No literary skill required. All stenographers and typists are eligible.

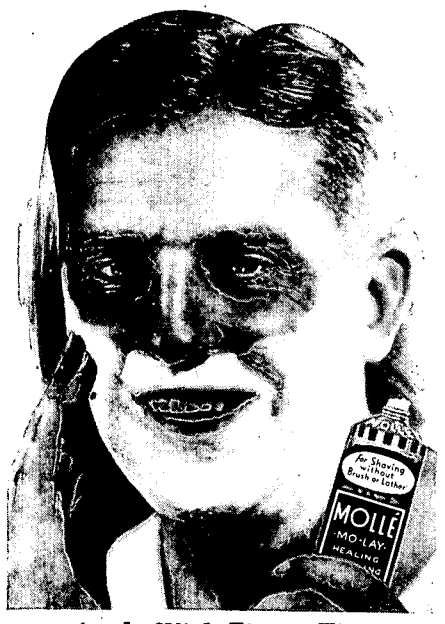
Twenty Royal *Portable* Typewriters, equipped with the popular type-face "Vogue", for personal correspondence, will be awarded for the twenty most *interesting comments submitted to any of our representatives* before the end of that week.

Less *Finger Stroke Effort*

Only the type segment shifts on the new Royal Standard Typewriter. The carriage is not lifted—it remains fixed. Heavy, tiresome finger pressure is a bygone!

ROYAL TRADE MARK TYPEWRITERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a comfort shave—a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before. Here's our guarantee:

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use and like MOLLÉ. You, too, will like everything about MOLLÉ—the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and don't forget—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush

MOLLÉ

For Quick Easy Shaving

Yu'an Hee See Laughs

Continued from page 30

with her pen to the writing table. But Jack persisted, indicating, still in pantomime, that letter writing may be postponed, but that a thirst is an urgent thing.

Finally, Eileen nodded consent.

Blotting the last page, she added it to the others, folded them, put them in an envelope and slipped them in her hand bag. Walking out of the writing-room, of which she was the only occupant, she joined Jack Rattray.

"The doctor's compliments," said Rattray seriously. "If you will step along to his room, he will make up a prescription."

"You all lead a terribly fast life," Eileen declared with mock severity. "But as I haven't had a drink since dinner I suppose I might as well say yes."

They went downstairs together, heading for the doctor's cabin. Rattray took a short cut through some of the serving quarters, and, passing an open doorway, Eileen detected over the rattle of a near-by kitchen the strains of a phonograph.

"Is that the chief's phonograph?" she asked, turning to Jack, who was walking behind her.

Rattray nodded, smiling his slow, understanding smile.

"He's entertaining the lady snake-charmer," was the reply.

"She's not really a snake-charmer, is she?"

"No. I don't think she could charm snakes—as a matter of fact, I believe she trains elephants."

"You are a long, slow, sad fool," said Eileen.

THERE is a fine old house in the Darb el-Ahmar not far from the Bâb ez-Zuwêla in the native quarter of Cairo which, after standing vacant for a number of years, and being indeed threatened with demolition, apparently found a tenant. Some time in 1923 it was leased, and ever since had been occupied.

The frontage on the street is not imposing, except for two rather fine windows above a bleached door covered with Arabic inscriptions. But it contains some fine apartments on the first floor, and on the night of the twentieth, two days before the Wallaroo was due at Port Said—one of them was the setting of a scene to witness which Dawson Haig would have paid much.

This lofty, rectangular room possessed a polished wooden floor throughout its central part, upon which rugs were spread, but a portion at one end was elevated and laid with mosaic; and this raised portion, or *leewan*, had cushioned divans around its three walls, the center one of which was broken by one of those fine latticed windows which, from outside, were a feature of the house. Two hanging lamps of perforated brass illuminated the salon, which otherwise was simply furnished in the Arab manner.

Under the light of the second lamp, which hung in the *leewan*, was set a coffee table, and near to it, buried in cushions, Orange Blossom lay, sheathed in a robe of nearly transparent pink silk, her slender ankles intertwined, her little feet bare, so that the manicured nails on her tiny toes glistened like coral at her slightest movement.

She smoked cigarettes and drank tea from a porcelain cup. A chinking sound, whenever she replaced this upon the tray, and a faint rustling of her robe, alone disturbed the silence of the room.

That picturesque Oriental traffic which surged by day past and around the old mansion had long since died down.

The native latch of one of the doors was depressed. Yu'an Hee See came in, wearing just such another plain blue robe as that which he had worn in the office of Jo Lung in Limehouse. He closed the door behind him and looked along the room till his eyes rested on a large silver incense burner which sent up clouds of perfumed smoke.

"Little blossom," he said, his strange voice echoing in the nearly empty room. "You love the perfume of Honan. I, too, love it, but you burn too much."

The woman pouted and dropped her cigarette into a bronze bowl of Chinese workmanship which rested upon the table beside her.

"I can never do as I like," she exclaimed. "Since you brought me from China I have never known any happiness. You dragged me into the fogs of England which make me cough, where I am cold, always cold. You take me to Paris and wherever I go I am stared at, pointed at."

"Yet you were beautifully dressed."

"It makes no difference. I look wrong in those dresses—I am only myself when I can be as I am now."

She raised her slender arms free of pink silk and wriggled her thin, pointed fingers in a sort of ecstasy of contentment.

"Here in Egypt I am still cold, but the perfume is warm, and Chung makes tea as tea should be made."

She dropped her arms and, raising her knees, clasped them with nervous fingers. She was oddly like an animated figure carved out of ivory. Her wonderful eyes seemed to be too big for her small face, and her long, carefully-brushed lashes out of all proportion to those petite features.

"What have you come to tell me?" she asked. "Is it that I must embark upon a ship, stifle in a train, or be sick in an airplane? Something, I see in your eyes."

Yu'an Hee See watched her, smiling.

"There is indeed a further journey which you must take, little one," he said, "but surely you welcome it—or are you so happy in the house of Aswâmi Pasha that you regret to leave Cairo?"

"I have small love for Aswâmi," she replied, "and less for Cairo. We are going, then, to Arabia? There, at least, I have my comforts—my servants."

"In the morning, Orange Blossom." He walked slowly toward her. "You have all tonight, until the dawn of tomorrow, in which to talk to me, to bewitch me with your beauty and make me more completely your slave."

The woman smiled up at him as he bent over her.

"You know that I love you, Yu'an," she whispered.

"I begin to believe so, since you have followed me around the world."

"Followed?"

"You were free to leave me at any time."

Dimly the note of a gong sounded in some place below.

"Go now to your room," said Yu'an Hee See. "This is Aswâmi who has arrived. I shall be detained, perhaps for an hour."

IN a small square room on the ground floor of the house, which, whilst it retained most of its Egyptian characteristics, was furnished very simply as an office, Aswâmi Pasha sat waiting.

To the gang assembled in the Restaurant Suleiman Bey in Paris he was known as the chief, but here, in scrupulously correct evening dress, and wearing a small soft *tarbûsh* of the correct Burgundy color, he was an Egyptian gentlemen of established position. Nevertheless he watched the door of the room with a certain nervousness not strictly in keeping with Moslem fatalism.

Presently this unpainted door opened, and Yu'an Hee See entered.

The chief immediately stood up.

"I have pleasure in reporting to Your Excellency," he said, speaking in French.

Yu'an Hee See replied in the same language.

"You are an hour late."

"I wish to excuse myself."

"There are no excuses. What is the explanation?"

YU'AN HEE SEE'S arms were locked behind him, and he stood framed in the open doorway, looking at the Egyptian, his eyes nearly closed.

"It is simple," was the reply. "The pilot made a forced landing, but a good one. We were ten miles from Heliopolis—which, I think, explains my delay."

"It explains it," the reedy voice conceded. "I accept this explanation. I would add that if such accidents occur to others of our company, disaster lies before us like a gulf which no man can pass."

"I have no fears," the Egyptian assured him. "Here is the roll."

He shot back his cuff and glanced at his wrist watch. "I can tell you where every man of the company is at the present moment."

"Or should be."

"Some are out of reach, I admit, but with the others we can get in touch if you desire it."

"I do not desire it. You are responsible. . . ." He raised a plump hand, the pointed index finger curled. "I do not wish to see your report. Tell me that there has been no hitch."

"No hitch."

"Very good. I am perhaps foolish, but in London everything went wrong. Since this is our biggest venture, I thought that the auguries were unfavorable."

Across the coarse but handsome features of the Egyptian a momentary cloud passed, its passage instantly detected by those nearly closed eyes of Yu'an Hee See.

"You also have been disturbed?"

The voice was very soft but incredibly high.

"No, no, Excellency!" Aswâmi forced a smile. "One of the men rather alarmed me on the night we met in Paris."

"It was the Scotsman? He must be watched."

"No, not MacIles. I distrust him only when he is sober. Also, I have arranged to replace him if necessary. But Kid Brown exchanged words with a stranger downstairs in the restaurant."

"Tell me about this."

"He went down with Franz Hartog, our second engineer, whom he had thrashed for a breach of orders. And this stranger, except for some Russian idiots, was the only person in the restaurant. Too late, he reported the matter to me, admitting that he may have been indiscreet."

There was a momentary silence; then:

"Repeat to me," said Yu'an Hee See, "in the man's own words, exactly what he reported to you, including his description of this stranger."

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY LOOK IT
and so can you!
★

©1931 Stanco Inc.

"THERE goes a ringer! Beat that, young feller! And no leaners count, neither!"

Health! The glorious ability to pitch the horseshoes of life with just as much joy at sixty as you did at sixteen. What is the secret of the health that helps you stay young?

Doctors pretty well agree that (barring germ diseases) most illness and headache, most drowsiness, lack of pep and ambition, most cases of seeing the world through blue glasses generally, are due to failure to keep "clean inside." One famous British physician goes so far as to say "auto-intoxication (the self poisoning that comes when you are not internally clean) is perhaps the main factor in the production of disease."

Just as most doctors agree in blaming this condition for much of our sickness, so they also agree that the Nujol type of treatment is the safest way to relieve it. Crystal-clear Nujol can't possibly hurt you. It isn't a medicine at all. It has no drugs in it. It isn't absorbed—so it can't make you fat. It is colorless—tasteless—and children love it.

The tonic effect of Nujol on your whole body is due to the way it helps you without using weakening drugs. Since it is harmless as pure water, many doctors advise taking it as regularly as you brush your teeth or wash your face.

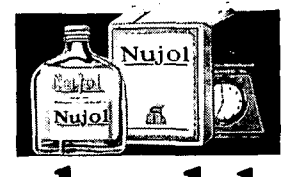
It's common sense, isn't it, that if you keep as clean inside as you do outside, you increase your chances of being well and therefore happy—all the time?

Remember two things if you want to enjoy "Nujol health." One: Don't expect results over night. This is nature's own method, and nature is never violent. Your body will respond gratefully, and day by day you will feel better as this soothing treatment takes effect.

Two: Be on your guard. Don't accept any substitute. Your druggist has Nujol—always in a sealed package—always trademarked "Nujol" so you will be sure to get it.

If you want to keep young, keep well! One very simple way to do it is to begin on Nujol, this very day.

Nujol



health

INSIST ON NUJOL . . . . REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW VEE

100% Pennsylvania Made 100%

THE world's sole source of the finest crudes lies in the Bradford section of Pennsylvania. And they outrank all others in lubricating value as platinum outranks gold. As linen outranks cotton. As wheat outranks hay.

And from Tide Water's own wells, through Tide Water's own pipe line, to Tide Water's own refinery... the country's oldest and largest refinery of Pennsylvania crudes . . . this Black Gold of Bradford is turned into the green gold of the New VEEDOL Motor Oil.

But that is only half the story! For these premium crudes are put through a new series of special processes. New stills, filters and centrifuges build the New VEEDOL up to a peak of lubricating efficiency never before reached by any 100% Pennsylvania oil. They cost Tide Water $2,000,000. But they have made 100% Pennsylvania oil 100% better.

They make the New VEEDOL heat proof. Cold proof. 99.1% carbon-free. Double duty. Double value. But you pay no price-premium for the premium qualities of the New VEEDOL... Sold by thousands of dealers displaying the orange and black 100% Pennsylvania VEEDOL sign.

A TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED PRODUCT

A PREMIUM PRODUCT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VEEDOL MOTOR OIL

Better Without a Price-Premium

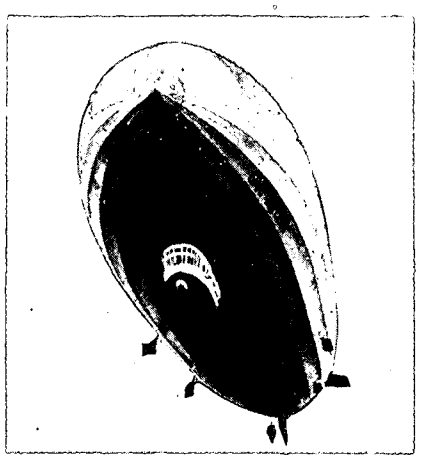
FOUR EXTRA ADVANTAGES BUT NO PRICE-PREMIUM

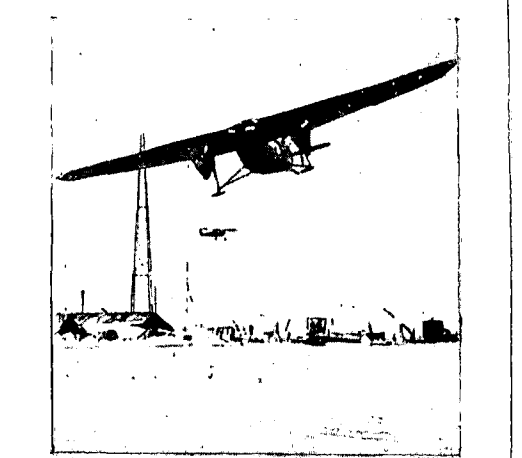
1 ANTI-CARBON . . . 99.1% carbon-free. Gums, resins and carbon-forming impurities disappear with new refining processes.

2 ENDURANCE . . . Long life under searing engine temperatures. New heat resisting qualities give the greatest economy through longest mileage.

3 FREE POURING . . . Pours at zero. Lubricates at 20° below. Assures rich protective film of oil on coldest mornings.

4 PURITY . . . So clear you can read a newspaper through it. No other line of Pennsylvania oil has the purity of the New VEEDOL.





It's even better than the VEEDOL that circled the globe with the Graf, and sailed over the South Pole on the Byrd Expedition . . . the New VEEDOL . . . 100% Pennsylvania . . . made 100% better . . . without a price-premium.

. . . NO PRICE-PREMIUM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travel

CAN BE A GLORIOUS PLAYTIME

or just a change in petty tasks

Which will be your experience this summer? A joyous, carefree trip abroad with all your time your own or a journey hampered by standing in line for hotel accommodations, and waiting for tickets or information?

In money both experiences cost about the same. The difference is merely one of procedure—whether you prefer to use a world-wide travel organization whose business it is to arrange in advance all travel details, or "free lance" it alone.

Within convenient distance of you is an American Express office. A note, personal call, or a telephone message will start trained travel men reserving your steamship accommodations, advising you how to apply for your visas, buying your foreign railroad, sleeping-car, and aeroplane tickets, making sure in advance of your hotels and sightseeing trips.

They will also deliver to you the Blue Express Travelers Cheques that protect your funds and introduce you to the service of several thousand American Express representatives in foreign lands.

These American Express men are stationed abroad to guide you through customs, act as your interpreter, offer you advice, make baggage arrangements, and relieve you in general of petty tasks which always beset the "free lance" hit-and-miss traveler.

Your time is all your own when you make your travel arrangements through the American Express Travel Service.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

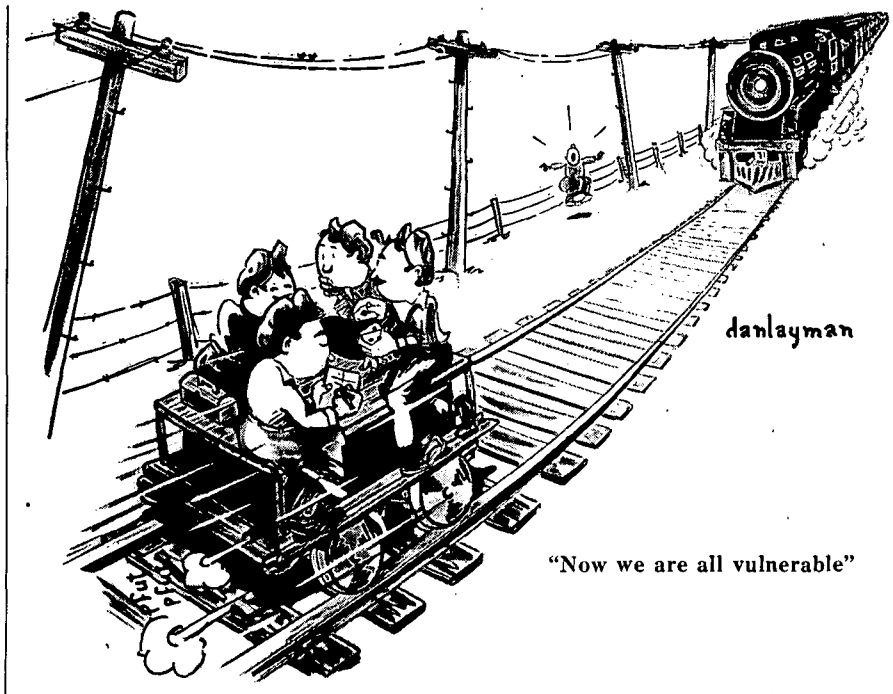
WORLD SERVICE FOR TRAVELERS

American Express Company 2
65 Broadway, New York — Market at Second St., San Francisco
70 E. Randolph St., Chicago — 601-606 Standard Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Please send me information on a trip to_____

leaving about_____ lasting_____ weeks.

Name_____ Address_____



"Now we are all vulnerable"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. 9-8-6-3
H. K-10-8-7
D. K-3
C. 10-5-4

West
S. Q-10-4-2
H. 6-2
D. 7-4
C. A-K-Q-8-3

East
S. 5
H. 5-4-3
D. 10-9-8-6-2
C. J-9-7-2

South
S. A-K-J-7
H. A-Q-J-9
D. A-Q-J-5
C. 6

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bidding would be: South one Spade, West two Clubs, North two Spades, East pass, South three Hearts, followed by three passes.

The hand, however, was played at Duplicate Contract and produced a number of interesting variations in the bidding. Players who used two of any suit as a forcing bid started by bidding two Spades. After this some Norths bid two No Trumps, over which South bid three Hearts and North four. Some Norths bid four Spades on the first round and some Souths passed that declaration, while others bid five Hearts. When five Hearts was bid by South, most Norths responded to the slam invitation by bidding six Hearts. But the bidding of South and North at several of the tables, which used two Spades as a forcing bid, was: two Spades, three Spades, four Hearts; and North in such cases did not venture the slam—suggesting five Hearts over South's four Hearts.

The players who used the bid of two Spades to show six tricks but not to force, also failed to reach a slam bid because North, not realizing the strength of the South hand, did not (after bidding three Spades) overcall South's game-bid of four Hearts.

One South, not fearing the menace of a worthless singleton, bid two No Trumps; he played with a three No Trump contract and met an obvious fate.

At two of the tables the artificial bid of two Clubs was used by South and in both cases North and South bid for a small slam. Over South's two Clubs West bid three Clubs (trying to upset the system by marking up the bidding); this made it unnecessary for North to bid in order to keep the bidding open. East passed, and South then bid three Spades; West passed and North, giving South a chance to show Hearts, bid three No Trumps instead of four Spades, which would have closed it. After East's pass South bid four Hearts, and then North felt that he had ample strength to bid five Hearts, which encouraged South to go to six—a bid which was more bold than sound, as North could not have imagined that South's suits were four-carders.

The play was not as varied as the contracting, there being but two methods of handling the Declarer's cards—but with a vital difference between them. At more than half of the tables the second Club was ruffed by South, who then led three rounds of trumps, North winning the third. Four Diamond tricks came next and North obtained the discard of his remaining Club and a Spade; but as the Queen of Spades did not fall on the first two leads Declarer was unable to avoid losing one Spade trick in addition to the first trick, so he failed to make his slam.

At the tables at which the hand was played correctly two rounds of Clubs were led, the second being ruffed by South *with the Jack of Hearts*. The Nine of trumps then was led by South to put North in with the Ten, and next North led his third and last Club, which South ruffed with the Ace. This left South with the Queen as his last trump and he led it, overtaking with dummy's King, and then a third round of trumps from dummy drew the last adverse trump.

The ensuing play was simplicity itself: North led his King and a small Diamond and discarded two Spades on South's high Diamonds; after that Declarer had remaining for the three final tricks two good Spades in closed hand and the last trump in dummy, so the only trick captured by the adversaries was the first one.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 7-3
H. 7-5-3-2
D. A-K-9-5-3
C. A-K

East
S. K-9-2
H. Q-10-8-4
D. 8-6
C. 10-9-7-6

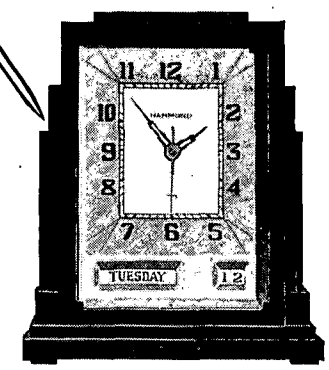
West
S. A-Q-10-8-6
H. None
D. Q-J-10-7-4
C. 8-5-3

South
S. J-5-4
H. A-K-J-9-6
D. 2
C. Q-J-4-2

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Electric seconds

The most accurate and the most dependable time-meter that the genius of mankind has ever devised is here in a brilliant array of attractive models. Hammond has made the old spring clock a thing of the past. New leadership! The sweeping second hand of a Hammond electric clock moves in exact unison with the pulsations of the electric current itself, fed from the unvarying flow of the power-house generator. Absolutely dependable time. Extremely simple. Nothing to get out of order. Good for a lifetime. At department stores, jewelers and electric shops. Or write us direct for illustrated booklet. The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago.



The new electric Gregory model. A calendar clock that shows the day and the date. Handsome bakelite case in modern design, $12.50. Others $6.75 to $32.50. Chime clocks, $72.50 to $110.

HAMMOND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ascot

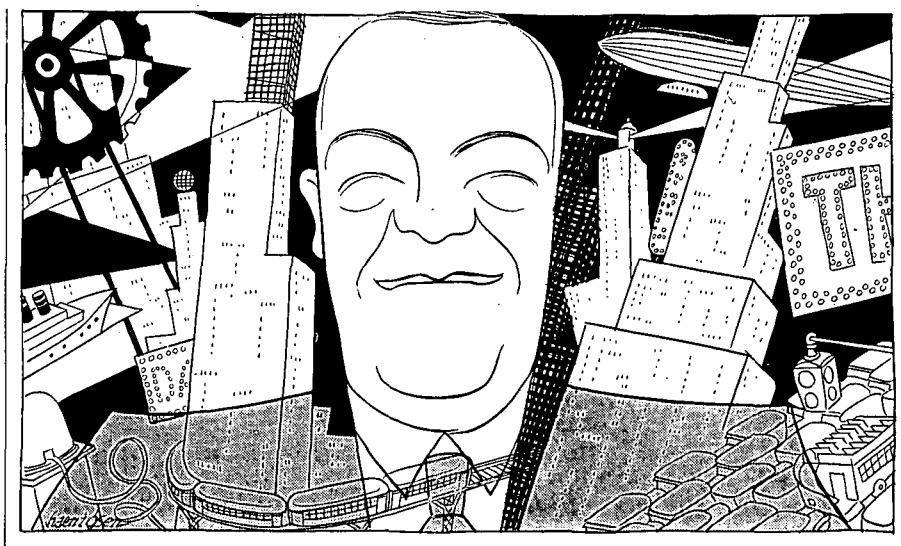
A BOSTONIAN SELECTED STYLE FOR SPRING

If you favor the new trend to trimmer toes you will welcome the neatness of Ascot—combining, as it does, narrowness of appearance with the roomy comfort heretofore found only in broader toe types. A Selected Bostonian — chosen as the smartest narrow-toe of the season. Bostonians are moderately priced — $7 to $10.

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY, WHITMAN, MASS.

Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN



Big-Town Bob

By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

IF YOU look over the biographies in the Congressional Directory, you will find that nearly all the senators were born on farms or in small towns. So near are we to the rural past of America that this is true not only of the senators from our over-represented agricultural states but also of those representing our great industrial states. When you find a senator who was born in a large city he is almost invariably of a family with a rural background.

I recently said the Progressives in the Senate failed to measure up to the demands of this year because they were all hayseed senators without the faintest knowledge of industrial conditions. They come from what Senator Grundy called "the backward states," the agrarian states. They represent a declining phase of the national life, the agricultural phase.

Well, here we are, a great urban industrial country, with most of our people living in cities and with only one real product of the cities in the United States Senate. There are several members of the Senate who were born in one or the other of the first ten cities of the country. None of them except Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York is a genuine product of the city. He alone has the city in the very warp and woof of his being. Two years ago the country was startled by having its first genuine urban candidate for President offered to it in the person of Al Smith. Al came from the sidewalks of New York.

Al Smith's Old Partner

Well, Bob Wagner is not exactly like Al Smith. He is German in his origin, while Al Smith is primarily Irish. But it is not an accident that Wagner was the old partner of Smith in the New York State Legislature. I suppose I should say side-kick instead of partner, Bob Wagner being the Democratic leader of the State Senate when Al Smith was the Democratic leader of the Assembly. To complete the combination one has to mention the fact that Jimmy Walker, the mayor of New York, was also leader of the New York State Senate while Al Smith was governor.

All three are New York. Al Smith has a touch of something you might call genius about him which puts him in a class by himself. Jimmy Walker has the love of play, the joy of life, which all three of them share; but his is so unrestrained as to ruin him. He was born with too quick a wit.

Bob Wagner is so like them both that you begin to see the New York City type. He has the solid industry of Al Smith, the social conscience of Al Smith, without the Smith quality of inspiration. And he has the lightness and gayety, the love of play, which both Smith and Walker have, but with enough of the solid Teutonic in him to keep him from becoming the political will-o'-the-wisp that Walker is.

Wagner, born in Germany, was raised by poor parents in New York. As a boy he sold newspapers or candies on the streets. An adoring older brother put him through college and provided for his education for the bar.

A Post of Honor

Wagner went into Tammany politics in New York, rose to be Democratic leader of the State Senate, then to be a justice of the Supreme Court of New York. During the latter part of the Al Smith régime in New York, Wagner was one of the triumvirate which ruled Tammany Hall—Smith, Foley and Wagner. He resigned his practically certain and highly paid job of justice of the Supreme Court of New York to become United States senator, because, as he explains it, the Senate is the highest place, the post of greatest honor, to which a foreign-born citizen may rise.

He arrived in Washington with the idea that the United States consisted of New York and a certain hinterland. There was a touch of Broadway about his looks. He now has a better sense of the relative position of New York in the scheme of things, but he remains a New Yorker, modest and unpretentious, socially light-hearted and amusing, unlike the rural solons who dominate the Senate. And his ideas about the social problems that confront this country are remote and strange to senators with a hayseed background.

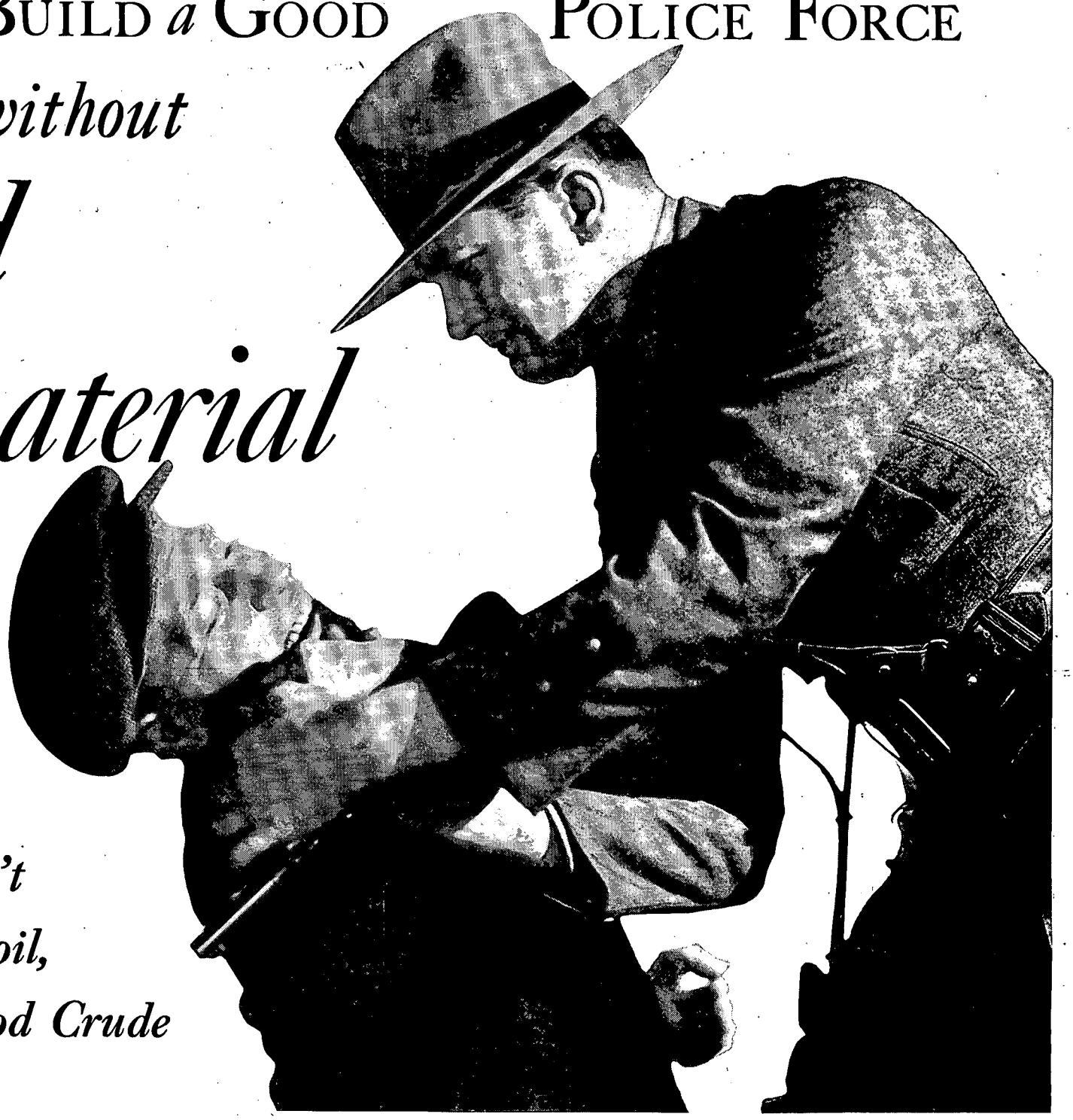
Senator Wagner is the only real product of the American city in that rural and suburban body, the United States Senate. He is the one person in the Senate who has any conception of the social and industrial problems of the country. He hasn't in his mind the picture of life being lived here under idyllic conditions, in which, as Mr. Hoover seems to think, neighbors take care of others when they are in need, "in the American way."

Mr. Wagner is not a radical. He is not a reformer. If there were a dozen men in the United States Senate knowing as much about life in the industrial cities as Mr. Wagner does, a genuine Progressive party might arise in this country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

You can't BUILD a GOOD POLICE FORCE without Good Material



...and you can't make a good oil, without a Good Crude

WEAKLINGS have no place on a police force. It takes big, husky chaps to battle crooks successfully.

And it takes a stalwart crude oil to produce lubricants that will battle heat successfully. Of course, skillful refining is highly important. But you must have quality raw material to start with. Good oils can be made only from good material—the finest oils can be made only from the finest crude!

This finest crude, as oil experts have long pointed out, is Pennsylvania Grade Crude. For Nature made Pennsylvania remarkably free from impurities, gave it an "oiliness" matched in no other crude.

Moreover, Pennsylvania refineries have been refining oils longer than any others. Not surprising, then, that the lubricants they produce last longer, and are more resistant to heat. Throughout the world, these oils are used for the toughest lubricating tasks—in automobile, airplane, tractor and motorboat engine, in locomotive, turbine and stationary machinery.

Try a motor oil made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude! You'll get many more miles of superlubrication to a filling—and you'll add thousands of miles of life to your motor. You'll get more power, and you'll save gasoline. For these oils effect a better piston seal. They greatly reduce dilution.

As more and more motorists have swung to these oils, producers of Pennsylvania Grade Crude have devised new production methods, so that now more of this crude can be produced than ever before. There is enough Pennsylvania Grade Crude to supply motor oil for every car in America!

The emblem shown below affords assurance that every gallon of oil sold under it has been made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the maker's individual brand guarantees the quality of the finished product. This emblem appears on many different brands of oil. Every one of these brands is bonded to protect you. Look for this emblem!

FREE! Send for your free copy of one of the most interesting oil booklets ever written. Valuable. Informative. It tells the complete story of Pennsylvania Oil. Address the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association, Dept. C-2, Oil City, Pa.

© 1931, P. G. C. O. A.

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL

....from which the world's best motor oils are made

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUDEBAKER offers the world's lowest priced 2 ton truck chassis + + + and the most powerful 1½ ton chassis ever sold at $695 + + + both built by Studebaker to its 79-year-old policy of quality above price.

6 CYLINDERS

70

HORSEPOWER

1½ TON

130″ CHASSIS $695
160″ CHASSIS $775

Dual rear wheels and auxiliary springs optional at extra cost.

2 TON

148″ CHASSIS $895
160″ CHASSIS $945
136″ CHASSIS $945

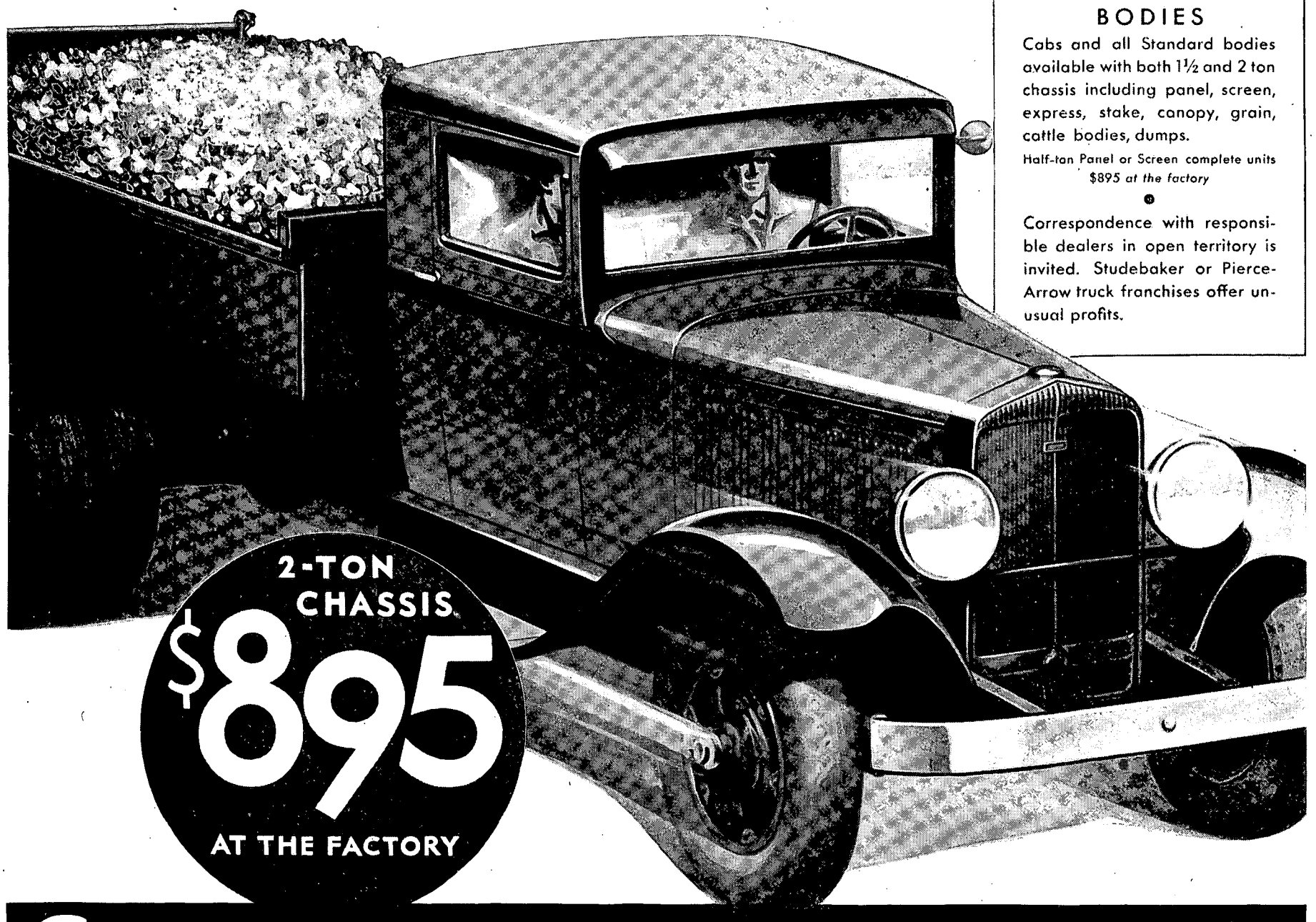
Dual rear wheels standard. Auxiliary springs optional at extra cost.
Prices at the factory. Bumpers extra.

BODIES

Cabs and all Standard bodies available with both 1½ and 2 ton chassis including panel, screen, express, stake, canopy, grain, cattle bodies, dumps.

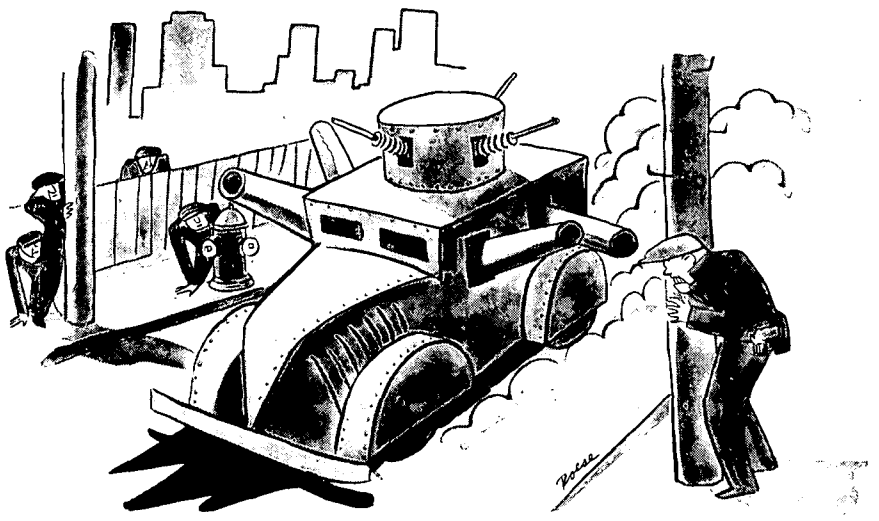
Half-ton Panel or Screen complete units $895 *at the factory*

Correspondence with responsible dealers in open territory is invited. Studebaker or Pierce-Arrow truck franchises offer unusual profits.



STUDEBAKER *Trucks*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keep Up with the World!

By Freling Foster

A large number of the impregnable armored trucks transporting money through the streets of New York City are equipped not only with automatics and tear gas bombs, but also with machine guns which fire 22 .45-caliber bullets a second.

Commercial diamond smuggling into this country has declined considerably within the past few months, according to authorities, due to the 1930 reduction in the duty from 20% to 10%, which virtually rendered the practice unprofitable.

Of the 50,000 known species of flies in existence, one of the most fantastic is the Roe gadfly, which is called "the fly with the monkey's face" because its facial appearance, when enlarged photographically, is strikingly similar to that of a monkey.

The average normal adult heart pumps 50 gallons of blood an hour—or one every minute.

Cancer is more prevalent among women than men.

Pimlico Track, in Pimlico, Maryland, is the most popular race track, based on the annual attendance, in the United States today.

When you telephone from New York to San Francisco, your voice must be "boosted," or increased in volume, 36 different times.

The song writers of Broadway will be glad to learn that a new compound has been produced which is 690 times sweeter than sugar.

The average annual salary paid our 49 state governors today is $7,729, ranging from $25,000 in New York State to $3,000 in South Dakota.

Japanese waltzing mice react to carbon monoxide gas more quickly than canary birds, which have been used for this purpose in the underground passages of coal mines for many years.

Brazil is promoting successfully the use of a new motor fuel, made of alcohol and ether, which costs less than half the price of gasoline.

The natural-life span of a cat is 9 to 10 years, a dog 10 to 15 years, a canary 24 years, a lion 20 to 25 years, a horse 40 to 50 years and an elephant 150 to 200 years.

More than 150 different kinds of cheese are made today in the United States and Europe.

The average sound-picture cartoon, which runs only 7 minutes on the screen, requires 9,200 drawings on transparent celluloid, and a full day's work by a sizable orchestra to synchronize the music and sound effects.

Painting houses is required now by law in Santiago, Chile.

Today the average American eats 18 times as much sugar as the average Chinaman, which explains perhaps why manufacturers of reducing drugs grow fat in our country and starve to death in the Celestial Empire.

The number of estates, for which banks and trust companies serve as trustees, is about 10 times larger today than in 1923, a development that is causing increased unemployment among stock swindlers and other financial racketeers.

Three of every ten radio sets are in operation sometime during the daylight hours, and two of every three are turned on sometime each night, with emphasis on the sometime.

Passports reveal that 30% of all Americans who go abroad are New Yorkers, that 37% have had previous passports, 9% go for business, 7% go for education and 68% give Western Europe as their destination.

The Hollywood Bowl sound reflector is so effectual that a birdshot falling only one quarter of an inch can be heard in three quarters of the seats.

Cornstalks have been always our greatest crop waste, but now scientists have worked out about 200 industrial uses for them, chief among which is the manufacture of insulated wall-board.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual, brief facts accepted for this column. Give source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End No Soggy Heel

"Gloomy care and fear
Vanish from our track, oh!
Fade and disappear—
Banished by tobacco."—ANON.

. . . no end of reasons for Granger!

A COOLER smoke . . . a drier pipe . . . the sweetest, mellowest tobacco that ever packed a briar.

Try it for yourself: Load your pipe on the "installment plan;" pack the big shaggy flakes tight; light evenly, all around; draw deep of that full rich fragrance.

Smokers, that's a *smoke*—pipe tobacco, gentlemen, that *IS* pipe tobacco!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New CHAMPIONS

make every engine *perform better*

Every engine becomes a better performing engine with a set of the new improved Champion Spark Plugs. No mere statement by us is one half as convincing as the demonstration itself—buy and install a set today

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

Change spark plugs every 10,000 miles
for better engine performance

CHAMPION

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Money Lender is Converted

Continued from page 23

that we could bring customers back to us again and again, but when we were that good we were not taking care of the smaller borrower who needed small sums. We were helping out only the homes that were able to give best collateral for larger sums; taking only the cream of the business.

"How many times have I seen a poor fellow come into an office and ask for a loan. The agent would ask him how much he needed. If the worried visitor had only been able to need several hundred dollars he would have gotten it without trouble. But if he timidly said, 'Why, only ten dollars,' he might as well have asked for a million."

Shark Hunting in Chicago

No doubt, in your town some newspaper, at one time or another, has attacked the "loan sharks." The Associated Charities, Better Business Bureaus, the Legal Aid Society, the city attorney, the county attorney, the chief of police, the sheriff, all the officials and all the forces of decency and justice jumped on the loan sharks at one time and perhaps drove them out of town—for a while. But they came back. This is proof of the statement of both personal finance operators and sociologists that the public must have the lawful, licensed, state-supervised personal finance company to fall back upon, just as the business man has his bank, to tide him over tight places, when the business of the home needs occasional sudden cash.

"Whenever they all turned on us," my informant told me, "there was only one thing for us to do and that was to get out as fast as we could with as little loss as possible. You don't know how it feels to have the entire public and all its machinery of indignation turned against you. If you had a warehouse full of seized furniture ready to sell at auction you let it lie there and eat its head off until the storm died down."

There's no wonder the public gets mad in city after city, time after time, as facts come to light. Here's an actual record of loans and payments from one city:

M. B. borrowed $5 and paid back as interest $61.

J. S. borrowed $5 and paid back as interest $54.

T. C. borrowed $3.40 and paid back as interest $45.20.

C. D. borrowed $6 and paid back as interest, in two and one half years, $46.

I. S. borrowed $10 and paid back as interest $138. She was only three years, one month and sixteen days paying the $138 interest on the $10.00 which she borrowed.

And here's something about the duties of a loan office collector; that is, a salaried employee of a small-sum lender of the vicious type:

It's his job to find borrowers of sums ranging from five to fifteen dollars. To do this he'll get one borrower to introduce him to a possible new customer. Or he may get some one employee in an office or perhaps a timekeeper or even a foreman in a factory to send customers to him.

He must get about two thousand dollars of his employer's money loaned out. That's about as much business as the individual, salaried small-loan collector of the $10 to $15 class can handle. But if he handles it well he will make a profit of $650 a month on it. He may receive $150 a month of this sum for himself; the $500 per month profit goes to the man, in some dingy little office, who is using several little "job lots" of $2,000 each to make a handsome income for himself.

"About the roughest ride that money lenders ever got in this country," my informant told me, "was in the city of Chicago. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, now the 'czar of baseball,' gave it to the sharks.

"A Chicago newspaper back in 1914 started a drive on money lenders. Thousands of people turned up with complaints against the loan offices. Where the interest was not exorbitant nothing was done but many cases turned up where borrowers had reached the end of their ropes.

"All of a sudden the idea filled the air that the thing for a harassed borrower to do was to go into bankruptcy, just as if he were a merchant, a factory owner or a railroad that had failed in business. There was a rush of civic-minded Chicago lawyers to accept such bankruptcy cases at very small fees, or, perhaps, at none.

"Judge Landis was sitting on the Federal bench. When this kind of a bankruptcy case came before him (and he had hundreds of them) he would say to the clerk of his court:

"'Issue a bench warrant for the man who lent this money. Have him bring his records.'

"The money lender would come into court, perhaps for the first time in all his business career. Judge Landis would growl at him:

"'How much did you lend this man?'

"The lender would tell the court what his record showed.

"'How long ago?'

"When this question was answered from the money lender's record, the judge would snap out:

"'How much has this man paid back to you?'

"The lender would name the sum. And then the judge would ask:

"'What rate of interest is that?'

"Of course the money lender would hesitate. Usually the calculation would be too much for him to work out by mental arithmetic. He'd stutter or hesitate with embarrassment and then the judge would cap it all by shouting:

"'Get off into that little side room there and take a pencil and paper and find out what rate of interest you've been charging this bankrupt. Then come back and tell me.'

The Lender Ponders

"That was rough riding, let me tell you. The room would be full of reporters and of enemy onlookers. A lender would come back into the room, stammer, and try to evade the judge's direct question. That didn't help.

"The judge would look down at him and shout out his name as if the lender himself were a prisoner.

"'John Jones, what rate of interest does your own record show you charged this bankrupt? What rate per year? That's what this court wants to know!'

"'One hundred per cent,' the lender might have to answer. 'Three hundred per cent,' was the answer of many. And plenty of them had to stand up in that Federal court before the busy reporters and say, 'Five hundred and eighty per cent.'

"And that would be the end of the case. The judge would declare the bankrupt free of his debt because of the illegal rate of interest. The lender would stand exposed. And one more fellow, perhaps with a nice family, who

(*Continued on page 44*)

Drink your own health *in the Saline Cocktail*

GO right on drinking your own health in tomato juice, clam juice, sauerkraut juice, fruit juice. These "health-cocktails" are a fine idea.

But for those 7 A. M.'s who climb out of bed half-sick, dull as Old Man Gloom—the best cocktail is the Saline Cocktail!

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist. And tomorrow morning, if you wake up sluggish, headachey, depressed, pour a teaspoon or so of Sal Hepatica into a glass of cool, fresh water.

Drink it down—this bubbling, sparkling cocktail!

For Sal Hepatica cleanses the whole system. It combats acids, rids the intestinal tract of toxic wastes, and purifies the bloodstream. Constipation, headaches, colds, rheumatism, digestive disorders — all yield promptly to its saline action.

In Europe, year in and year out, the great spas are crowded with people of wealth and position, come to regain their health by drinking the saline waters. And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas.

From your doctor, learn more about the saline method. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. And when your system is sluggish and toxic, try a saline cocktail each morning for a week. You will find your general tone rising with every day; your skin will clear; and you'll have a more optimistic view of life and humanity.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, *and* $1.20

© 1931

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-31, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CIGARETTE
IS MIGHTIER
THAN THE PEN..

No thanks, Mr. Webster . . . no words today. OLD GOLD, the cigarette itself, tells its own story better than all the diction in the dictionary. One pack's worth more than a thousand words. 158 victories in 165 public *taste-tests* of the four leading brands showed how even a few puffs could tell OLD GOLD'S taste-winning, throat-thrilling story. Light up . . . and write up your own opinion.

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

OLD GOLD

CIGARETTES

NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

(Continued from page 43)

had been sneaking by, in society, by telling friends and acquaintances that he was in the 'real estate and loan business' would find himself branded a loan shark."

There came a time, about a dozen years ago, when some of the leading money lenders of the country began to discover something sickening to themselves in the state of their business.

The man who was telling me his story put it this way:

"We saw mass production growing. We saw mass distribution increasing. National advertising was used by all sorts of businesses to create and popularize national trade-marks and when these trade-marks were accepted by the public we saw that the firm that owned one was forced to keep its reputation established, by fair play, or lose the millions it had spent in buying public confidence.

According to Law

"Another thing we saw was that mass financing was needed by the public. It had come to stay. The big banks began to lend to the general public. Credit unions were spreading rapidly, and so were building and loan societies.

"The sociologists of the Russell Sage Foundation and of other institutions who were studying the question of how to save the masses from being bled by money lenders announced to the world that their studies showed small loans were necessary.

"Well, the whole world knew by that time that the American home, as a unit, was a good risk. The motor-car industry knew it. So did everyone else who sold on the installment system.

"We money lenders began to wonder if there wasn't some decent way of lending money to people without going against the law.

"But the trouble was, there wasn't any sensible law. State legislatures, all over the country, were passing foolish laws. Some of them even tried to abolish all industrial lending. One would say we couldn't charge more than seven per cent annual interest. Another would make it ten. Still another might make it three, only one half of what banks charge.

"Lots of us who were anxious to be decent tried establishing chains, just like chain stores.

"If we could only get these on a fair and decent basis, to meet the reasonable demand which even the reformers said existed for personal loan agencies, we knew our business would be better and that we might be finally accepted as one of the legitimate businesses of the nation.

"It was all a matter of getting the right arithmetic of the business of money lending.

"Just about this time sociologists of the Russell Sage Foundation and other institutions persuaded philanthropists of several kinds to put money into various semiphilanthropic loan agencies for the public. Their idea was to drive the high-rate loan agencies out of business by reducing the rate of interest.

"These experimenters found it desirable to pay a six per cent dividend to those who advanced them money for lending purposes, to say nothing of meeting business costs. These semiphilanthropic loan agencies were often supercautious: borrowers frequently found it difficult to secure money from them. Of course we professional lenders watched them closely as they experimented along.

"Some of them in their experimenting did such things as charging for the examination of the record of the borrower and if they decided not to make the loan the borrower still would have to pay the examination fee. Some of them would charge twenty-five cents for a collection letter written by them. In some cases if they found it necessary to send a man out to the customer's house they charged for the carfare. They charged for all collection expenses, though their actual interest rates were only from one and one half to two per cent a month. The small borrower frequently did not receive loans. But these experiments made a demonstration of possible improvement in small-loan laws and were able to pay six per cent to several philanthropists who loaned the money. After their success they advocated the passage of certain laws.

"Several states began to pass these laws and the money lenders began to fight them.

"But, all of a sudden, an unexpected thing happened to us in the state of Michigan, right in Detroit, the home of mass production and of mass credit.

"Michigan passed a law, backed by the sociologists. It forced money lenders to take out a state license. It fixed a rate of interest that ran as high as two per cent a month.

"Well, we decided that we couldn't operate in Michigan at two per cent a month and made plans to get out. But no personal finance dealer can stop his business abruptly. He has too much outstanding money to collect. We figured that it would take us about one year to collect our debts.

"So we arranged to take out a state license and do a little short-time business on the two per cent a month basis under it while we were making our collections on our old high-rate loans. We didn't intend to lend out much money under the new low-rate law, not more than we could easily collect within the year.

"We openly advertised in the paper that we were licensed money lenders.

"We advertised the new, low rates, made legal under the new law. And our office immediately contained the most surprised set of executives you ever saw!

"The demand for loans instantly became greater. We could not afford to make the smaller loans of from five to a hundred dollars at the legal two per cent rate, but we found that larger sums at this rate yielded a satisfactory profit. There were more people who wanted money. They had been afraid of us. Now their fear was gone because our rates were low and we were legal. Under this cheap rate we found we were getting a greater demand, more money in the business, collections were easier, and losses were away down. The public appreciated it. We had standing, were licensed by the state and business was legalized. Yesterday they called us loan sharks; today we were licensed lenders.

Removing the Taint

"The only trouble with the new law was that the rate was too low and that some of its provisions were not fair to the borrower; they were hard for him to understand and to calculate.

"Well, there were so many of us personal loan dealers who liked the new law which we had once so desperately fought that we made up our minds to try to make peace with our enemies, the Russell Sage Foundation and other similar organizations, and try to come to terms with them.

"We sent a committee to the Sage Foundation in New York City. They had theory; we had actual experience.

"'Let's agree on a law that will be good for all states and that will be fair to everybody,' we suggested.

"'All right,' they said, 'if it's a fair law.'

"And so we worked it out, the Uniform State Law for personal finance companies.

"'What punishment will you men agree to if you break this Uniform State Law?' the sociological experts asked us.

"'Prison,' we said.

"And that's the way it stands today."

Three and one-half per cent a month, interest, to be collected only on unpaid balances. That's the rate the licensed small-loan dealers are allowed to charge under the uniform small-loan law which was devised in the conferences between the Sage Foundation and the money lenders themselves, something over ten years ago.

This law has the O. K. of all the sociologists who are experts on the subject of small loans and mass finance. It also has the O. K. of twenty-one states in the Union, which have accepted it with slight local variations. The chief benefit of the three and one-half per cent rate is that it enables the small borrowers to secure loans without loss to the lenders.

And the funny part of this practical American modernization of an ancient and generally disreputable business is that the licensed money lenders, in twenty-one states, are now fighting side by side with sociologists to pass the uniform small-loan law in the remaining states. States that have the law are: Arizona, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin. In the remaining states, for the most part, the old-fashioned, heartless, greedy, merciless, outside-the-law loan sharks are still making small loans, say of $50 or less, at viciously high rates. Some still exist on the sly—they are called salary-buyers—in all the states.

Now It's Respectable

And now please do not conclude from what has been written above that personal borrowing has been made more justifiable for you as an individual.

"I never advise anyone to borrow money from a personal loan agency," said one of the leaders in the new movement. "I tell them not to, if they can help it. But I do tell them that, if they see a state license hung up in a loan office, and that if the rate of interest is three and one-half per cent a month or less on *unpaid* balances, up to $300, and that if the husband and wife are both asked to sign the note, they may be sure that they are dealing with a money retailer who is reliable."

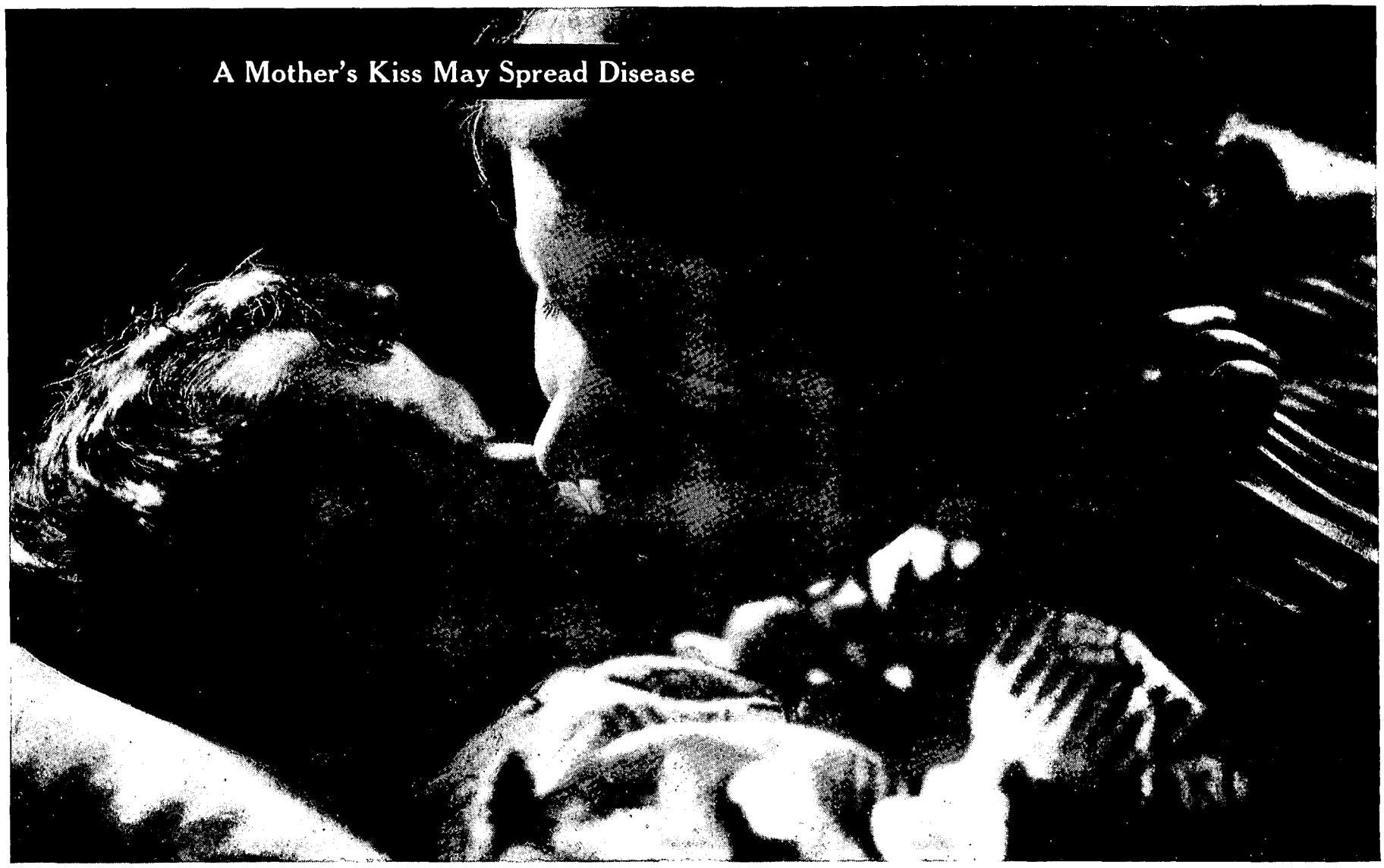
A few weeks ago a group of three hundred men held a three-day convention in the vast assembly hall of the national Chamber of Commerce in Washington. They represented an industry welcomed for the first time to the chamber; an industry that is today accepted by other industries in the chamber as being, with them, a part of the American machinery of business.

The organization is called The American Association of Personal Finance Companies. It is made up of business men who have been attracted recently to this field because the business in many states has been made decent, fair and legal by the uniform small-loan law.

"And some day," said one of the lenders at this convention, "after we have put the personal finance business on a sure and certain footing, it will become as respectable a thing for the head of a household to borrow money, when abrupt need arises, as it is for a business man to do so at his bank.

"The legal, licensed personal finance business will be as commonplace as a bank or a post-office."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Newly discovered! Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!

"THIS new and revolutionary discovery by Pepsodent proves how far science has advanced, in the past decade, in its fight against dangerous germs. Fifty years ago little was known about bacteria, hence little could be done in our effort to destroy them. Today, we stand far better equipped with the discovery of the powerful Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash."

Those are the words of a distinguished scientist after completing laboratory tests on this far-reaching new discovery. Some of America's leading bacteriological laboratories duplicate his work and find the same phenomenal results. That is impressive proof of its superiority.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats bad breath immediately.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—faster than is even claimed for other leading mouth washes." Tests prove that it kills in the same time germs associated with pneumonia, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and many others.

Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health, plus this new and greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult Your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

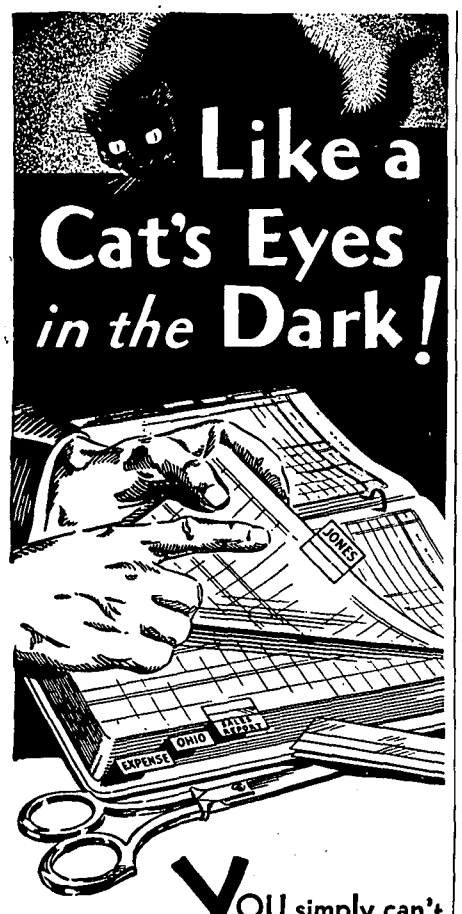
*Most people add water before using a mouth wash. Hence, dilutions of Pepsodent Mouth Wash are compared with other antiseptics tested either at full strength or in the dilution recommended by the manufacturer. It goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU simply can't fail to see them -- they can't be hidden! You don't have to hunt! That's the way your reference records stand out when they are indexed with

RAND MAK-UR-OWN INDEX TABS

1. Type, write, or print label.

2. Insert label in strip of Mak-ur-own.

3. Cut Mak-ur-own strip to fit label -- no waste.

4. Attach finished Mak-ur-own tab to index sheet.

EVERY marginal index looks straight at you -- as bright as a cat's eyes. Sizes for one, two or three lines of bold faced indexing -- anywhere from a single letter or figure to a long name. You cut the tab to fit your label -- without waste and without skimping.

Every Mak-Ur-Own Index tab is self-aligning, true as a die to the edge of the sheet. The linen guides reinforce the margin of the record *on both sides* -- can't tear and can't come off. As easy to attach as a postage stamp. Change labels as often as you wish.

Colored tabs of transparent celluloid, -- orange, green, blue, yellow, pink or clear -- signal information according to classifications -- conforming to your present system or creating system where there was none before.

Your stationer can supply you -- any quantity from six inches to a mile. Ask him.

To make at least six of your most important records as easy to see as a cat's eyes in the dark, mail the coupon.

THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
Marietta, Ohio

Send FREE the Cat's Eyes—Advertised in Collier's March 21

Name _____

Address _____

His Brother's Keeper

Continued from page 11

"Thanks, Jack," he whispered. "Don't fret!"

The ex-warder's eyes were suddenly full of tears.

"Have a good time, Jimmy . . . I can stand it all right, Jimmy. There's forty pounds in the top left-hand drawer of my chest of drawers in my room. 'Tis all I got. Take it—and have a good holiday."

"Thanks—thanks, old man. Don't worry. I'll be back."

They exchanged a grip. That of the Judas was the more convincing. It always is.

The cell door closed and "Warder Smith" went angrily down the corridor to deal with the convict who was making forbidden noises. . . .

His heart stood still when he went off duty, for it chanced that the chief warder was present. And this one's heavy-lidded glance dwelt on him for a few seconds.

"You don't look quite yourself, Smith," he said. "Time you had a bit of leave."

Ex-661 pressed his hand to his stomach and half groaned as he answered:

"I've been suffering here, sir, last few days—something I et—" (Jack would have said "et"). "It'll be all right, sir!"

The chief warder nodded and ex-661 left the prison, walking tranquilly, without haste. He smiled and hummed a tune as he ransacked at his leisure his brother's quarters. If there was any cloud on his horizon it seemed in that moment of triumph to be so small that it was hardly a shadow—the shadow of Detective Inspector Tenbold.

At about midday he took the train to London.

EX-661—or, as he now called himself, John Wilson—proceeded to enjoy himself in London. But wallowing in the sheer gratification of his sensual needs was costly. At the end of ten days he was reduced to his last five pounds.

That meant he must see, next day, about working his way out of England. That did not worry him much. He had worked his way on ships before—and he believed that Jack would not "panic" if he did not put in an appearance promptly.

"Still, I must get a move on," he told himself. "One more decent dinner tonight, now, and I'll get to work."

He turned into a restaurant, found a table and settled down to his last few pounds' worth of luxury.

The bottle of champagne he ordered charmed him into a mood of purring satisfaction. Except occasionally to regret that his brother had not saved a little more money, he had not a doubt nor a care in the world for, as he said, he "knew his way about."

Halfway through his meal it occurred remotely to his wine-lulled instincts of caution that something was wrong. It was a purely animal reaction—the instinct of a creature accustomed to be hunted.

Ex-661 went a little rigid. He did not know why. He put down, untouched, the third glass of wine he had been raising, and looked about him.

A few minutes of stealthy scrutiny of the people at neighboring tables satisfied him that no danger threatened from them.

Yet, by now, alarm bells were clanging in his very soul.

He searched the many wall mirrors about him—and at last understood the subtle panic that had gripped him.

Some distance away, behind him and to his right, was a small table for two, set near a big pillar.

The heavy, whitish face of a man was visible from behind this pillar.

This man was not eating. Instead, he was staring intently, with odd, rather close-set, curiously colorless eyes, at ex-661.

And, suddenly, the veins of ex-661 were choked with ice—for these were the eyes of his incubus, Detective Inspector Tenbold!

And Tenbold knew him.

He sensed it instantly . . . and as instantly was again the desperately wary and dangerously cunning wolf he had been on the day he left Brandmoor.

It was desperately difficult but he succeeded in refraining from looking at Tenbold again. And he ate his meal with every appearance of tranquillity to the very end, lingered a little over a cigarette, made a small joke when he paid the waiter, and presently strolled out to the street.

Within half an hour he knew he was being shadowed. And when he finally reached the house in which he had a room he was sure he had been tracked almost to the doorstep.

Yet he knew also that for an hour or so he was safe from interruption—for he judged correctly that Tenbold was doing even as he would have done himself; namely, telephoning to Brandmoor to ask if the convict Berris was safely in his cell.

He was quite cool now.

For he knew what Brandmoor would say to that.

Nevertheless he believed himself in danger, for he knew something of the extraordinary tenacity and intuition of Tenbold. No matter how promptly and adequately Brandmoor answered the detective's inquiry, ex-661 sensed that he would be shadowed for a time. Tenbold would want to know something about a man who looked so exactly like one who should be in jail for many years to come—and, with next to no money, ex-661 knew that he was going to find it difficult to avoid the detective long.

He sat down, rigidly steady now and desperately cool, and began to think things out.

When presently he went to bed, his plans were complete—and as cruel and cold-blooded as they were complete.

EX-661 rose at dawn and wiped everything he had touched in that room carefully with a handkerchief soaked in whisky. For he knew that Tenbold would need only one glance at any clear fingerprint of his to spring on him like a tiger.

Then he had breakfast in his room, paid his bill and left. . . .

It took him an hour to shake off his shadow in the confusion of a big crowd at a sale at one of the huge West End emporiums.

Then he headed for Brandmoor, traveling partly by train, partly by bus, partly on foot. He called in at a dentist's and a chemist's as he passed through a small town. . . .

"So far, so good," he said, and made himself some tea. No more whisky for him—till Jack was dead and buried.

He reported for duty sharp on time.

"Been in the wars, haven't you?" said the chief warder, eying the gap created by the two missing upper teeth.

"Yes, sir—a pickpocket in London. I grabbed him—a shrimp of a chap—but he could hit. Got these teeth and cut my cheek to the bone!"

The chief warder eyed the big criss-cross of sticking plaster.

"Huh! Bad cut?"

"The doctor said he reckoned I was scarred for life, sir!"

"Pity," said the chief warder. "Man get away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Huh! You want to be careful next time you go to town, Smith!" he said impassively, and passed on.

Ex-661 grinned deep down in his soul. He had hated savagely the necessity of having those teeth out and of incising that two-inch gash under the plaster—but it was worth it. . . .

HE WAS on night duty a few nights later and stole a minute with Jack.

The significance of the new marks did not occur at once to the pseudo-convict.

But ex-661 pointed them out softly, in a tone of bitter regret.

Then Jack saw.

He stared at his brother, horrified.

"But, Jim—Jim—how am I going to get back?" he asked. "I can't take on the uniform without a scar and two teeth missing—and you can't take on the prison clothes with a scar and two teeth missing! What—what can we do?"

Ex-661 slid a blue-clad arm around his brother's shoulder.

"Easy, boy, easy. Keep your head. I'll fix up something—give me a few days—a week or two. . . . False teeth—let the cut heal a bit—have an accident to your cheek in the quarry. I'll manage all right, Jack—stick it, boy, for a little bit longer. I'm working for you. . . ."

Jack nodded, staring dully, and the "warder" went out, marveling that so far his brother had not thought of the obvious thing—the fingerprints.

That was what he feared—the fingerprints! The fingerprints—they haunted his evil soul by day, by night. If Jack thought of that and, getting unbearably tired, requested an interview with the prison governor, told the truth and demanded a comparison of fingerprints, what would happen?

He would lose—he was lost. Twins or no twins, the fingerprints—he stopped short in the corridor at an idea that electrified him.

But—were their fingerprints different? Are the fingerprints of twins different?

He did not know—but he would soon find out.

If they were alike all was well. He would remain free, resign as soon as he could lay up enough money and clear out of the country, leaving Jack to convince the governor if he could.

If the fingerprints were not alike—why, so much the worse for Jack. For he, ex-661, was quite prepared to kill Jack, to kill anybody, even, in the last resort, himself, rather than return to the tomb from which, by a miracle of good fortune, he had contrived to resurrect himself.

His plastered face white and bitterly resolute, "Warder" James Smith prowled the corridors of Brandmoor like a beast of prey; while in his cell "Convict 661" sat staring at the stone wall.

Ex-661 was ingenious with the cruel and implacable ingenuity of desperation.

He reminded his brother, who was growing thinner and more lined, that if worst came to worst the fingerprints would always be ample proof.

(*Continued on page 50*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a lot of shooting, too

. . . *with fountain pens and order books!*

If you read the newspapers, you probably have the idea that a bandit's gun explodes at approximately 30-second intervals in Chicago. And as Mark Twain remarked about his prematurely reported death . . . "it's very much exaggerated."

But there is a lot of shooting of *another kind!* Hundreds of keen-eyed men are firing straight from their vest-pockets and brief cases . . . *with fountain pens and order books.* They're hitting their targets, too!

And it's interesting to observe how much fussier these marksmen are nowadays about keeping themselves in *fighting trim.*

Quite naturally, therefore, the Palmer House becomes an even greater feature in their Big City days. The Big City is a cramped sort of place at best . . . so the guest rooms at the Palmer House are commodious; long, broad and a bit high in the ceiling. A six-footer can be comfortable in the tubs . . . and he can just about get lost in the luxurious dimensions of the bath towels. He can unpack a wardrobe trunk in his clothes closet and take setting-up exercises in the bathroom.

Service comes into the guest rooms through the Servidors without the intrusion of servants; a happy thought for the man who is irritated by the American tip-system.

A gentleman may enjoy a song in his bath without fear of being heard through the walls. Showers perform their duties accurately, spraying needles of water into tubs; never at ceilings. Even the beds deserve a word or two, for someone exercised rare judgment on them. Soft mattresses atop deep springs seem to sing lullabies of sleep.

Of course it takes some courage to go hunting for business these days. There's "plenty doing" in Chicago, however, for the man who keeps himself in fighting trim. And you can do it at the Palmer House — "next door to everything" — where guest rooms may be had for as little as $4, $5 and $6 a day.

WALTER L. GREGORY, *Manager*

PALMER HOUSE

"NEXT DOOR TO EVERYTHING"

FROM THE WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

A floor exclusively for women

Floor clerks and reception parlors on all floors

Two libraries. A hospital with nurses and doctors always on duty

Children's open-air and enclosed playrooms. Educational supervisors

Tea-time concerts in the Great Hall. Dining rooms with dance or symphony music — and also without music

Beauty parlors and fashion shops right in the hotel

Expert women shoppers, to accompany you or to do your shopping.

Send your name and address to the Palmer House, Room 2368, for either (or both) of these booklets: Chef Amiet's 25 Favorite Recipes, for use in your home. Chicago's Everyday "World's Fair" — a guide to things worth seeing.

Rates: $4.00 and more; $6.00 and more with twin beds (for 2 guests). Every Room with Private Bath

STATE STREET, MONROE STREET AND WABASH AVENUE

CHICAGO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westinghouse Radio

A FULL-SIZE, FULL-TONE RADIO THAT TAKES

NOT JUST A NEW SET . . . NOT JUST A NEW IDEA . . . BUT A WHOLE NEW TREND IN RADIO DESIGN . . . ALL THROUGH A NEW AND EXCLUSIVE PRINCIPLE OF CONSTRUCTION

A FIVE-FOOT column of air! What is mysterious, what is magical about that? Nothing! And yet . . .

Through a five-foot column of air, Westinghouse engineers have vastly improved radio performance . . . *and given radio an entirely new dress!*

The result of their labors is the "Columaire"—newest Westinghouse Radio.

It is called "Columaire" because, like the pipe organ, it gets its tone quality through a slender, upright hollow cabinet of natural wood, five feet high, with the speaker at the upper end . . . Directing sound upward results in distributing sound evenly over the room. The pipe-organ effect provides better reception of low tones. A special acoustical harmonizer in speaker brings even greater clarity, more perfect articulation on voice reproduction.

But more radical than all this is the entirely *new appearance it gives to radio!*

The Westinghouse "Columaire" is a graceful, 5-foot column that looks like no other piece of furniture. It occupies less than one square foot of floor space. It can go in a corner or against a wall.

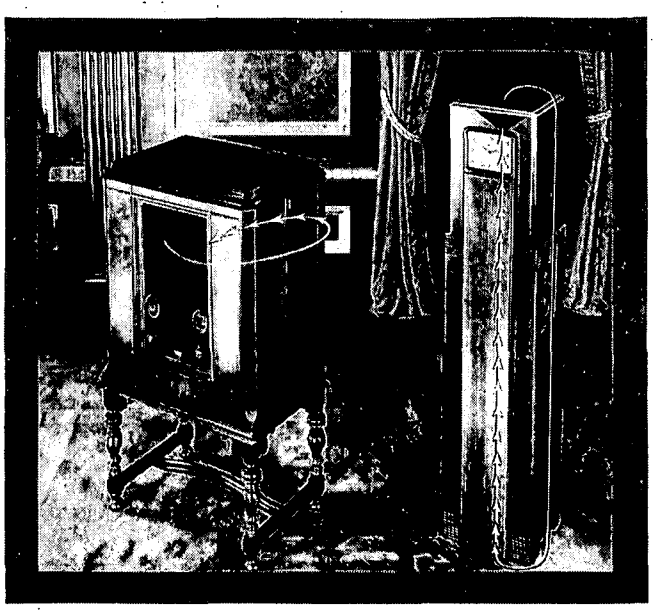
The simple lines avoid all dust-catching. An electric clock makes it a dual-use instrument. Controls and dials are located at the side, out of sight . . . the speaker concealed in the top.

The set has a nine-tube super-heterodyne circuit with screen-grid amplifiers and detector, identical to those sets which have been so dramatically demonstrated in Westinghouse "tough-spot" tests. It is highly sensitive and selective over the entire broadcasting range. Local-distant switch and tone control are standard.

The cabinet is in original wood . . . simply carved and finished with a soft satin sheen.

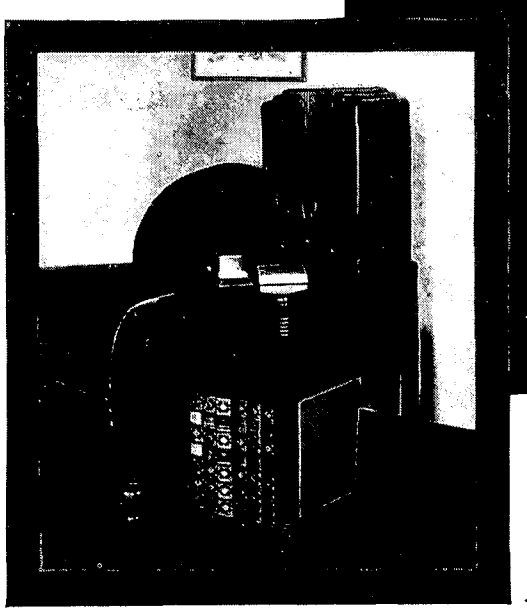
Since the Westinghouse "Columaire" is essentially a custom-built radio, only a limited number are available. Your dealer has just a few. See them by all means today.

PRE-SHOWING IN NEW YORK! Here you see the New Westinghouse "Columaire," radical departure in radio design, being exhibited to a "First Night" audience in New York. Women particularly, were thrilled by its new design.



HERE'S THE LONG BAFFLE. Low and high frequencies travel the shortest distance from the speaker, around the baffle, to the speaker again. The shorter the distance, the fewer tones you hear. Notice the extra length of the baffle of the "Columaire" (right) as compared with the conventional cabinet (left). That's the reason for the "Columaire's" unique acoustical performance . . . its rare tone quality.

The New "Columette" (below) is first table model built with 8-tube super-heterodyne chassis using the "Columaire" acoustic principle. End Table Phonograph unit, shown with it, converts most radios into a radio-phonograph.



PIONEER . . . OF

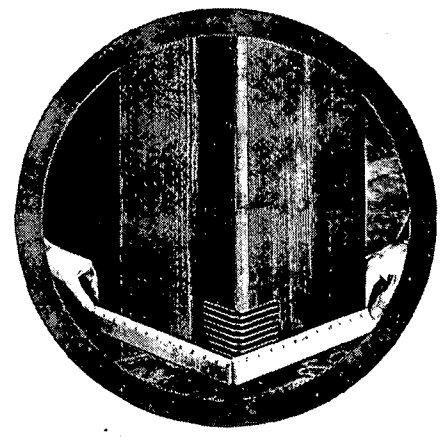
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presents the "Columaire"

ONLY ONE SQUARE FOOT OF FLOOR SPACE

The price of the "Columaire" (shown above) is $169.50. With remote control, $236. The "Columette" (at left), an 8-tube, screen-grid set. Phonograph Pick-up End Table to go with "Columaire" or "Columette." Other models range from $350, with remote control, to $112.50. All prices are less Radiotrons.

NEW FEATURES OF THE "COLUMAIRE"



ONE SQUARE FOOT! A handy foot rule shows what good news the "Columaire" brings to housewives to whom floor space is precious. It measures just 10 inches by 12½ inches—occupies less than one square foot! Yet it is a full-size full-grown radio in every sense of the word!

INSTANT, REMOTE CONTROL . . . Press a button at your elbow, and automatically your choice of 6 stations comes in. That's remote control . . . automatic station selection at any distance from your set. You can sit in your favorite arm chair . . . and instantly, automatically select the station you want from the radio on the other side of the room. Other buttons control volume and turn the set off or on. Remote Control $66.50 extra.

★ Trade-mark reg. applied for

© 1931, W. E. & Mfg. Co.

RADIO IN THE HOME

Tune in the Westinghouse program every Sunday at 7 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over KDKA, KYW, WBZ and other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take 2 weeks out of life-for really Living

. . . Fishing in Lakes and Streams and in the Ocean . . .

San Francisco's California offers you your best vacation

TAKE TWO WEEKS away from *everyday* to live and play in the glorious outdoorland that fascinating San Francisco centers.

On the famous Monterey Peninsula, with its gay Del Monte, Pebble Beach and lovely Carmel-by-the-Sea . . . in Yosemite and at Lake Tahoe, in the high Sierra mountains . . . in the evergreen forest of the ageless Redwoods . . . on Feather River and Russian River . . . in the storied ghost-towns of the days of '49 . . . you'll find that California adds a thousand new sensations to your favorite sports and recreation.

San Francisco too, will thrill you as perhaps no other city ever has. Rising high on hills above the Golden Gate, gateway to Hawaii and the Orient, it is a marvelous sight to see . . . You'll walk through Chinatown and down along the waterfront, with its ships and men from far-off foreign ports. You'll dance and dine in great hotels and restaurants whose fame is heard around the world. You'll shop in brilliant modern stores and quaint old-world bazaars. You'll play in the Park and out on the ocean beach . . . And you'll learn a secret of living that you'll always thank San Francisco for.

Here old horizons broaden; and new experience enriches personality.

1931 is California's Fiesta Year and every week will see a splendid celebration somewhere. So come this summer if you'd like some extra thrills.

Low Fares this Summer

Beginning May 15, low roundtrip fares will be in effect to San Francisco on all railroads. The Victory and Lincoln highways will be in good condition. Or you can come by air—or by steamship through the Panama Canal.

Use the coupon to get a free illustrated book that tells you all about the things to see and do. Then you can start planning . . . for your best vacation.

Motoring through the Redwood Empire, a forest that has stood 2000 years.

SAN FRANCISCO
CENTER OF THE CALIFORNIA VACATIONLAND

CALIFORNIANS INC., Dept. 2703, 703 Market Street, San Francisco
Please send me the free illustrated book: "California Vacations"

NAME _____ STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

His Brother's Keeper

Continued from page 46

"That is, if they are different—as they're bound to be. I suppose even twins' prints *are* different. But we'd better make sure!"

He got out the things he had in readiness, took a quick impression of Jack's fingers and hurried out of the cell.

At the next visit—a week later—he took with him two sets of his own, in duplicate, on one of which he had written "Jack's," on the other "Jim's."

One eager glance through the magnifying glass showed Jack that the sets were exactly identical.

He stared at his brother, a sudden real terror in his eyes.

"But, good God, Jim, I'm done for! If my prints are the same as yours, registered at Scotland Yard, and if anything happened to you, I'm here for nearly fifteen years!"

There was fear and horror in his voice.

"That won't happen, Jack," said ex-661 smoothly. "If they don't believe you—they'll believe me when I confess! Leave it to me, old man. Be patient. You shall be *set free.* I promise that, if necessary. But I've got a better idea. I can fix it so that neither of us ever sees the cell again. If you *escape*—ssh!—I'm fixing it—"

He listened, feigned to hear a sound, and went out.

Escape!

The word electrified the trapped man.

He slumped onto his bed, thinking, his eyes bright with hope. With a warder helping him—a warder as sharp-witted and clever as his brother Jim—escape might be possible!

And he knew the moor by heart. As a boy he had learned it for miles around—every nook and crevice and cranny of those gray rocks that encrusted it.

Yes—escape.

That was the solution.

There were great tears of relief rolling unnoticed down his flushed cheeks as he sat there thinking.

And because he was a man of simple heart he was faintly conscious of a sense of guilt—for once or twice there had flickered in on his consciousness a suspicion, ugly as the flickering tongue of a snake, that his brother intended to leave him where he was.

He was ashamed of that now. He ought to have known better. Jimmy loved him—had saved his life at the risk of his own. . . . He crouched, abashed and ashamed, adoring his brother—that brother of the clever brain and generous heart—who was prowling the midnight corridors planning his perfect infamy. . . .

"Warder" Smith's eye at the spy-hole, a little later, saw nothing more than the man called 661 kneeling, like a child, at his pallet.

SIX weeks later ex-661 conveyed to his brother the information that all was ready—except the opportunity.

"You understand now, Jack—when the chance comes I'll tell you in plain words—no signs. It will be when I'm nearest to you. When I say, 'Go for it,' don't wait, but *go.* Make for the five rocks they used to call the Monks in the Mist—remember 'em?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Under the middle one will be lying the remains of a dead sheep—drag it away and you'll find a few bits of wood over a hole—drag those away and you'll find some clothes wrapped in a waterproof sheet. You'll have start enough to get 'em on—then roll up the prison suit, put it in the hole, cover it with the wood and the dead sheep and make for old Tom Penellen's farm. It's only a couple of miles.

"Young Tom—the old man's dead—will give you some money and carry you over as far as Exeter. There he'll hand you over to a man named Munstone, who will drive right away to Birmingham. In a fortnight you can be in Canada. Go right through to Vancouver—and call yourself Simms—Robert Simms. I'll join you there sooner or later. Can you remember all that, Jack?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Here, take this!"

A lump of tobacco slid into John Smith's trembling fingers.

"So long, boy!"

The "warder" was gone like a blue phantom.

IT WAS eleven months later and midwinter when two convicts in charge of one warder were ordered out to clear a drain that was choked with an accumulation of semifrozen snow water.

It was a short and simple job, some three wide fields away from the prison.

"Warder" Smith was instructed to take Convicts 661 and 727 to do the work.

His scarred, gap-toothed face went grayish-white as he took his orders.

He marched his two men out ahead of him across the dazzling fields, heavily cloaked in newly fallen snow. He carried a rifle.

They came to the choked drain.

"Get to the lower end, 727," ordered the "warder." "Cut the snow out towards you and shovel it on the bank! . . . you take the top end, 661!"

He peered at the lower end.

"Get a move on, 727—sooner it's done the sooner you'll be in out of this weather!"

Convict 727 began to dig.

"Warder" James Smith slid his rifle "safe" off, and stepped back. He was on the knife edge of freedom—and knew it.

"Convict 661" waited—he too was on the knife edge of freedom.

Then the Judas whisper came like the hiss of a snake.

"Now, Jack—go for it!"

"Convict 661" dropped his shovel and ran, crouching a little as he ran.

Without a sound the "warder" half-wheeled, throwing his rifle to his shoulder.

Now—through the heart.

But he slipped in the deceptive snow as he turned, slithered, lost his balance and rolled, arms whirling, down the slight bank on which he had been standing. But he kept his grip on the rifle and he was up like a cat.

The running man was still an easy mark. "Warder" Smith dropped on one knee to make quite sure.

He did not hurry. He aimed steadily, searching for a heart shot—the shot which would forever free him from the slightest risk of serving his fifteen years.

He aimed with extreme care.

He was on it . . . no . . . yes . . . yes . . . *yes!*

His sights dead on his brother's heart, he pressed the trigger, for freedom.

Freedom it was. The rifle burst, for its barrel was choked with snow and mud, and the heavy bolt was driven clean out from its oily grooves straight through the eye of the man who fired, and the vile brain behind his eye.

With half his head blown away, "Warder" Smith slumped into the snow—and the freedom of death.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Convict 727 straightened up with a cry of horror. . . .

Warders poured out of the great gray prison.

And "661" ran for the Monks in the Mist.

Panting, he gained that place, made for the tall middle rock and—there was no sheep's body there, no fleece, no wood, nothing but the solid earth at the foot of each of those natural monoliths.

He hacked in frenzy with his heels at the ground at the base of each rock, realized that there never had been a hollow at either place, and so understood his brother at last. He groaned and faced the moor, plunging at random through the snowdrifts. Twenty minutes later he found himself staring at the muzzles of the rifles of two mounted warders.

He threw up his hands in a terrible gesture that was more like an appeal to the gray skies than a gesture of surrender . . . and presently marched back to the prison between the guards.

The governor of Brandmoor was, necessarily, a man of great patience, extreme acumen and enormous experience.

He listened to the frantic story of "661" in silence.

"Jimmy will tell you it's the truth, sir! Send for Jimmy—my brother—in charge of the party I escaped from—he's my brother—my twin brother, sir!" implored "661."

But the governor sent instead for certain old warders, long since pensioned, and, dismissing "661" temporarily, questioned them and other people about the past in the neighborhood of the prison, for a long time.

WHEN he sent them away he was convinced that many years ago there had been twin sons of a long-dead chief warder.

He had not forgotten an unusual night call received a long time ago from a detective at Scotland Yard—Detective Inspector Tenbold—asking whether the man convicted under the name of Berris was safely in his cell.

Now, he, in his turn, telephoned Scotland Yard and then recalled "661."

"Your story will be considered," he said. "And the fingerprints will show whether it is a true story. You understand that, 661? If your fingerprints are identical with those of the man booked in here and numbered 661—I warn you that almost certainly you will be assumed to be that man and will serve your term plus your punishment for an attempt to escape!"

"Convict 661" threw out his arms.

"But they are, sir! They're alike—Jim—my brother told me so!"

The governor's face was entirely impassive.

He made a sign to the chief warder—who moved to the desk.

"Steady, 661! Just do as you're told! Press your fingers here—yes—now here! Not too hard, man! Good . . . *Attention!*"

The chief warder stood back.

"But if you had Jimmy—Warder Smith—in, sir!" begged "661." "He could prove it."

"Warder Smith is *dead!*" said the governor. "But his fingerprints, too, have been taken. You have nothing to fear—if you are telling the truth!"

He thought for a moment longer, then dismissed the chief warder and "661." . . .

IT WAS all very simple to Detective-Inspector Tenbold, who arrived next day. He studied the fingerprints of the dead "warder." They matched microscopically with those of the man Berris and with those of the real 661.

Those of John Smith were totally unlike those of the real convict.

"There's no question about it, sir," Tenbold told the governor, presently, "the man's telling the truth. . . ."

In the end and after many days the governor sent for John Smith.

"Well, Smith," he said. "I have done my best for you . . . and you are free. I suppose there are penalties prescribed somewhere for what you did—but nobody in authority seems anxious to enforce them. . . . No. . . . So, you are free."

The governor stood up and, stiffly, John Smith rose, facing him.

"There's this . . ." said the governor. "Don't be bitter about it, Smith. In the end all's well. I am not allowed to keep you here as warder any longer—you wouldn't care for that, in any case. If I can help you at any time, let me know. I'll do my best for you . . . you see, I understand. I, too, have had a brother. . . . Well, good luck to you!"

The governor offered his hand—and presently John Smith walked out of the prison, quietly, unhurrying, unescorted, in the manner of a private citizen.

He had long ago forgiven Jimmy. . . . He would never understand quite how Jimmy could have brought himself to doing and attempting to do the things that were now forever finished with. Perhaps the prison life had sent him mad. . . . Poor old Jimmy. . . . No use dwelling on it.

He went on like a man in a dream. But the dream was not intolerably unpleasant—and already his slow mind was beginning to plan, rather humbly, some sort of a future.

Darby and Jones

Continued from page 13

razorbacks is there that I've borrowed from the canvas boss to hold down the bag, and Boy-Joe has got his new green tights on. He's got his pants on over the lower part of 'em because there's a big crowd of yahoos gathered around, and I guess he feels bashful, sort of.

"I show the razorbacks how to hold the bottom of the bag out away from the fire pit, and then I crawl in underneath and start the fire. Pretty soon she gets good and hot inside and begins to swell out, so I crawl under the edge and take off my pants and shirt, and there I am in the old red tights with spangles on 'em that I uster wear, and white Roman gladiator sandals. Yes, and I looked pretty good for an old feller. "Didn't I, Ma?"

"Yair, you really did look fine, Joe," said Ma. "Fine. But it's lucky I'd darned 'em."

"I looked fine, anyway," declared Pa Darby, chuckling to himself. "Well, the new spieler is spieling, and the band is playing, and there's a couple thousand hicks around and, believe me, it's all pretty swell. I turn to Boy-Joe and kind of poke him in the ribs, and say, 'How about it, kid? Pretty swell, what?' But it don't get much of a rise.

"Well, the old smokebag is puffing out and swaying around like a big gray pig, so I lays out the two chutes side by side on the grass and makes sure that the shroud lines is all clear and the little knives is fastened just right with their

(*Continued on page 52*)

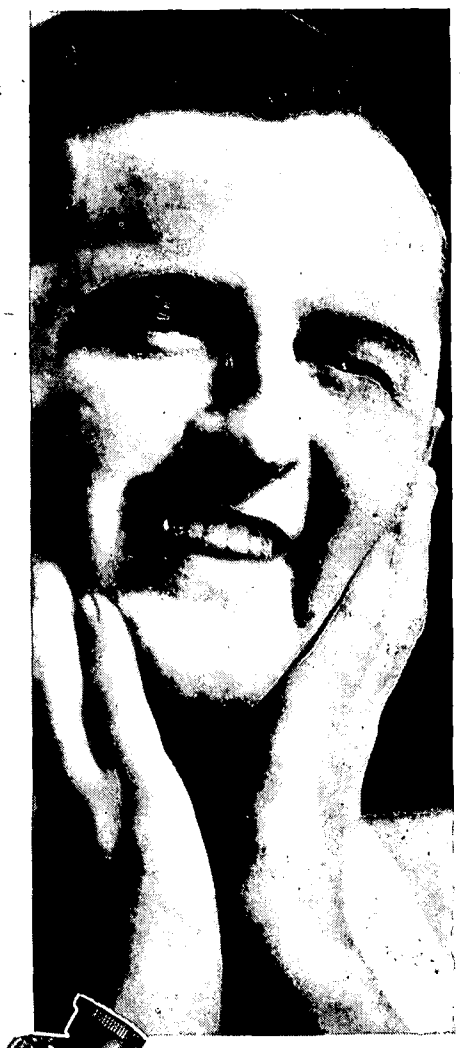
What's your name and address please?

We want you to shave with Palmolive Shaving Cream for 7 days at our expense. That's how we win new users.

GENTLEMEN: When we began Palmolive Shaving Cream, we made a great discovery. Men do business with the house that leans over backwards to be fair.

Then and there we set up a policy that has played a major part in our success. Men are asked *not* to buy our product until they've tried it first at our expense.

That's our request to you. Hold your money. Let us spend ours. The merit of our product wins as steady customers 86 of every 100 men who try it.



We let 1,000 men decide

We had 1,000 men write down their ideas of a shaving cream. They told us where the others were at fault . . . what the one they wanted should be like. It took 129 attempts before we reached perfection—overcame the common evils and incorporated everyone's demands.

The olive oil principle, for the second time in this company's history, turned the trick. Five unique advantages were the result:

1. Multiplied itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softened the beard in one minute.
3. Maintained its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles held the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

Please send the coupon

We want to repay you for your courtesy of giving us a trial. Accept this supply of shaving cream and see if you agree that it's entirely different from the rest. Your face deserves this much consideration. Please send the coupon.

New! Palmolive Shave Lotion

Here's a new way to leave the face tingling and fresh—clean and free of germs that cause infections. Try it! Also Palmolive After Shaving Talc.

6384

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-1147, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(Please print your name and address)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

30¢ *Worth* of Food-energy *for your* 5¢

Poached Eggs & Spinach 30¢
CALORIES 200

Bag PLANTERS Peanuts 5¢
CALORIES 208

When *Planters* says that *Planters* Peanuts are "The Nickel Lunch," it's getting down to real facts.

Two poached eggs on spinach (30c at most restaurants) has 200 calories against 208 calories for a nickel's worth of *Planters* Peanuts.

Nature has rammed and jammed *Planters* Peanuts full-to-bursting with vim and energy . . . made them a concentrated food that keeps you trim and fit.

But that's not half the story! *Planters* Peanuts are as tasty as they are wholesome. We see to that! First, only big Virginia Peanuts, top-notchers of the crop can bear the *Planters* Brand. Then, *Planters* has learned ways to toast and roast those whopping peanuts so as to bring out the last atom of flavor . . . learned how to keep them fresh and crisp . . . learned how to blanch and salt them to a Queen's taste.

Be sure you are buying Planters Peanuts. Look for "Mr. Peanut" on the familiar glassine bag. 5c everywhere. "The Nickel Lunch."

PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE COMPANY
SUFFOLK, VIRGINIA
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. San Francisco, California Toronto, Canada

PLANTERS
PEANUTS

To get Mr. Peanut's paint book for the children, send us 10 empty Planters bags or 10 inside wrappers from Jumbo Block.

THE NICKEL LUNCH

(*Continued from page 51*)

rubber bands so's we can cut loose with one yank. And then I take Boy-Joe to one side to give him the final earful.

"'Kid,' I says, putting my arm around him. 'Kid, why, shucks, there won't be nothing to it! We got two thousand feet of sunshine before we get near the clouds, and we'll cut loose way down at one thousand. We don't want to wait till we're too near the clouds, because they'll cool the bag and down she'll come ker-swillop. I'll cut first, and when my chute opens up, you cut too. Just shut your eyes, kid, yank the knife-cord and hang on. And half an hour from now we'll be tearing into that plank steak, hey, how about it?'

"I look at him with the old magnetic smile all over my face, expecting to see likewise on him. But there ain't. I can tell from his look that he hasn't heard a word I've been saying.

"He moves his mouth a couple of times but no sound comes out. Then he takes a long breath and says, 'It's no use, Pa. I can't go through with it. I'm yellow, Pa. I'm yellow, just like you said, Pa.'

"Well, I don't know what to do, because in a minute or so the smokebag will be full and then we've either got to go up or she'll maybe catch fire. But I spot Ma over in the crowd, so I beckon at her and turn Boy-Joe over to her and walk away, because I know she can fix him up. But I look back at them and I see her talking to him very earnest, and suddenly she opens up the front of her shirtwaist a little and shows Boy-Joe what she's got on underneath. Didn't you, Ma?"

"Yes, God forgive me," said Ma. "I show him that I've got on my old spangled tights underneath, and I tell him either he goes up or I do. Yes, and I would of, too."

"Why, sure you would!" agreed Pa Darby. "But, of course, after that you didn't have to. Boy-Joe comes over to me and I can see he's walking in kind of a fog, he's that scared. But he says, 'Okay, Pop.' Yes, that's exactly what he says, 'Okay, Pop.'

"WELL, the bag is filled as tight as a drum and pulling hard, so we both step through our trapezes on our chutes, holding 'em up by the side ropes, and get ready to run hell-bent with the breeze until the bag lifts us off.

"I nod at the spieler, give the office to the band leader and yell, 'Leggo, gentlemen! All aboard for cloudland!'

"The four poles come down ker-thump! The spieler lets loose a yell, and the band busts into Hail, Columbia! The old bag jumps up, yanks the slack out of our chute shrouds, and in half a second we're shooting into the air. And it all seems so good to me and like it was yesterday, sort of, that I slide backwards on the bar and hang by my knees head down, same as I always useter."

"I'll say you did!" Ma testified. "You was behaving like a damned old fool."

"Ma!" said Joe Darby, severely. "Remember you ain't on the lot now."

"Excuse me," said Ma. "Er . . . go on, Joe. Er . . ."

"Er . . . well, yes, I will. But this is getting to be the tough part, kind of, on account of Boy-Joe. For when I climb back on my trap, figuring that maybe what I'd done had pepped Boy-Joe up, I see him setting there on his bar with his arms gripped around the side ropes and his eyes tight shut. His face is really a bluish gray color like I have never seen on a live man's face before. . . ."

"Well, go on," said Ma Darby, after a pause.

"Yes, bluish gray," Pa continued, gulping audibly. "His lips is the same color too. He is only five foot six inches away from me, so I can talk to him easy. I tell him to open his eyes, and ain't it fine, and look how pretty the country looks. He says 'Yes,' but very absent-minded like, and he doesn't open his eyes.

"'Well, kid,' I says to him finally, 'here we are at a thousand feet. I'm going to cut loose now, kid, and down I go. And when you see my chute open up, you cut loose too.'

"I yanked my cord and sw-o-o-sh! down I go! After what it seems like falling a mile, there's the usual jerk like it would bust every bone in your body, and my chute is all spread out above me like a big white flower. Say, it's a great feeling, and me swinging back and forth with the old breeze whooming through my shroud lines. I keep her swinging, too, because I want to see beyond the edge of the chute to watch when Boy-Joe cuts loose. But . . . he doesn't."

"No," said Ma, "he doesn't."

"HE WAS just setting there," said Pa. "Just setting there, and me yelling at him to cut. Only he didn't have the nerve to cut."

"I could hear you," said Ma. "Yes, I could hear you yelling, even above all the band and everything. I was trying to faint, but I couldn't."

"Well, I wish you had of, Nellie," said Pa, half reproachfully.

Ma Darby shrugged, and sniffled softly. "So do I. But even when he went into the clouds I didn't give up hope. I figured maybe the bag would cool off gradual and let him down easy. He was up in those clouds out of sight for I bet it was twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes! Why, I bet it wasn't more than five," said Pa. "You'd really oughta know better than that how quick a smokebag cools off, Nellie."

"I bet it was twenty minutes," said Ma Darby stoutly. "All the sky was bright and blue except where them clouds was, and my Boy-Joe was up in them clouds. But suddenly I seen him coming out. . . ."

"Yes," said Pa Darby. "I was on the ground by now and I seen him too. The bag had cooled off and was flapping limp behind him like a rag, leaving a trail of black smoke. He was falling very fast. I bet he was falling a million miles an hour. He hit in a plowed field about a mile and a half on the other side of Bement, or Bismount, or whatever the name of that town was."

"Belmont," said Ma Darby.

"Yair, Belmont. That's right, Belmont. Well, Belmont was about six or eight towns back before we got to this burg. We stayed along with the show, but we didn't feel like doing much. We felt kind of tired all the time, didn't we, Ma? And this afternoon Shapiro let us out. We're living in a boarding house uptown, Ma and I, and everything's really very okay with us because we got a couple hunnerd bucks, haven't we, Ma?"

"A hunnerd and eight-five," she said proudly. "We're paid up on the room a week in advance, too. We're really sitting very, very pretty. And besides that, we'd oughter hear from our ad in The Billboard by Monday at latest. Show him that ad you sent in to The Billboard, Joe."

Pa Darby passed an envelope across the table. On the back of it I read:

"THAT PAIR WITH PERSONALITY"

The Silver-Throated Spieler and The Diamond-Voiced Lyric-Soprano, open for carnival, tent, med. shows, or what have you? All new spiels, and Joe in best voice. Little Nellie the same sweet ingénue as ever. This famous team just finished banner season with Sam Shapiro. Go anywheres, but send tickets. DARBY & JONES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Care and Feeding of Adults

Continued from page 21

expenditure of no matter how much trouble just what these magical rules are, he will never be sick.

Unfortunately, so far as adults are concerned, this idea is largely imaginary. The conditions of life change constantly. What would be a good thing to do today when you are well may be a very poor thing to do tomorrow when you are feverish or have indigestion.

Furthermore, individuals are different. There are about ninety million adults in the United States. Some are young, some are old, some are in between. Some are thin, some slender, some average in weight, some fat. Some think fast in the morning; some think fast at night. Some like hot weather; some like cold weather. Some are fated to high blood pressure, diabetes, baldness, dyspepsia, constipation, eczema, deafness, hay fever and chronic headaches.

How can you prescribe a certain diet, a certain amount of exercise, sleep, bathing, bed-clothes and medicine for all that conglomeration? You can't. After a lifetime of earnest and prayerful endeavor to find out what is best for even myself and my wife and my in-laws, I, as a trained clinical pathologist, hesitate to become the least dogmatic even about so small and select a group.

Two Certain Rules

Health, according to my observation, falls upon the just and the unjust, like mercy, with about an equal distinction. Think over your friends both sick and well and see if that is not correct.

Are there, then, no laws of health? Yes, and there are laws of disease, too. Disease is not unnatural. It is just as natural as the laws of gravitation. It is not a strange growth in a world planned to be perfect. Why it should be so I cannot answer, but I know that earthquakes, cancer and tornadoes are just as "natural" as sunshine and regular bowel movements, and he who faces life with any other philosophy is doomed to disappointment and despair.

Indeed, in the present state of our knowledge of medical science our control over the occurrence of disease in adults is very limited.

Well, if there are any rules of health for adults, let's have them. I can see the impatient and practical reader asking that right away. What he wants, quite properly, is results.

The first rule, I think, is to accept the philosophy I have just divulged. Which is not to burden yourself with too many duties connected with your health. Nor with too many rules of hygiene.

The idea has been broadcast in our day by all sorts of publicists that adults are very delicate. Really they are surprisingly tough. About the only things you can't do to them safely is to let them go for any considerable period of time without fresh food, or to put germs under the skin or in any of the absorptive cavities of their bodies. They have acquired their immunity to many of the infectious diseases. You can take an adult into places which would be reeking with danger to a child. You can hurl them under automobiles and drop them from moderately high buildings with far more impunity than you could a kitchen clock. Bones heal, clocks do not. Score one for bones.

If you want to come to a realization of what adults can eat without danger of immediate dissolution, go with open eyes to an office picnic or watch a crowd around a soda fountain. Many lively citizens are going about who have been either shot or drowned or electrocuted or who got up in the night and picked out the bichloride bottle by mistake, thinking it was the aspirin.

Naturally, I am not recommending these experiences as a health program. You always remember their importance. You avoid, if possible, coming under gunfire. You do not try to breathe under water. You do not deliberately get tangled up in live wires. You switch on the light before you select your medicine. Those certainly are some of the rules of hygiene. They belong to the rules about care and feeding of adults. But they are catalogued among the exceptions—sometimes the unavoidable emergencies of life.

That is not what you want. You want rules for the quiet, placid, everyday existence. And of those I only know two certain ones. One is to eat some fresh food every day, so as to avoid the deficiency diseases such as scurvy and pellagra. The other is to be careful not to get germs under your skin or into any of the absorptive cavities of the body.

Those rules were not arrived at easily or lightly. They were not added to man's store of knowledge without some effort and turmoil. It required a voyage around the world to establish the first—when James Cook brought his ship to anchor without a case of scurvy on board. It required the united efforts of a Scotch surgeon, a Viennese obstetrician, a French chemist and the study of the sewerage system of the city of Carlisle to establish the second. But since its establishment I should say that the only one indispensable drug in your family medicine chest is a bottle of tincture of iodine or mercurochrome.

A Doctor of Your Own

All other rules are merely opinions. What follows are my opinions on the subject. Other people have different opinions. They probably are as good as mine. I do not think so, but I try to be broad-minded. My opinions will probably look queer to you. They are:

1. Get a doctor of your own.
2. Avoid cathartics as you would the appearance of evil.
3. Practice moderation.
4. Eat meat and salt.
5. Keep up your religious observances and cultivate the friendship of a wise clergyman.
6. Use rest as abundantly as you do exercise, the more so as the decades pass.
7. Do not expect a miracle—or that you will lift yourselves by your own bootstraps. Your arteries will not get softer as time goes on.

Let us examine some of these opinions of mine.

"Get a doctor of your own"—means to hint the flattering news that you are different from anybody else. You've often suspected that. Well, if it's true, a blanket rule will not fit you. You need an expert who knows all the rules and all the exceptions and who will fit them to your individual case.

It doesn't make much difference what kind of a doctor you get, so long as you get one you like and who suits you. My own choice would be for a general practitioner, but if you find another sort more agreeable, attach yourself to him—whether he is a skin specialist, or an oculist, or a gynecologist. The thing is

(*Continued on page 54*)

How to provide a RETIREMENT INCOME for yourself

Say good-by to money worries forever

THIS new Retirement Income Plan makes it possible for you to retire at any age you wish, 55, 60, or 65. You may provide for yourself a monthly income of $100, $200, $300, or more.

Suppose you decide to retire on an income of $200 a month when you are 60. Here is what you get:

1. An income of $200 a month, beginning at age 60 and lasting the rest of your life. You are assured a return of $20,000, and perhaps much more, depending upon how long you live. If you prefer, you may have a cash settlement of $27,000 at age 60 instead of the monthly income.
2. Upon your death from any natural cause before age 60, your wife or any other heir you name receives a cash payment of $20,000. Or if preferred, your wife receives a monthly income for life.
3. Upon your death from accidental means before age 60, your wife or other heir receives a cash payment of $40,000. Or if preferred, your wife receives a monthly income for life.
4. If serious illness or accident stops your earning power for a certain period, you will thereafter receive an income of $200 a month during such disability, even if it lasts the rest of your life.

How much does it cost?

A Retirement Income may be paid for in comparatively small monthly installments. The exact amount depends on (1) Your present age (2) The age at which you wish to retire (3) The amount of monthly income you will want.

One of the great advantages of this Plan is that it goes into operation the minute you pay your first small installment. Even though you should become totally disabled, you would not need to worry. Your installments would be paid by us out of a special reserve fund.

Get this Free Book

The Phoenix Mutual Company is one of the oldest, most conservative institutions in this country. It was founded in 1851, and has assets of over 135 million dollars invested in bonds and first mortgages and other high-grade securities.

An interesting 28-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want" explains how you can provide a Retirement Income for yourself.

No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy now.

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy issued 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 593 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Send me by mail, without obligation, your new book,
"How to Get the Things You Want."
Name_____ Date of Birth_____
Business Address_____
Home Address_____

Copyright 1930, P. M. L. I. Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MORE SPRING for quick, easy cleaning!

Better Bristles—trimmed and tufted into the most efficient form for cleansing your teeth and massaging your gums. Tek's bristles keep their resiliency even after months of brushing and daily drenching in water. Tek is an effective change from old style brushes.

Tek's double value is its *Better Shape . . . Better Bristles*, at no extra cost. Sterilized and Cellophane-sealed, at your dealer's 50c; Tek Jr., 35c. A guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Tek the modern TOOTH BRUSH

Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

(*Continued from page 53*)

to have "a personal physician"—not an institution—one who knows you, something of your habits, your family, your income—for all these enter into the advice he must give.

For most people it is advisable not to have too thorough a doctor. After you're forty, you know, if a fellow has enough instruments and works on you long enough he's almost certain to find something the matter with you. And when he does he has to do something about it. I know lots of people who take their teeth out every night and put them in a glass of water at the bedside, or who have three or four abdominal scars, or who never touch any of the delicacies of the season just because some annual health auditor was a good deal too thorough.

Do's for Don'ts

Then I should say, mildly, and in an almost inaudible voice, do not get a personal physician who is too much impressed by the brilliancies of modern medical appliances. Avoid those dazzled by the stellar performances of the boys who can take your gizzard out in five minutes. More lives have been saved by not having an operation than by having one. And one of the most important functions of your own personal physician is to save you unnecessary and harmful manipulations.

Fifty years ago it would have been unnecessary to dwell on this plainly common-sense proposal to employ your own doctor. But times have changed. The self-education of adults has made every man competent to advise himself. The case of the man who "walked off his cold" is one instance. The case of the man who had "a little indigestion" is another. He took a dose of Epsom salts for it: he ruptured his appendix. The case of the man who fell and "sprained his elbow" is another. He ordered himself some massage. Now he cannot bend his elbow.

More usual in our time, I acknowledge, is for an adult to go for a complete examination when he is not even sick. A "health audit," so called. When these regular physical examinations are made by your own doctor they do the least amount of harm. When done by a company or institution they are as seductively dangerous as an adder. Why anyone should think they are not sensible and beneficial seems to puzzle a great many people.

My reasons for so thinking are given just above—because a thorough examiner can find something the matter with nearly everybody. And having found it he has to try to fix it. Maybe it can be fixed and maybe it can't. Maybe when it's fixed you will feel better and maybe you will feel a lot worse. More harm is done by fussy meddling in medical practice today than by letting things alone. Your own doctor is likely to know this and likely to pass minor things over. The company or institute has to find something to justify its existence, and that is why it is dangerous.

To "practice moderation" nowadays is not so easy as it sounds. The trouble is that moderation implies to most people not doing something. But moderation also has a positive quality. Moderation consists in doing things that are proper, just as much as in not doing things that are improper. And since most advice on the subject of health offered to the public is a set of "don'ts," some moderation in the opposite direction may be a good thing.

It is just as immoderate, for instance, not to eat meat and salt as to eat nothing but nuts. Meat, all opinions to the contrary, is the most perfect and complete human food. Not only have all the warnings against meat resulted in no good, but they have probably done actual harm. Not a few cases of deficiency diseases can probably be ascribed to such unfounded scareheads.

There is plenty of evidence that meat does *not* cause high blood pressure, rheumatism, kidney disease, etc. The human digestive tract and nutritive machinery are especially well adapted to its use.

The same thing can be said of the admonitions against salt. Salt is so necessary a part of the human diet that much of the history of early human warfare revolved around the possession of salt mines. Salt does not cause high blood pressure nor kidney disease nor hardening of the arteries. The body contains 100 grams of salt, mostly in the blood serum, and this amount is constantly being depleted. The most conservative estimate of the daily amount of salt the body actually demands is twenty grams.

It is just as immoderate to be a vegetarian as to be a drunkard. It is just as immoderate to exercise every fifteen minutes all day long, as I understand the employees in the office of a health magazine do, as it is to lie paralyzed in bed.

The natural question for the layman, of course, is "What is moderate? How am I to know which is what?" The natural answer is "Ask your personal physician." But even aside from that it is not so difficult. Anything that is plainly contrary to the most ordinary experience and observation is immoderate.

Thus the propagandists against tobacco have a hard row to hoe. It is difficult to maintain the position that the use of tobacco undermines all the bulwarks of the human constitution when the most ordinary observation shows the great mass of the population puffing away nonchalantly or reaching for this or that and still maintaining the utmost vigor and health.

Smoking women have proved that neither their morals nor their organs have been affected by the performance. Expectant mothers exhale clouds through their nostrils and bring forth healthy progeny. As for males, look at the striplings of eighty-six in club windows, holding in their fingers delicate torpedoes the first whiff of which would lay a sixteen-year-old boy low, and be convinced that tobacco has no influence on longevity. The only obvious and moderate conclusion an alert saunterer of our time can come to is that the tobacco habit can be indulged with perfect safety.

A Hymn to Rest

And finally we arrive at the recommendation of "Rest." How can one sufficiently hymn its praises in this day and age? What words can one conjure up to describe the great surge of health that floods through one's arteries during a Sunday morning in bed with the newspapers. It is the crown of kings and the glory of poets, the hallmark of all the urbane and lazy people of the earth.

I remember hearing a wise old practitioner answer the eternal question everybody is so willing to answer—"Doctor, what is good for a cold?"

"You wouldn't do it if I told you," he answered.

"Oh, yes, I would, Doctor. I'd do anything to get rid of this cold."

"Go to bed for three days, then."

This is an antidote to the eternal craze of our minute in the world's hysteria for exercise. Alone among the animals, man deliberately moves his body around for no purpose.

Against the fetish of exercise I set up the antidote of rest. Visions arise. There was the barrister we called Uncle Jimmie. The only strenuous exercise he took was to place his feet on top of his desk, and take them down again. Before the days of enlightenment he could have been seen every afternoon at exactly four-thirty slowly pressing against the swinging doors at Otto's and shortly after emerging meditatively, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief. When he was eighty-five he confided to me that one thing he had to be thankful for was that he had always been blessed with perfect health.

And I contrast him with the spectacle of so many of my business friends, being awakened at six-thirty so they can ride in the park before breakfast. Then rushing to the office, and rushing all morning to gain time to play some handball at the club. Rushing back to the office to finish up so they can get in nine holes of golf before dinner. Then throwing down a couple (a couple?—and yet people say I indulge in overstatement) of cocktails in order to brace themselves for a dinner in a crowded restaurant with the orchestra playing Chinning and Chattering with May. Another highball, and the entrée comes on. A sudden thought. Duty calls. The bug-eyed blonde sitting next is invited to lope around the floor. At midnight or 1 A. M., the sheets. A few eructations arise on the night air to remind the owner of the stomach that the Scotch should have been aged longer, then sleep enfolds the health seeker until six-thirty the next morning.

These gentry sometimes confess to me that they believe a person feels tired all the time after forty and they venture to inquire whether I think they are getting enough vitamins in their diet. That's the stuff. *Vitamins! Diet! Exercise! Cold showers!*

The Ideal Prescription

Allow me to draw a contrasting picture and at the same time offer a prescription. You have announced that you will be damned if you go out to dinner. You therefore do not have to prepare yourself for any effort so you really drink only two cocktails. The radio is turned off. Fried chicken and lima beans. A big cup of hot coffee. A small glass of the old brandy you smuggled down from Canada. Then you can say you have a headache and need quiet. A perfectly enormous cigar. You sit smelling it as you consume it. Sometimes you just sit. You have a book—have you read Toby Tyler again lately? Or The Sign of the Four?

At eleven you say you have a sore toe and are not going to ride in the morning. You go to bed. When you wake up it is eight o'clock. You roll over and take another snooze. Then a hot bath very slowly. No cold water. Then a big breakfast. You are helped to the car on account of your toe. No walking! You just sit at your desk all morning. You go to the club and watch the others playing handball. It does you good to see so much energy displayed.

You go in to lunch and order soup, a steak, potatoes, salad, ice cream and coffee. You laze away the afternoon at the office. At about four you go out and sneak into a talkie, and stay there until five-thirty. On account of your toe you are driven home, instead of walking. You announce that you will be damned if you will go out to dinner tonight. You—you suddenly realize that you feel better than you have for years. It is curious how many more octogenarians there were in the old club that had davenports instead of handball courts.

But I must not annoy you any further with such contrary doctrines. Plainly such views are entirely out of place in the modern world. It is ridiculous that I should hold them at all. It is nothing short of criminal that I should be allowed to expound them in public!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To the MAN who still has some Hair Left

—

A WARNING

IF you are bald at 35 you'll have no one to blame but yourself. For you are probably doing the one worst thing for your hair every day...slicking it down with water.

It's not merely the drying effect of water...your hair needs a brisk daily brushing...massage...and the cleansing, stimulating effect of a *good* tonic.

Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic every morning. Massage the scalp vigorously, then brush briskly. In a month or less you'll see a decided change. No dandruff, no itching, no harsh dryness of scalp and hair.

For very dry scalps

A little Wildroot Hair Dress applied with Wildroot Hair Tonic a few times a week will aid in grooming the hair and will add the necessary healthful oil everyone's scalp needs. You can get this and other Wildroot products at drug stores, department stores, barbers or hair-dressers everywhere. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

P. S. Try Wildroot Shampoo. You get more for your money.

WILDROOT
Hair Tonic
SHAMPOO...WAVE SET...HAIR DRESS

Tune in on the Wildroot program, every Wednesday morning, 10:45, Eastern Standard time N. B. C. Red Network.

Gunsight Trail

Continued from page 25

only the great distance between water holes held most of the Bar S stock upon the lower desert. Then, in the second year, Earl Shaw made a drive of it from round-up, moving his herds bodily into the better territory of the Lazy M.

Shaw began his drive northward without serving the Major brothers any notice of his purpose. Not until the drive was on the way did Oliver Major realize that their grasslands were about to be flooded with Bar S stock.

There was nothing timorous in the Major blood. The brothers swung into the saddle and rode out to meet the first of the Bar S herds.

EARL SHAW was not outriding that first herd; he was somewhere in the background, many miles to the rear—as, it seemed, he was always to be thereafter. As the Major brothers came up, the Bar S range boss, who was himself riding point, was joined by three or four more cowboys, who came up at a high lope to back their brand in whatever play was to be made. They were expecting trouble all right—and it came.

The Bar S range boss laughed in Sol Major's face when Sol warned him they could not let the northward drive go on. One word led to another, and before either side knew exactly how it had begun, the guns were out of their leather. It was the beginning of the Buckhorn feud.

Sol Major went down in that first crashing volley. Oliver Major caught his brother as he swayed from the saddle, dragged him clear of his stampeded pony and held him upon the withers of his own horse. Firing across the body of his brother, Major downed the Bar S range boss; and another cowboy was downed and a third wounded before they let him ride clear.

That night, beside his brother's grave, Oliver Major raised clenched hands to the stars and pledged his last cowhide, his last ounce of powder, to the wiping out of Earl Shaw and the Bar S brand.

It was a hard, bitter struggle before the Bar S gave up. At one time the little Lazy M was carrying no less than fifteen riders, competent gun fighters brought at any cost from far away. Young Oliver Major, saddled-raised and trail-hardened, turned into an avenging fury; irresistibly he swept the valley of the Buckhorn clear. Many an unremembered rider went down before that first war was done. If it had happened a few years later it would have become one of the famous range wars of the West. But such feuds were common then.

Yet Oliver Major never accomplished quite all he had meant to do. He broke the Bar S brand and sent the remnants of it back to the Adobe Wells desert, where it stayed; but Earl Shaw himself he did not meet. The riders with whom the Lazy M men repeatedly clashed were only the employees of Earl Shaw, good, tough men who fought gamely for their brand, but who had had no more connection with the death of Oliver Major's brother than the ponies they rode. So Oliver Major sickened of it at last, and let peace return to the Buckhorn, while Earl Shaw himself still lived and retained the remnants of an outfit at Adobe Wells.

And there at Adobe Wells, Earl Shaw had hung on stubbornly. It was Shaw who had got the spur track which eventually ended at the loading corrals of Adobe Wells. Starting with this frustrated railhead and the Buckhorn's first saloon, Shaw had managed to gather about him the beginnings of a desert town. It had even boomed a little, once, as the gold fever swept southward. And it remained a thorn in the side of Oliver Major that every head of his annual calf shipments paid a profit into the pocket of Earl Shaw.

The Buckhorn was still free range when Earl Shaw came up the valley the second time—with sheep. The blatting gray tide came onto the grasslands, its dust clouds drawing nearer week by week; it left a new belt of desert behind it, as if it carried the curse of the dry land. The sheep cropped to the level of the soil, and their sharp hoofs cut to pieces the very roots of the feed. Long after the grass returned, the soil remained impregnated with the hated odor of the woollies, so that no horse or cow would graze where they had fed.

Earl Shaw had counted upon the law this time; but he learned that he had counted upon it too soon. The law of that country was still cattle law. Once more, unimpeded by outside interference, the cowboys of the Lazy M swept down upon the encroachers, and the coyotes grew fat on fresh-killed mutton. Once more Earl Shaw was driven back to Adobe Wells, hating the boss of the Buckhorn water as only a stubborn and defeated man can hate.

After that Oliver Major thought he had learned his lesson. He scoured the Southwest for government-land scrip, railroad scrip, any scrip; he bought it high and low, or at any price at all. Into it he poured all the gains of the past, and mortgaged his future as deep as the faith of money can go. He nearly broke himself; but in the end he made the upper Buckhorn his own.

He had thought the battle was over then, that nothing remained except to develop the future of the Buckhorn valley. And the whole of the Buckhorn valley was embraced in his far-seeing dreams. Looking into the future, Oliver Major saw the ultimate impounding of the Buckhorn's annual spring torrent, and the final bringing to full fruition of the possibilities inherent in the Buckhorn water.

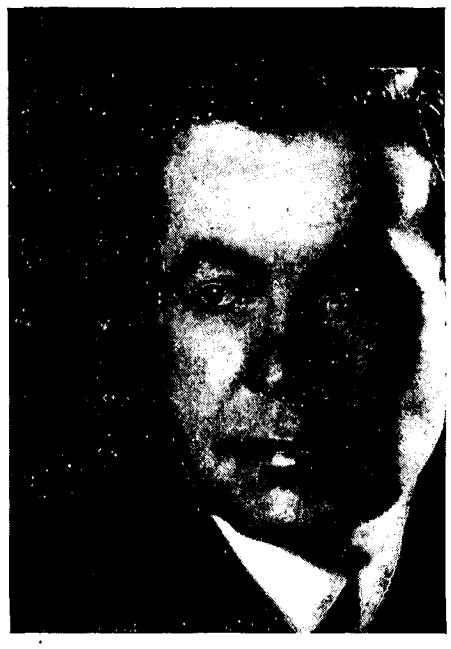
AND now, after all this time, Earl Shaw had turned his guns upon the Lazy M once more. This time they were a different sort of guns, treacherous and subtle; Earl Shaw at last was not only backed by the law, but was using the fabric of the law itself as an entrapping net. The new attack was from the rear; it struck at the very source of the Buckhorn water.

Oliver Major, ready at last to sink a fortune in the impounding of the Buckhorn's surplus flow—the project toward which the whole of his life had been built—had suddenly found his plans blocked on every side, and his project lost in an entanglement of legal complications as intricate as a snarled roll of barbed wire. Shaw had in truth made good the vacant desert years. Working steadily, always in the shadows, Earl Shaw had made himself the political boss of first a county, then a region; until, presently, he became a cog in the machine which governed the state.

Being a cog in that machine was worth something, for when the machine was running smoothly it pulled strong wires in certain departments of the national government itself. It was running smoothly now. Earl Shaw, the defeated, the man sentenced by his own stubbornness to the desert land, was now able to clamp Oliver Major's project in an iron grip.

Nor was this all. It was Shaw's plan

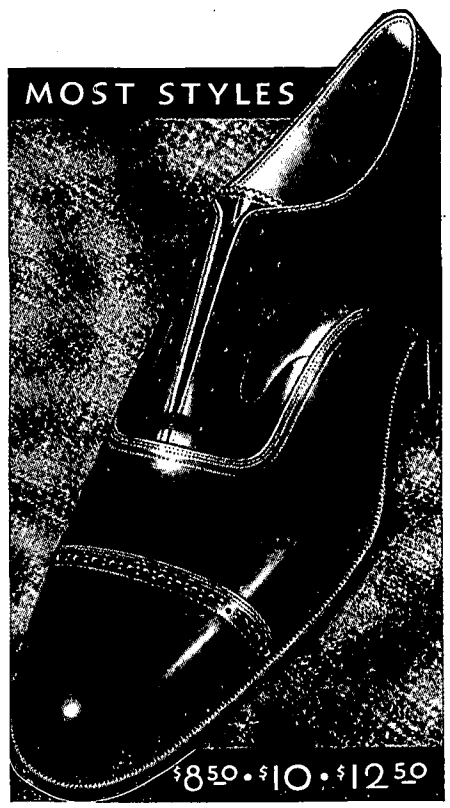
(*Continued on page 56*)



FOR MEN
in command

ANKLE-FASHIONED OXFORDS express forceful personality with dignity and correctness. *Ankle-fashioning* makes them keep their smooth, trim lines—fit more snugly at the ankle. No gapping—no slipping.

See the shoe for YOUR type—send for Style Book. Department C, Nunn-Bush, Milwaukee, New York, San Francisco.



Nunn-Bush
Ankle-fashioned
OXFORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's this network that keeps your FACE DIRTY

If it weren't for the network of your pores, the dust and dirt on the surface of your skin could be easily washed away.

BUT—your pores are like a net, stretched across your face to catch and hold dust, grime and soot. This tightly imbedded dirt clogs the pores . . . and often causes blackheads, blemishes, skin eruptions.

Water won't penetrate to this dirt. You can prove this to yourself. Wash your face—wash it again. It looks clean, does it? Well, rub in some Pompeian Pink Massage Cream—rub it in well around your nostrils—chin—forehead.

As you keep rubbing, it begins to roll out. No longer a pink cream, but grey pellets of pore dirt. Now your face is clean—*cleaned from the inside out!*

Ask for a genuine Pompeian Massage after your shave. Every first-class barber uses this "pink magic." Keep a jar in the bathroom—use it regularly—and spare yourself the fear of a dirty face. A large size jar is only 60c. Get it today at any drug-store!

The Pompeian Co., Inc., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Can. (*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York and Toronto)

POMPEIAN PINK MASSAGE CREAM

THESE BOATS KNOW *HOW TO BEHAVE!*

THIS Old Town won't cut capers when she's loaded with a bunch of fidgety kids! She's steady as an ox—but swift as a swallow! Safety, speed, economy, and durability are yours in an Old Town. Extra-rigid ribs and keel. Strongly braced stern to hold the weight of a motor. No vibration or shaking. No caulking, either. The non-leak, *seamless* canvas-covering can't open up!

Free catalog shows all models and prices. Also rowboats; canoes; dinghies; big, fast, all-wood, outboard family-boats, and speedy step-planes. Write today. Old Town Canoe Co., 243 Middle St., Old Town, Me.

"Old Town Boats"

(*Continued from page 55*)

now to seize the Buckhorn water in the hills at its source, and by a practicable engineering project divert the Buckhorn River from its own valley entirely, carrying it to water the Silverado desert on the other side of the range!

As an engineering feat it was well within reason; and, unexpectedly, the legal obstacles had proved surmountable too. Only a nominal trickle of water was to be left to the vast holdings of the Lazy M. The watering of the Silverado would enrich by many a million the instigators of this extraordinary scheme; while in the deprived valley of the Buckhorn the old cattleman would be left broken and hopeless in the dust of a withered domain.

It was a stupendous scheme, resolute and daring; and every technical blockade dissolved before the political influence of the machine of which Earl Shaw was a part. At the last only Oliver Major himself, the fighting old lord of the Buckhorn water, stood in the way.

YET, Oliver Major, once aroused and aware of his danger, was a formidable opponent still. That state was shot through with the drivers of the old trails, to whom Oliver Major's name had meant something since early days. Almost overnight Major brought to bear such a thrust of luridly expressed opinion that Shaw's allies were checked by a new fear for their own strength.

Thus the old man of the Buckhorn water now stood as stubbornly, back to the wall, as a run-down bear. Once Major's personal influence in the Southwest was broken down, ruin would roll over the Buckhorn like the herds of sheep which he had once turned back in another way.

As one scene after another fitted itself into the story, the great sweep and thrust of the Buckhorn feud seemed to loom before Hughes suddenly, as a gaunt mountain becomes visible behind fog, monstrous and terrible, yet with an elemental grandeur.

The exact significance of the death of Hugo Donnan, which had led to his own involvement, he did not at once see so clearly; but certainly old Oliver Major seemed to fear that the final fate of the Buckhorn water would turn upon this one killing. And though the feud was old, this much was new: Clay Hughes was now committed to it as a new factor. Overnight he had become a new card in Major's hand, another gun, a fresh impact of stubborn youth in this last conclusive chapter of the Buckhorn struggle.

He found himself eager for the half-understood conflict ahead; for with the face of Sally Major in his mind it seemed to him a privilege to bring horse, gun and wit unreservedly to the support of her people, careless of cost.

Oliver Major leaned forward, and his face twisted wryly as he gimleted Hughes with his acute old eyes.

"I ought to hustle you out of this; but I don't dast overlook the least bet. It'll come very hard," he said, "if it turns out that you, a youngster, a stranger in the Buckhorn, should turn out to be the only hope of the Buckhorn water." The old man raised a shaking fist above his head. "I tell you—"

The awaited step in the hallway was approaching the door at last. Oliver Major lowered his fist to the desk top, and the flame in his eyes burned lower as Sally Major came into the room, followed by a young man whom Hughes knew must be old Major's son.

"Hughes," said Major, "this is my boy, Dick."

Hughes thought that there was a dry irony in his voice as he spoke the words, "my boy." The two nodded without shaking hands and waited while the old man seemed to study his son.

"But I guess you know each other already," Major added, slowly.

"What do you mean by that?" Dick Major flared. He met his father's eyes squarely. Father and son were alike, and yet not alike. In Dick Major's face was no suggestion of any shrewdness of judgment, nor perhaps even any notable quickness of wit. Instead, it showed the marks of a reckless boldness, a fiery temper and an explosive defiance of all restraint. Still, the qualities that were lacking in the young man's face might perhaps have been those which age can bring; Hughes thought it quite possible that he was looking at a good duplicate of the old man in his young days. If so, the similarity had incurred no bond of sympathy between the two. Hughes knew that if he had ever seen a father and son who had behind them a lifetime of misunderstanding, he was looking at them now.

"If you two don't know each other," said old Major to his son, "what's your gun doing in this man's belt?"

Dick Major opened his mouth, but shut it again, as if momentarily at a loss. Sally spoke: "I got the gun from Dick and took it to Hughes. I gave it to him just after he was shot at. If he's going to be shot at here in your own house, I say he has the right to something to defend himself with."

Old Major hesitated, looking balked; then took a new angle. "Where have you been for the last couple of days?" he demanded of Dick.

"I told you I was going to ride long circle," Dick Major answered him.

"Looking for what?" said Major. There was a moment of silence, but Dick's stubborn, arrogant eyes did not waver from the old man's face. "A man," he said at last.

Old Major's face turned a shade more grim, if that were possible; but his words were quiet and slow: "Where were you hunting, son?"

"On the upper rim," Dick snapped.

Old Major drew a deep breath and dropped his eyes to his hands upon the desk before him. "All my life," he said, "I've worked toward one thing. And now in the end it had to be you to knock it out from under me. Oh, I'll get you off all right," he went on as Dick made a move to speak. "I'll get you out of it, and you'll ride clear, and be proud of your work too, I've got no doubt."

"But, Dad," Sally Major insisted, "he didn't do it. The only gun Dick ever carries is that .38"—she pointed to the star-marked black butt at Clay's belt—"and the empty shell that was found in the ashes up at Crazy Mule was a .45."

"HOW do you know that?" Major demanded instantly.

"You could hear Bart Holt shouting his story from any place in the house," Sally answered. "He sounded like he was rounding up stock."

"We don't even know that that shell was connected with the killing, yet," said Major.

"It's a dog-gone funny thing, just the same," Sally insisted. "But if you aren't going to believe what Dick says—"

"I didn't say I didn't believe him. He's never lied yet, so far as I know."

"Do you aim to believe me or not?" Dick demanded.

"Oh, I believe you all right."

"Then," said Dick Major, "I tell you I never killed Hugo Donnan. I heard he was somewhere up on the rim, but I couldn't even find him."

Old Major sat up, his eyes opening. "You mean to tell me that after you've let everybody hear you threaten to kill Donnan, you set out to get him, and went where he was—and failed?"

"Yes," said Dick.

Old Major stared at his son. "You might just as well have killed him as to have stacked the cards against us like you have! I was hoping you'd been some place else, any place else but on the rim, so that you'd have an alibi. But as it is—" He made a gesture of futility.

"I—" began Dick.

"Why did you come sneaking in here without letting me know you were back?"

"I didn't come sneaking in here," Dick answered hotly.

"I talked him into staying out of your way for an hour, till you cooled off, was all," said Sally. "Enough things have gone wrong here already because you two always blow up at each other."

"What were you doing in the old gun-room where we had Hughes locked up?" Major pressed his son relentlessly.

"Now just a minute," Hughes put in sharply; but Sally signaled him to be silent, and he obeyed.

"I don't know what you're talking about," Dick answered. "I haven't been in any locked-up gun-room, with this man or anybody else."

"Then who was in it?" Major insisted.

"I tell you I don't know anything about it. I never set eyes on this man before tonight, in this room."

"What do you say to that, Hughes?" Major demanded.

Hughes had been listening for something that would tell him why Sally had first urged him to leave the ranch and then within an hour or two had changed her mind; and how it was that she had disappeared from the gun-room. Now, however, he was sorry that the question of the gun-room had come up.

"He's answered," said Clay flatly. "I wouldn't go against what he says, even if I knew different, which I don't."

"I didn't ask you to go against what he says. I'm putting it to you straight: Who was in that room? If you mean to—"

HE CHECKED. The door had opened softly, and Mona Major had stepped into the room. She started as she saw Hughes and immediately turned to withdraw again.

"Wait a minute, Mona! Come here," Oliver Major ordered; and once more Hughes was struck with the inept harshness of manner which the old man used toward his children. Perhaps he loved them so deeply that he tried to regulate every detail of their lives as he did his own, and unconsciously fell victim to a bitter resentment that they each insisted upon being as distinctly individual as himself. Certainly he took angry liberties with their pride which no cow hand would have stood for.

Mona hesitated, then closed the door and came forward listlessly. Her eyelids were inflamed, but the pale beauty of her face was apparent still; and Hughes noticed again the lazy grace of her walk.

"I hope you're satisfied," the old man told her brutally. "Dick's got no alibi."

"If you aim to jump her in front of this stranger—" Dick Major began, the red color coming into the bronze of his face again.

"If you want me to get out, say so," Hughes said.

"Stay here," Major tossed at him. "This here is Clay Hughes," Major told Mona. "He's got hooked into this along with the rest of us through no fault of his own. You may as well know who he is, because it may be he'll turn out the only living man that can pull the Lazy M out of its box."

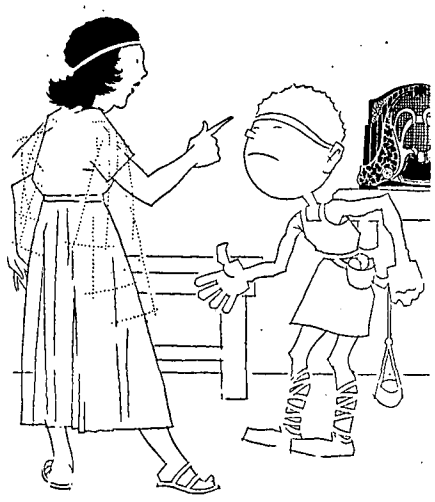
"Well, I know who he is."

"I'm *generally* the last one to find out anything around here," Major commented. "I suppose you know that your brother did not kill Donnan."

Mona's voice was very low and lifeless as she answered: "He meant to; it's the same thing."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

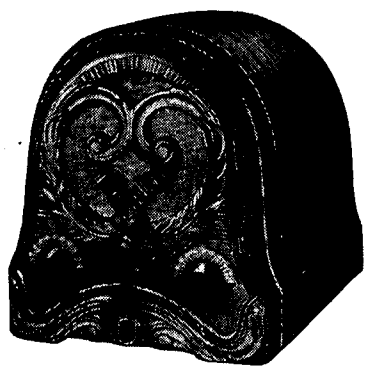
Famous Anachronisms No. 2



Mother to David:

"I know you killed Goliath . . . *I was there with a* CROSLEY!"

WHEN David came home with an additional three inches chest expansion after the big bout his mother immediately took him down. "I know just how you did it, Davy darling," said mama. "A toe-hold, an airplane slam, and you had him . . . just like that. Remarkable, son, but still more remarkable the radio account of the fight from that great distance."



The Crosley WIGIT

Now comes the sensational CROSLEY WIGIT—a small-sized, low-priced, super-performing radio receiver readily adaptable as a personal radio set for every member of the family and capable of bringing in distant stations in a sensational way. It incorporates THREE Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, electro power speaker and Mershon condenser. The one-piece cabinet is of Crosley Repwood "B". The sensationally low price is especially enticing. **$39.75** Complete with tubes

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of "*the Nation's Station*"—WLW
Powel Crosley, Jr., *President* Cincinnati

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY
CROSLEY RADIO

"It's very far from the same thing. It pitches us into the same kind of trouble exactly; but maybe since somebody else done it, we can turn the tables by locating the hombre that did do it."

Mona's eyes lightened, and a note of interest came into her voice for the first time: "You think you can do that?"

"By heaven," said Major, his voice rising again, "we've got to! But first we've got to find out a little something about Donnan; and you, God help you, are the only one of us who had anything to do with him!"

"Now you be careful what you say," his son flamed at him. "What's past is past, and you've got no right to air it in front of a stranger. I tell you, I won't—"

"What difference does it make?" said Mona, in her lifeless voice. "I would have gone to the ends of the earth for Hugo Donnan—or with him. And I would have, too, if you hadn't stopped it. It doesn't make any difference who knows that now; for all I care the world can know it."

SO THAT, thought Hughes, was the reason that Dick Major went gunning for Hugo Donnan.... It seemed to him, suddenly, as if the lives of these people lay open before him in brutal cross-sections. Especially it seemed as if the emotions of this girl had been laid bare before him. He stirred restively; and Sally Major turned her clear gray eyes upon him in a look of apology, understanding and companionship in difficulty. It made him grateful to her, as if Sally and himself were the only ones there who remained clear-headed in the welter of blind loves and hates which had brought war back to the Buckhorn.

"Who would have been out gunning for Donnan except your brother?" Major demanded.

Mona shrugged faintly. "Anybody. I don't think he had a friend in the world except me. All the Earl Shaw people had turned against him because they thought he'd come over to our side, because—because of me."

"But who in particular?"

"I don't know."

"I suppose you realize," said Major, "that you're giving us no help at all?"

"I don't see that it matters," said Mona.

"You don't see that it matters!" Oliver Major exploded. "Good Lord, girl, do you realize that your brother may never come out of this alive?"

"They can't convict him," said Mona, listlessly.

"Convict him? I doubt if they'll ever try. Once in the hands of an Earl Shaw posse, do you suppose he'll ever live to see the jail?"

"These aren't the old gun-fighting days, Dad," said Mona without interest. "There's the law. . . ."

"The law," repeated Major, staring at her with an ironic hopelessness. "The law!" He seemed despairing of words with which to tell these youngsters that the machinery of the law itself, when owned and subverted to private ends, could become a weapon more ruthless than the six-gun had ever been; and so, in the end, clamp down so relentlessly upon a brand as to bring the six-gun back.

"I don't doubt he'll get out of it," said Mona.

"I mean that he shall," said Major, "but where do you think the Buckhorn water will be when we're done?"

"The Buckhorn water—?"

"Who do you think has been standing off Earl Shaw's Silverado project, that'll leave the Buckhorn dry as a last year's horned toad? What stands in the way of it but me, and me alone?" He crashed a fist upon the desk. "Once I'm discredited, once I'm shown as a renegade old gun fighter bucking the law, who's going to block the water steal then? What stand will I be in to buck the politics of a state when Earl Shaw gets his own sheriff in again, and his posse is swarming up the valley trail to rope in Dick and Clay Hughes, and who knows how many of us more, on a charge of being mixed up in shooting a man from behind? What becomes of the Buckhorn water then? This is the time that Earl Shaw's been waiting for all his life—and my own flesh and blood has played me into his hands!"

Even the arrogant Dick Major seemed shaken to uncertainty by the old man's fury; but he spoke up briskly, "If you mean to quit without a fight—"

"Quit, hell!" said Major. "Bell that telephone! Get me the telegraph operator at Adobe Wells. They'll find there's a buck in the old longhorn yet!"

Dick Major stepped to the wall phone and twirled the handle.

"Sally, go to the storeroom and get Clay Hughes' gun belt for him. What's the matter, Dick?"

"There's no connection. The line's busted again some place."

"I expected that. It wasn't cattle that busted it this time, you can bet your bottom cent. Go get out the—"

He was interrupted by the squeal of brakes, as a car slid to a stop close outside. Major flung open the shutter. "Who's that?" he hailed.

"Jim Crawford," came the answer.

Old Major snapped his fingers with a pop like an exploding firecracker. "That does it! I was beginning to think they got him. Dick, rout out Bob Macumber and Bart Holt. Tell 'em gun belts and six-guns—no rifles this time. Hughes, Sally's gone to get you your gun—give Dick back his own. The rest of the boys are to stay in their bunks, Dick. Hump!"

Jim Crawford came clumping into the room, clean-shaven and competent-looking, but with an active worry in his green-gray eyes.

"Jim," Major told him without preface, "we're going back with you to Adobe Wells. Is Earl Shaw in town?"

"Yeah, I'm sure he is, Mr. Major."

"Then, if he's still to be found, I mean to have him in jail by sun-up, and his brother with him, and Dutch Pete too, if we can lay hands on him!"

"On what charge?" said Jim Crawford.

"Conspiracy to murder."

"You got any proof?" said Jim Crawford, uncertainly.

"Not a nickel's worth."

"Then, how can we—" began Crawford.

"You were first deputy, weren't you? That leaves you acting sheriff now, doesn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"WE'LL try to grill something out of some of them or their gang, and little enough we'll get; but if we can bluff Shaw's weak-kneed board of supervisors into leaving you in office for a few days—even a few hours—that'll be something."

An anticipatory gleam came into Jim Crawford's eye. "I don't think," he said slowly, "that those fellers are going to leave us put 'em in the jail. Not if they see any kind of a break at all, Mr. Major. There's going to be gun talk before morning, I wouldn't be any surprised."

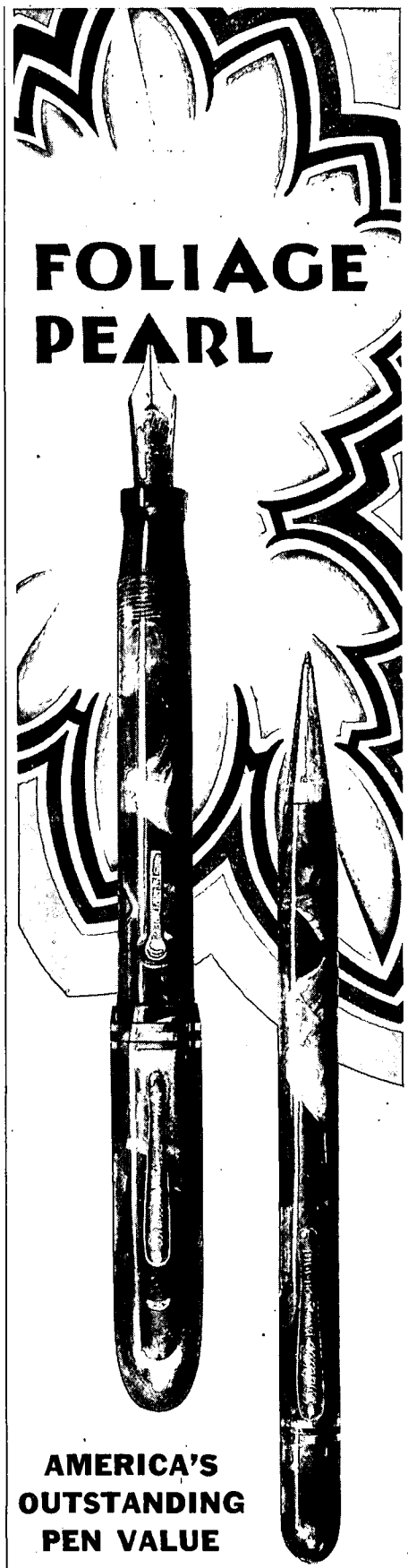
"We'll soon know; and, boy, I'm praying to God you're right!" The old man was strapping on his gun as he went striding out.

"Is Hughes going?" Sally called after him.

He grinned down at her as he took his gun belt from her hands. "Don't you think I'm good for anything at all, child?"

(To be continued next week)

FOLIAGE PEARL



AMERICA'S OUTSTANDING PEN VALUE

$5.00 never before bought such a big measure of pen value as this new Conklin Endura Foliage Pearl. $3.50 for the pencil to match. Both pen and pencil—not merely the pen alone—are covered by the Conklin Endura unconditional and perpetual service guarantee. Leading dealers will pridefully show you this and other ultra-modern Conklins.

THE CONKLIN PEN COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO
Chicago San Francisco

Conklin ENDURA
SERVICE UNCONDITIONALLY AND PERPETUALLY GUARANTEED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why Statesmen Straddle

Continued from page 8

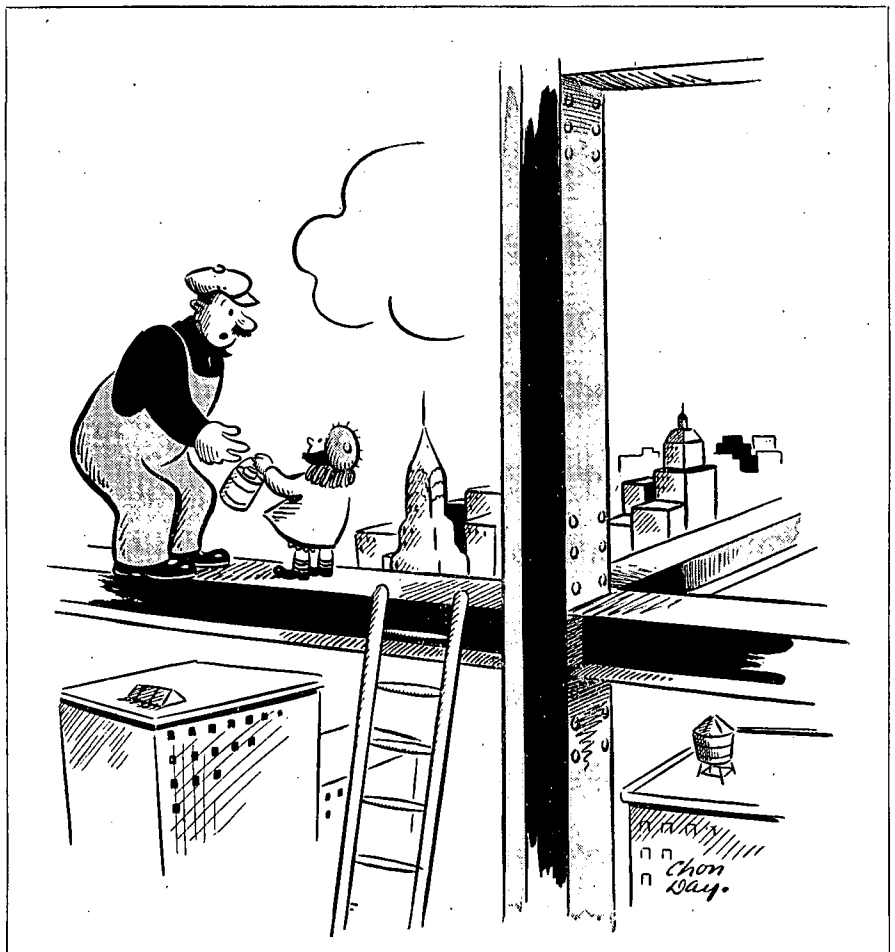
its chaste literary style and, second, because of the restraint it discloses. We were generally informed that the time had come to drive the renegades out of the party and adopt the Soviet system in its fullness; that is, to exile all whose opinions were not considered as orthodox.

The men who were thus being denounced as renegades and traitors to the party hold their seats in the Senate by overwhelming majorities and from states overwhelmingly Republican. The further fact should not be forgotten that these men had advocated before their constituencies the same measures, the same policies, which they advocated in the Senate and for the advocacy of which in the Senate they were denounced. They had taken their votes on public measures, their records and their attitude upon public questions to their people. They were authorized to speak, therefore, by virtue of the highest authority known to the government—the mandate of the ballot box. What, therefore, should these senators do in order to be good party men? Were they to surrender their views and betray their constituents? That was clearly implied from the criticism so freely given. I answer on the contrary, that by being true to their constituents they were loyal to the party.

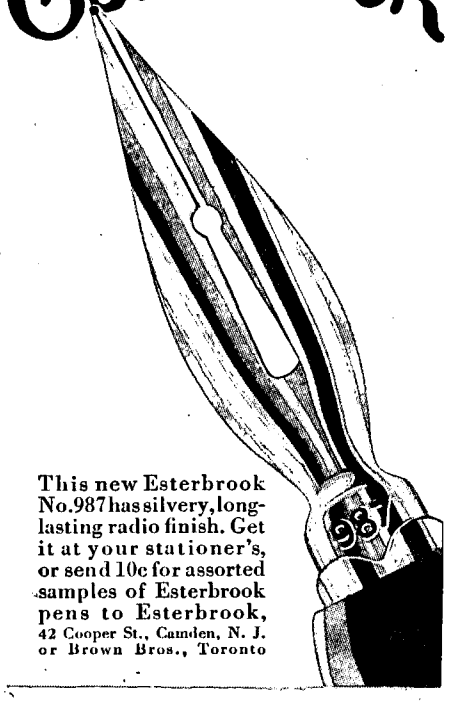
There must be room in party organizations, particularly in these times, for men to exercise their judgment and record their convictions unless we are to have a stunted band of political slaves; straddling, spineless political accidents professing to discharge the grave responsibility of legislators. These are rather troublesome times and we have rather involved and difficult problems, with no party program on three fourths of the questions which arise in Congress. This being true, so-called party leaders and party organizations may just as well make up their minds that, under such circumstances, men are going to think out and work out their own policies and follow their own convictions. And if they do so and take their positions on public questions to their people and the people approve and call it Republicanism, who shall question their loyalty? If they take their positions and are willing to answer to their people for their positions taken, in what respect have they failed to meet the qualifications of faithful public servants—what has the party organization to say about it if the people approve? "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." Whether public men are to take their instructions from the people whom under the Constitution they represent or from a few individuals claiming to represent a party organization—an organization unknown to the government and answerable to no constituency—goes to the very heart of representative government.

When the People Differ

Those who have assigned to themselves the pleasant task of standardizing all political thinking within party lines and of reading out all who do not conform to the yardstick must be prepared, I would assume, to enter a wider field of action than that of dealing with individuals. Differences of views between senators may or may not be serious. But differences of views between constituents out yonder in the open where political parties are made and unmade are always serious. Division in the ranks among the men



"Here's your dinner, Pop. Mom says to be careful!"

SMOOTH WRITING
... a new pen with a firm oval tip
Esterbrook

This new Esterbrook No. 987 has silvery, long-lasting radio finish. Get it at your stationer's, or send 10c for assorted samples of Esterbrook pens to Esterbrook, 42 Cooper St., Camden, N. J. or Brown Bros., Toronto

2½ minutes to SHAVE

"The protective film" lets the razor cut safely, close down where the hairs begin.
The Protective Film
of LatherKreem between blade and skin saves your face from razor bite and irritation; permits close, fast shaving the first time over. Just smooth it on and shave. No brush—no rub. Not a soap. Try this *skin protected* shaving in *par time*—2½ minutes. And enjoy face comfort. Sold everywhere.
Generous Tube 35c
Traveler's Jar 50c
14-ounce Jar 75c
kränk's
LATHERKREEM
More Than A Fast Shave···Skin Comfort
FREE One week's supply of LatherKreem. Mail coupon to A. J. Krank Company, 1885 University Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota. [217]
Name
Address

How To Keep Your DOG WELL

GLOVER'S
Condition Pills
Liquid Iron Tonic
and Laxative Pills
to keep up a good condition.
GLOVER'S
Round Worm Vermifuge
or Round Worm Capsules
Use either of these regularly to raise thrifty puppies.
Sold at Pet Shops, Drug Stores, Department and Sporting Goods Stores.
FREE valuable, illustrated book on the treatment and feeding of dogs;—Write
GLOVER'S
Imperial
DOG MEDICINES
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CASH FOR YOUR SPARE TIME
Easy to take orders from friends, relatives, fellow employees for Davis fine-quality, tailor-made suits at $24.50 to $45.00. Advertised in Saturday Evening Post. We supply instructions and $40 order outfit. Write quick for our plan.
P. H. DAVIS TAILORING CO.
Dept. C-1, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Little Ad with the BIG Bargain
$1.00 POSTPAID 200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, each neatly printed with your name and address, sent postpaid for $1. Correct in style and quality. Order a package. If you don't like it we will return your money. You can't lose. • Listen to the Hon. Frederick Landis as "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday evening at 8:30, E.S.T. over station WLW.
The AMERICAN STATIONERY Co. 100 Park Avenue PERU, Ind.

INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS
In good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.
PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

Aim for a BIGGER INCOME!
Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-134
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can increase my income in spare time.
Name .....
Address .....
Town .....
State .....

Mail Me Today!
MANY people idly wish for more money but you can actually increase your income by using our pleasant and profitable plan in spare time. Simply taking care of new and renewal subscriptions to COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Aim for a larger share of Prosperity! Just clip and mail the coupon above, today!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FUN on the rollicking way to EUROPE

Boys will be boys, and girls, girls . . . whether they're 16 or 60! They can be themselves in the rollicking, frolicking Tourist third cabin on IMM liners. They start having fun in the morning, have fun all day, and laugh themselves to sleep at night. But they do settle down to some serious eating three times a day.

$105 up

NO CLASS DISTINCTIONS on the Tourist third cabin liners de luxe, *Pennland* and *Westernland*. Their entire cabin accommodations are devoted exclusively to Tourist. The only steamers of their kind in the world.

Also delightful Tourist third cabin accommodations on such famous liners as *Majestic*, world's largest ship, *Olympic, Homeric, Belgenland, Lapland, Britannic, Adriatic, Baltic, Cedric*, etc.

Several sailings each week to the principal ports of Europe and the British Isles.

Send for fascinating literature describing our Tourist third cabin in detail.

30 Principal Offices in the U. S. and Canada. Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Authorized agents everywhere.

IMM

WHITE STAR · RED STAR · ATLANTIC TRANSPORT
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE LINES

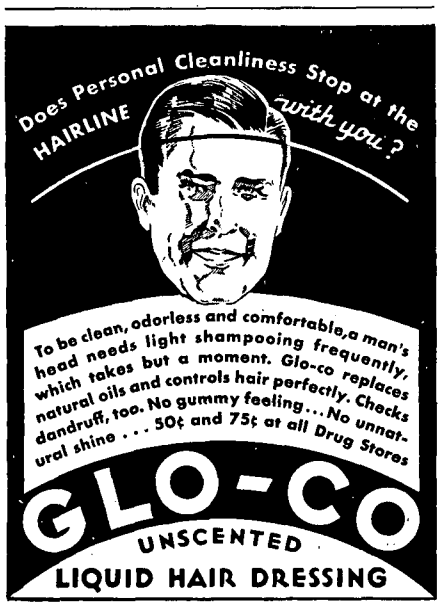
HOME-STUDY BUSINESS TRAINING

Your opportunity can never be bigger than your preparation. Prepare now and reap the rewards in earlier and larger success. *Free 64-Page Books Tell How.* Write *now* for book you want, or mail coupon with your name and address in margin *today*.

O Higher Accountancy	O Business Mgm't
O Mod. Salesmanship	O Business Corres.
O Traffic Management	O Credit and Collection Correspondence
O Law: Degree of LL.B.	
O Commercial Law	O Modern Foremanship
O Industrial Mgm't	O Personnel Mgm't
O Banking and Finance	O Expert Bookkeeping
O Telegraphy	O C. P. A. Coaching
O Rail. Station Mgm't	O Business English
O Railway Accounting	O Commercial Spanish
O Paper Salesmanship	O Effective Speaking

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 340-R Chicago

EUROPE CLARK'S NORTH CAPE CRUISE, JUNE 29, S. S. CALGARIC, $550 up—July 4, to Spain, Italy, Norway, Paris, London, by S. S. Laurentic, 19,000 tons, reg., $650 up.
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York


Does Personal Cleanliness Stop at the HAIRLINE with you?
To be clean, odorless and comfortable, a man's head needs light shampooing frequently, which takes but a moment. Glo-co replaces natural oils and controls hair perfectly. Checks dandruff, too. No gummy feeling... No unnatural shine . . . 50¢ and 75¢ at all Drug Stores
GLO-CO
UNSCENTED
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

and women who are in politics for no other reason than their unselfish interests in the public welfare may mean defeat; it may even mean dissolution and death, as the story of the Whig party so vividly recalls.

Both the old parties have constituents as wide apart as Senator Dwight Morrow and Senator Arthur Capper, and Senator Wagner and Senator Sheppard are on the liquor problem. If there were no division out there among the voters any quarrel between a few public men might well be regarded as stage play. But there is division there, and upon several vital national problems. And what the ultimate line-up will be no man knows, and no party organization is sufficiently endowed with prophetic powers to foretell, or to advise men who are sworn and pledged to their task as to their duties and their obligations.

At the Base of Loyalty

Men who are entrusted with the affairs of the party organization—by no means an unimportant matter—may flatter themselves that they are authorized to, and can, label men as leaders, and by their decrees send men into political "Caucasus." But if they are not wise enough to weld together constituencies, if a program cannot be devised which will unite the voters, they may well conserve their time and energy—they will be uselessly expended. That is the present task of political leaders and political organizations. The questions which confront the American people at the present time are very real questions to them. And these divisions will, both among men and constituencies, rest upon realities. The *people* cannot avoid these questions or straddle them. They must deal with them in deepest sincerity. Power, prohibition, transportation, the farm problem, taxation, the administration of justice, almost every question which reaches down to the homes and the daily lives of the millions crowds in upon us. Until the great political parties are able and willing to outline and present a national constructive program in the interest of the whole people, they are estopped from denouncing men because of their lack of party loyalty. There must be something to which loyalty attaches—important as political parties are and essential as they are in political matters, yet always above party is the nation.

Individuals may err, yet they should be permitted unassailed to carry out their pledges to their constituents, particularly upon subjects upon which their party has no program.

No one can be very happy over the present political situation and political outlook in this country. No one can feel any great degree of assurance as to the developments of the future. One would be greatly discouraged were it not for the reserve, wisdom and patience of the people. More than once in our political history, when leaders have failed and parties have sidestepped, the people have pointed the way. When the Democratic party and the Whig party met in their respective conventions in 1852, both were confronted with a great question of human rights. But they had no program for its solution. They stood in the presence of this profound problem, apologetic, appalled and silent. They finally concluded, however, as many men seemed still to believe, that they could settle, whether they settled it right or wrong, a question of human rights by resolution in a political convention and by denouncing everybody as a traitor to his party who refused to abide by and support the party action.

Both parties, therefore, declared that the slavery question had been settled for all time, that it was dead, and admonished all people to refrain from discussing or agitating it. The "little giant," Stephen A. Douglas, going home from the convention, is said to have declared he never expected to make another speech on the slavery question. Bless his brave soul, he was never permitted to discuss any other question. It was a noted exhibition of straddling. Webster had led out in this method on the seventh of March, 1850. Clay earlier had been on three sides of the question when the annexation of Texas was up for consideration. A grave problem cutting, deep and remorseless, into the life of the nation was believed amenable and subordinate to party expediency. But from the time of the holding of these conventions the people, in their respective communities, began their realignment. The compelling, driving, molding power of an aroused public opinion swept across party lines and swept aside men who were willing to exalt party above country and above human liberty. Ultimately, the true alignment was formed, an alignment based upon conviction and conscience—the only alignment which sends men into the trenches to fight for their party. The leaders of the old days did not care, they said, whether slavery was voted up or voted down. But there appeared in the political camp a strange figure from the prairies of Illinois with a new message, one who did care and who declared that right and justice were more to be coveted than political success.

We are scarcely less divided in these days, scarcely less devoid of any positive, constructive party program with reference to the vital questions with which the people are concerned and about which legislators must, in a more or less inadequate way, deal. It would seem that we have again come to the crossroads in our political and economic affairs. The people are restless and critical, not so much because they have ceased to believe in political parties or because they are less anxious to support political programs, but because they do not find their parties dealing with the questions which most deeply concern them. Old party slogans fall on restless ears.

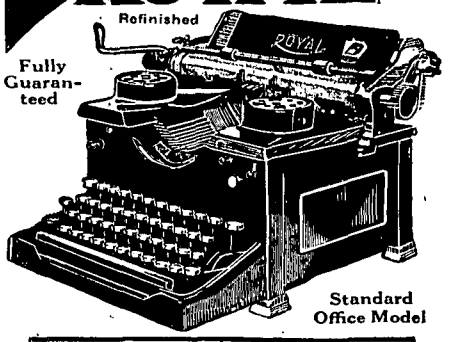
We're Tired of Cowardice

Party appeals leave the audiences unmoved because they hear nothing of how they are to deal with the things which they want most to know about. They are deeply stirred about the things which they do not see in the party platform or hear on the hustings. They support no party out of enthusiasm but out of fear that the other will be worse.

The questions which meet the people every hour of the day in their struggle for success are sidestepped, straddled or ignored. The public prints are filled with explanations that leaders did not mean this or did not mean that. When Mr. Hoover was understood to have made a clear, positive declaration after the Wickersham report, a perfect yell of terror soon went up for fear that he had imperiled party success. To such a pass has party pusillanimity or expediency come that a President must have no convictions or no decided views on any great problem.

I venture to believe that the political party which in 1932 comes forward with a bold declaration upon the great, pressing problems of the day will sweep the country—and this will be true whether the people agree with the program in all particulars or not—they would like to vote once again for courage, the courage of a Jackson, for the vision and faith of a Lincoln.

Save 1/2 Original Factory Price ROYAL



Mfg's Orgl. Price	Now Only
~~$100~~	$44.90

Easiest Terms Ever Offered

Through an exceedingly fortunate deal direct with the Royal Representatives, we offer this World-Famous Royal No. 10 (Standard $100 office model) all completely refinished for only $44.90 (cash) or on the easiest terms ever offered. *Save over ½ the manufacturer's original price* by dealing direct with us. Sell yourself—during this special 10 day trial offer. No one to influence you—no red tape. Simply try the Royal at our risk.

Now Yours for Only $1
Sent on 10 Days' Trial Down

Think of it—only $1.00 brings this fine Royal for 10 days' trial. See for yourself the amazing bargain it is. Write all the letters you wish. See how neat and perfect it writes. Compare its sparkling black gold and nickel finish with any typewriter costing twice as much. *Late features throughout.* Special price at $44.90 (cash) or only $3.50 per month until $49.00 (term price) is paid. *Send at once!*

FREE! FREE! Complete (Home Study) Course of the Famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned.

International Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 309
231 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose $1 deposit. Send Royal No. 10, F.O.B. Chicago, at once for 10 day trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied, I can return it Express Collect and get my deposit back. If I keep it I will pay $3.50 a month until I have paid $49.00 (term price) in full.

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Look at your nails—

Others do . . . and your stock goes up in their estimation when nails are trim and tidy. Keep them that way with a Gem Clipper . . . in the handy, compact pocket size—at drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50¢, Gem Jr. 35¢.

The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL Clippers

DOLLARS in your ground

Grow trees—make big profits—own a nursery—healthy spare time—only 14 ft. x 22 ft. of ground needed. You can make 100% on your investment quickly. Trees guaranteed to live. Ideal for Spring planting. Write today for special plan.

LIVING TREE GUILD *Dept. 326* **468 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.**

WHEELER "PLAYMATES"

With their sleek, trim lines, their unfaltering stamina and their infallible performance, these exceptional Cruisers are without a peer. They are built in strict accordance with the universally-known Wheeler standards of integrity. Among the twenty-one "Playmate" models, ranging from 22 feet to 62 feet, at prices from $1,950 to $37,500, you will find the boat that meets your demands in every particular.

For full description of each model, write for Catalog "16."

WHEELER SHIPYARD
Foot Harway Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Phone: MAyflower 9-7600

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you stop to think—
WRIGLEY'S will help you
—A real aid to digestion
—Good for the teeth
—Sweeten the breath

L150

Double-Action Entertainment

READ COLLIER'S—and listen to it on the air every Sunday evening.

Drama for the eyes and ears—reading and radio. Heroes and heroines, villains and "villainesses," step from the pages of Collier's to the stage of Collier's New Radio Hour.

Fast-moving, different, gay, gallant and modern — the New Radio Hour is the "speaking edition" of Collier's, broadcast every week to all America over a coast-to-coast hook-up.

Stirring music, prominent guest speakers, dramatic novelties from all over the world.

Tune in Sunday evening.

TUNING TABLE
Every Sunday Evening

East . . . 8:15 P. M.
WJZ New York WBZ Springfield, Mass.
WBZA Boston WHAM Rochester
KDKA Pittsburgh WLW Cincinnati
WJR Detroit

West . . . 7:15 P. M. Central Time
6:15 P. M. Mountain Time
KYW Chicago WREN Kansas City, Mo.
KWK St. Louis KOA Denver
KSL Salt Lake City

Pacific Coast . . . 5:15 P. M.
KPO San Francisco KFI Los Angeles
KGW Portland KOMO Seattle
KHQ Spokane

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

Collier's NEW RADIO HOUR

ALL STAR — ALL ACTION — ALL AMERICA

Jody Defies King Charles

Continued from page 17

Gold braid glittered on the cap of an officer in the yawl's prow, who called peremptorily, "Stand by! I am Don Rodrigo Yznaga."

"Howdy, Don," Cap'n Hezzy answered, and signaled for his crew to stop their sweeps. The barge drifted. The yawl drew alongside. Two Spanish sailors stood up and gripped the barge's gunwale, while a much-braided personage arose and asked, "Who commands this craft?"

"You're lookin' square at him," Hezzy replied. "That's me."

Don Rodrigo was a black-haired man with filigrees on cuffs and cap. "What cargo do you carry?" he demanded.

"Flour an' pelts an' tobacco from Ohio to Orleans."

Safe Conduct

The official glanced around Hezzy's deck, his eye glittered covetously at the costly furs that would bring many doubloons from European ladies. Barrels and barrels, too, of flour, which during the present scarcity of foodstuffs were worth their weight in gold at Orleans. Here was rich fruit, ripe for picking, so the official assumed his most austere expression and snapped:

"It is forbidden, under penalty, for you to navigate the King's river."

The braided Don might as well have used a whip and flicked Kentucky on the raw. Cap'n Hezzy felt the boy stiffen at his side and saw Jody's hand grope for the tomahawk. So Hezzy kicked Jody's shin behind the gunwale and kept him silent as the officer asked more questions.

"How did this contraband pass our upper forts without being stopped?"

The arrogant official now stood erect in his yawl, with two smartly earringed sailors. All three heads were within easy swing of Jody's hatchet, yet the boy restrained himself even when Don Rodrigo announced:

"It is my duty to arrest you and—"

"Afore you does that," Hezzy interrupted, "afore you gits yo' tail in a crack with Governor Miro, I figgers that you'd better read this here dockyment."

The flatboat captain took a soiled paper from his pocket, opening it for Don Rodrigo to read, saying, "Thar's the hand-write of all yo' commandants from New Madrid to Baton Rouge. Every one of 'em is passed this cargo, orderin' that Cap'n Hezekiah Dart, he's me, with his crew an' barge, is to be showed respeck."

Jody Karr stood scowling while the Spaniard considered Hezzy's letter from the American general, James Wilkinson, addressed to Governor Miro, Wilkinson being known at New Orleans as a friend of Miro's. A lone barge might be confiscated on this river and never heard from again, but Don Rodrigo dared not plunder this one.

"Ah, Captain," he said with a bow, "I beg a thousand pardons for delaying your voyage."

"'Pology accepted," Hezzy nodded, and the officer showed his teeth like a starving cur when a bigger dog has snatched away his bone. Then the don sat down limply, waving his oarsmen back to their schooner. . . .

The last long miles to Orleans. At the flatboat's crude unpainted prow Jody Karr stood erect in hunting shirt and moccasins and coontail cap, a barbaric figure that nevertheless typified the new civilization which was marching down this valley. The boy did not imagine himself as a forerunner of empire, but kept smiling with happy anticipations as their clumsy barge labored around the very last of four hundred tortuous bends. In another hour he would see New Orleans.

With much creaking of sweeps and swearing of sweaty men they moved along and swung into such a noble sweep of river that Jody gasped as he exclaimed, "Orleans!"

"Sartin. Thar she be," Cap'n Hezzy nodded.

"Cap," the boy's eyes lighted, "our parson claims that thar's a heap o' sin in that settlement."

"Well," observed the philosophic Hezzy as he spat into the river, "depends on how you squints at a sin. Spanners an' Frenchies is a long chance different from us. They thinks that Kaintucks is powerful wicked 'cause we raises so much hell all the time in a scrimmage an' occasional shootin'. But gamblin' an' theayters an' rooster-fights an' skylarkin' 'mongst the women—a Creole figgers that them pastimes is his domestic dooties. Dancin' too. Howsomever, lots o' church members claims that 'tain't no harm to dance, pervidin' you never crosses yo' legs. Son, some folks considers that virtue is stoppin' the other feller from doin' what he craves to do, when you ain't got no taste for that same thing yo'self."

The sun was almost down. Like a huge red ball it rested upon the top of a live oak just behind the city. Grim, gray fogs crept out from their morasses to shroud the town and veil the river in mystical illusions. At home Jody had heard folks talk of ships, especially his grandpap, who loved to brag about the transport that had brought him to Philadelphia as sergeant in His Majesty's redcoats who drove the French out of Canada. But the incredulous boy had jeered at old men's tales. Now he saw for himself, with two big bulging eyes, a whole flock of ships riding lazily at anchor—vague, blurry monsters, ghosts of the fog, bigger than any of Grandpap's wildest brags. Six or seven of them were standing hitched out there in the river.

"That's a Britisher." Cap'n Hezzy pointed his pipe at a crossbarred flag. "Thar's a Dutchman. Two Spanners. That'n's French."

Orleans! Orleans!

The lad's bright eyes popped wider at sight of a graceful brigantine that moved upstream without effort. Nobody was paddling her, yet the tall white phantom swam on against the current. Her towering piles of canvas, sail upon sail, bellied out beautifully in the breeze. Little boats darted around and Jody watched all of them at once, busier than a one-eyed boy at a three-ringed circus—Creole trappers in their pirogues; German farmers from the Côte des Allemands, who brought vegetables and milk; oyster schooners, shrimp-catchers, all sorts of curious folks.

Cap'n Hezzy's barge was now scraping against the embankment and Jody Karr leaped off with others of the crew, dragging their lines through the mud to make her fast at stem and stern. This was quickly done and their long journey from Ohio was at an end.

"Orleans! Orleans!" the dazed boy muttered again and again to convince himself. But he couldn't see a thing except rooftops and dingy gables. Lower stories of the houses were invisible from the river because of a solid earth embankment that shut off his view. The enormous ridge had trees growing on it at regular spaces and people were walk-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing about. So Jody did what any other boy would have done; he climbed to the ridge's top and took one peep at the town.

The well-drained crest of the levee, built long ago by Governor Perier, tree-shaded and cool in river winds, was the popular promenade where fashion came to take the air—the one dry spot on which a slippered lady dared set her foot.

First the mountain boy observed two black slaves in fantastic livery who marched very grandly along the levee's top, bearing a canopied chair which they placed on a rug beneath a tree. It did not seem like the mere placing of a chair, for those blacks made it a courtly function. Behind them waddled a fat old yellow mammy, bringing cushions and fussing around to arrange the chair more comfortably.

Off for the Show

Next came a young Negro wench, intensely black, with gleaming white teeth, who assumed her position beside the chair to wield m'lady's fan. Soon the queen herself appeared—a girl not much older than Jody, mincing along in voluminous skirts of silk that scintillated with all manner of colors as she walked.

Two gentlemen proudly escorted her, one of them a gray-haired beau, who ought to have been ashamed of himself for exhibiting his skinny legs in a pair of knee pants. He wore garters and bright red stockings, and glittering buckles on his shoes. Huh! Jody gave a sniff of disgust.

The lady herself, when she sat down, resting an elbow on the arm of her chair and smiling from one to another of the men who crowded around her—the lady was very beautiful. Yet she might possibly be one of those painted Jezebels that Parson Tackett had preached against. If it were a sin to look at her, Jody loved the sin. Several times she looked at Jody.

A brace of tar-black Negro men, with striped rags around their heads and a plume at the front, stood like statues behind the lady's chair. Stiff as ramrods. Those Negroes didn't move, never batted an eye while the white men kept bowing and scraping.

"Oh, Jody! Jody!" Cap'n Hezzy shouted from the flatboat's deck. "Come git your vittles. You can't enj'y the sights on a empty stummick."

For once the healthy boy failed to hear a supper call. He couldn't stop to eat, not when a drum began to beat, rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat. Jody turned to stare with fascinated eyes upon the parade ground just below. The *place d'armes* was an oblong square, flat and dotted by puddles of water, for the land which was protected by the embankment lay much lower than the level of a flooded river. From the center of the square a tall flagpole flaunted the red-and-gold banner of Spain. A squad of soldiers came marching towards their flag in such brilliant trappings and with such accuracy of drill that the Kentucky lad forgot his hatred. Instead of tingling to wallop the insufferable Spanish officer who commanded them, Jody eyed the youngster with frank admiration as he led his guard of honor to the flagpole, clicked his heels together and drew his shining blade. A sunset cannon boomed along the river. The furling banner floated downward and was borne away by its reverent guard.

Never before had Jody Karr witnessed such pomp and panoply. A queer lump choked him. He didn't mean to desert the flatboat and run away from Captain Hezzy, but the rat-tat-tat of that drum lured him on to follow the soldiers.

Without being conscious of what he did, the tall young Kentuckian descended from the levee and moved diagonally across the parade ground. A number of idle men were loafing about in front of what seemed to be a church—all sorts of fellows who spoke strange tongues.

Soon the Spanish officer and his squad passed out of sight and Jody had turned back again to Hezzy's barge when a sudden uproar burst out behind him. A hellish noise clamored outward from a street to the left of the church. High above the jangle of cowbells and the rattle of tin pans Jody's keen ear detected the blare of a single trumpet, the strong-armed pounding of a drum. Then he heard yells and human screams. An outcry like that in Kentucky always meant that Indians were attacking, and Jody glanced quickly at the groups of loafers. None of them seemed to be scared. Instead of showing alarm, everybody was grinning and a big unshaven fellow laughed as he said, in English, "Shivaree!"—that was the word, as near as Jody caught it, "shivaree." Immediately the whole crowd set off running in the direction of the fuss. Jody ran, too.

Colonial Creoles were born in mud, lived in mud, loved the mud. The rabble of mongrel fellows rushed pell-mell along Rue St. Peter, where they divided into two separate columns, each following a narrow footpath that was laid close beside the houses. These sidewalks are called "banquettes," and Jody recognized that they were built of barge timbers placed end to end and about two feet wide. The roadway itself was an impassable boghole, a loblolly of sticky blue slush. As they ran, the young Kentuckian fell in line behind the Englishman and with a woodman's instinct noticed every landmark. At first they seemed to have struck a big road which led perfectly straight and was intersected every hundred yards by other straight roads with a house at each corner and whitewashed fences in between. Mountain folk had never seen anything like that. So many houses, at every crossroad, regular as ducks going barefooted.

In a one-mile dash fleet young Jody might have outstripped the field, but he had left his weapons on the flatboat and didn't know what sort of a scrimmage he might blunder into. Couldn't see a thing except people running from every direction.

The Center of Excitement

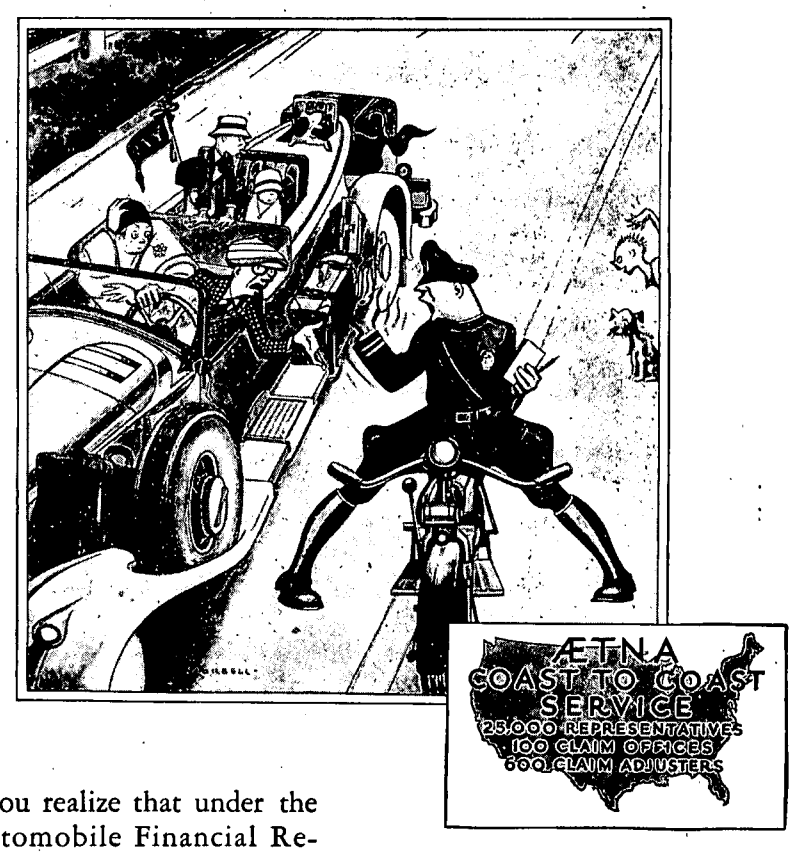
Ahead of him, somewhere to the right, the noises grew louder, a pandemonium of shrieks and shouts; the trumpet, the drum and a clatter of cowbells. Amidst all that racket Jody could hear folks laughing, even the high-pitched voices of women. The Frenchies must be holding some sort of a frolic and Jody wanted to see.

Two files of jostling men scurried like ants along the opposite banquettes. Sometimes a fellow toppled off and floundered in the mud that stuck like glue. Then everybody jeered. At the third corner, Rue Bourbon, their leaders whirled to the left and helped to swell a mob that had collected in front of a certain house. It was the finest house that Jody had ever laid eyes upon, built of smooth boards instead of hand-squared logs chinked with mud. It had glass windows, genuine glass. In fact there were two houses—a marvelous thing to Jody—one house perched on top of another house, and one gallery on top of another gallery. Long afterwards he learned that these were "two-story" houses. This one didn't have an inch of pasture in front, but was set on the big road, like a tavern. The door was painted blue, with a comical window just above it, shaped like a turkey-tail fan, and all lighted up from inside.

The hubbub came from this crowd. A

(Continued on page 62)

"I know all that but— you're in another state now!"



DO you realize that under the Automobile Financial Responsibility Laws now in force in a number of states, violation of the Motor Vehicle Laws may also take away *your right to drive?*

According to these laws even *non-residents* may be called upon to establish their financial responsibility—either by putting up cash or securities or by submitting evidence that they have *acceptable* insurance protection. One requirement: the company must be licensed to do business in the *state where the accident or violation takes place.*

Ætna Combination Automobile Insurance is acceptable *anywhere in the United States or Canada.* 25,000 Ætna agents from coast to coast insure *personal,* friendly service wherever you may be. Ætna service is also available in Europe.

An Ætna Combination Automobile Policy protects you against every insurable motoring risk. What's more, Ætna's long experience, wise management and tremendous resources guarantee prompt and fair settlement of every claim, regardless of how long it may be before a claim is brought against you. Protection *all ways—always.*

Ætna writes practically every form of Insurance and Fidelity and Surety Bonds. Ætna is the first multiple line insurance organization in America to pay to its policyholders *one billion dollars.*

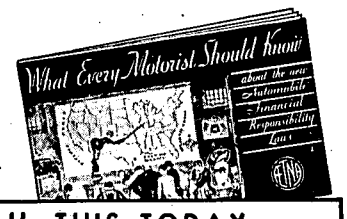
• • •

SEND coupon below for information about the Financial Responsibility Laws—and how they affect YOU.

ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—
HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company
The Ætna Life Insurance Company
The Automobile Insurance Company
The Standard Fire Insurance Company
of Hartford, Connecticut



MAIL THIS TODAY

The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen: Send me your *free* booklet—"What Every Motorist Should Know About The New Automobile Financial Responsibility Laws."

Name .....

Address C-3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAKES YOUR TYPEWRITER AS FAST AS YOUR FINGERS

IN one minute, 3-in-One Oil does three things to keep your typewriter eager for action. It *cleanses* working parts of old, gummy oil. It *lubricates* every point of friction. It *prevents rust* and *tarnish*, not only on moving parts but on polished surfaces as well. Applied with a cloth, it even cleans the type and keys.

On other office equipment, 3-in-One does the same three jobs—cleans; lubricates; protects. And because it is blended from *animal, mineral* and *vegetable* oils, it does them all at one time—better than any plain mineral oil ever can.

All good stores have 3-in-One in handy cans and bottles. Write for free sample and "Dictionary of Uses."

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY, DEPT. 71
130 William Street, New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. - - Montreal, Que.

3-in-One Oil
CLEANS - LUBRICATES - PROTECTS

DANDRUFF
A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

(*Continued from page 61*)

swarm of folks jammed the road. People that didn't mind the mud massed themselves around the door, jangling their cowbells and beating on tin pans. Trumpeter and drummer made an ungodly racket. What was it all about? Jody listened and watched until the hullabaloo got so bad that the front door opened and a man appeared on the threshold, all dressed up, with a flower in his buttonhole and looking powerful happy. In the hall behind him were a lot of people wearing Sunday clothes, jabbering and laughing. They seemed to be having a shindig.

An Old French Custom

When the man of the house opened his door, Jody noticed that the Englishman shoved everybody else aside, pushed them right and left, clearing a gangway to the doorstep, where he planted one huge muddy foot. The drums and bells all hushed while the Frenchman made a speech and talked mighty nice. Jody couldn't understand a syllable of their lingo, and didn't know why the Frenchman took a handful of money from his pocket. But the Englishman knew, and fought off a dozen outstretched hands to grab the cash.

"Come along, ye bullies," the Englishman called out, and everybody cheered as they followed him around the corner. Most of them kept on the banquette, but some few splashed right along the street, through the mud.

Behind the Englishman a hundred pairs of muddy feet stamped and shuffled into a groggery, where Jody saw many small round tables and chairs ranged about on a sanded floor. The Englishman strode to the bar and emptied his fistful of money on the counter. Then the folks began jabbering, men and women together, calling for what they wanted to drink.

"What's it all about? What's it all about?" Jody asked the Englishman.

"Well, Mate, that Frenchie got married and forgot to invite us. So we 'tended his wedding anyhow an' took plenty music. That fellow wouldn't have a minute's peace from now till Christmas, him and his bride, unless he stood for drinks. Take another, Mate."

After taking one swig of a sour slop that didn't hit the spot like good "red licker," Jody sneaked out of the groggery and found that the streets were getting dark. At one corner he saw a man pulling on a rope which operated like a block-and-tackle to let down a suspended lamp. The man lighted the lamp and hoisted it again, then hurried away to another lamp and left the first one hanging across the street.

"Gee," Jody chuckled, "whoever heard of hanging a lamp outdoors? Pap ain't goin' to believe *that*."

On the night that Jody Karr arrived at New Orleans the great fire of 1788 had not yet cleared away a hodgepodge of plank houses with shingle roofs which then constituted the Creole city. Most of these dwellings were one-story cottages, rarely two-story, and each originally occupied a corner, four houses to a square, the open spaces between being planted in vegetables. Social life was an amazing paradox of hardship and luxury. Ladies came out from France bringing with them magnificent furnishings that would have adorned a lordly château, to place their gilded tables and splendid mirrors in what was little better than a hovel. Often a gorgeous, glittering chandelier was hung from a wooden beam and marvelous carpets covered a floor that still showed the rough-hewn scars of an adze. Madame served her wine with equal grace in a chalice of priceless crystal or in a pewter mug. Her plates might be of tin or of gold, yet madame herself was always the *grande dame*, whether she accepted a royal hospitality at Versailles or dispensed it in her frame shack on Rue Bourbon.

Through this medley of contradictions the young Kentuckian went rambling, with both eyes peeled for delicious sins. Salvation may be free, but sins cost money and Jody soon considered: "Shucks, I ain't got a thrip and can't talk to a human. Mought jest as well travel on to my supper an' the jug." Yes, he'd go back to the flatboat.

The banquette along which he picked his way was raised above an unspeakably muddy street. It tickled Jody to remember a saying of the folks back home that "bad roads an' fist fights made Kentucky what she is."

"Gee," he chuckled, "ef Spanners kin fight as good as their roads is bad, all hell can't lick 'em!"

Dark had settled down, the thick, misty, tepid night of New Orleans. The narrow sidewalk barely gave space for one pedestrian to pass another, and now Jody saw a lot of folks coming towards him, people with lanterns. So the boy chose a convenient stopping place and made himself small against the fence to let them get by.

The people walked in single file, led by a strapping Negro buck who was dressed in red knee breeches and striped turban with a plume, like those servants that stood behind the lady's chair on the levee. Most of the time this big Negro walked backwards and held his lantern very low against the banquette. Naturally Jody glanced down to where the light was shining and saw a pair of very small, very white feet. And part of a girl's legs. Powerful pretty legs. No shoes or stockings.

Carefully the slave edged past, and Jody flattened himself still flatter against the fence. A wave of bewildering perfume filled his nostrils when the lady came abreast. She was now almost touching him, inching along the slippery timbers lest she fall off in the mud.

At a pace behind her mistress an old yellow "maman" raised her lantern to light the stranger's face, so that Señora might assure herself. Many thieves beset the streets of New Orleans, and m'lady wore rich gems.

The Señora Smiles

The Señora halted. Her face was less than a foot from Jody's. He could see her breathe, could see the undulations of a snowy bosom on which tiny sparks of fire rose and fell. At first Donna Margharita gave him only an inquiring glance. No. The lad's face was too honest for a robber's, his eyes too clear. Then she smiled, and Jody recognized her. It was the lady of the chair.

Not in a million years could he forget the density of those midnight eyes that for one thrilled moment gleamed into his own. And the miracle of it was that she, too, remembered him. An instant her red lips parted with a "Gracias, Señor," then the most noble Donna Ysabel Margharita Dolores y Trastamara lowered her lashes, lifted her skirts and passed on.

Following the adorable Señora came the old Negress bearing the lantern, and then a fat old mulatto maman, turbaned and starchy-skirted, also bearing a lantern and waddling with such ponderous hips that she nigh overbalanced herself in squeezing around Jody. Next in that motley train tripped a likely black wench, carrying slippers and stockings and m'lady's fan. At the wench's heels came another dressed-up Negro buck, lighting the path for a file of barefoot blacks whose cotton pantaloons were rolled to their knees. Each pair of these Negro slaves carried a plank, eight bearers in all, and four planks, forming a lengthy retinue. Last of all a grinning young ape bore the tail light of their procession.

Until everyone had squeezed past him, Jody held himself against the fence, then turned and followed. He was curious to know where they were going, and eager for one more squint at the lady of the chair. She a painted Jezebel? No, sirree. Parson Tackett had sholy overpreached himself.

Anyhow Jody Karr took back track and skirmished behind them twenty feet to the rear. When Donna Margharita reached the next corner she stopped. She was bound to stop, or wade through mud and get her pretty legs all gummed up. The barefoot Negroes knew their business and never waited for orders, but laid a gangway of planks end to end, stretching from banquette to banquette. A dressed-up slave led Señora, while two of the barefoots waded beside to steady her until she made the crossing with a swish of lingerie and a twinkle of ivory legs.

After the lady had passed over, her blacks picked up their planks to be laid down again at the next corner.

On Rue Burgundy, near St. Philip, Donna Margharita stopped in front of a rather imposing mansion, brilliantly lighted within and with two big lamps burning before its doors. The banquette here had been widened by a temporary platform to provide space for a couple of wooden tubs and two squatting Negro women.

"This is *Our* Port"

When the Señora arrived, Jody saw some men and ladies from the house who came out and made a great fuss over her, the men kissing Señora's hand as she stepped into a tub and the wench began to wash her feet. Such a jabber, such a powwow, and Donna Margharita must raise her skirts still higher, which was not objectionable to Jody. The worst of the mud being cleaned off, the Señora stepped out of the tub and fat old yellow maman knelt down and put a pair of slippers on Señora's dainty feet so that she might lower her skirt and go inside the house.

"Gee! This is a *real* show," Jody grinned and took his seat on the opposite banquette, where he could spy into an open door. Donna Margharita entered, with men swarming round her. Then she went upstairs, stopping halfway to flash back a dazzling smile.

"Shucks!" Jody rose and said. "Town folks sho does give theirselves a heap o' worriment. Reckon I'll go back to the boat."

Cap'n Hezzy leaned against the gunwale of his barge and smoked a pipe. Pirates of every nation infested this waterfront and his cargo could not be left unguarded. So Hezzy himself remained and greeted Jody.

"Queer, ain't it, son?" he observed, with a jerk of his thumb towards the ship lights in the harbor. "Queer, ain't it how folks from all over the world comes to Orleans? But, son, they ain't started yit, cause our valley is bound to fill up with thousands o' settlers. An' this is *our* port. Mind you, son, I said *ours*. Ours— How'd you like the town?"

"Tol'able good," Jody answered as he sat down with a pan of supper on his lap. "I aims to sell my skins tomorrer an' stay here quite a spell."

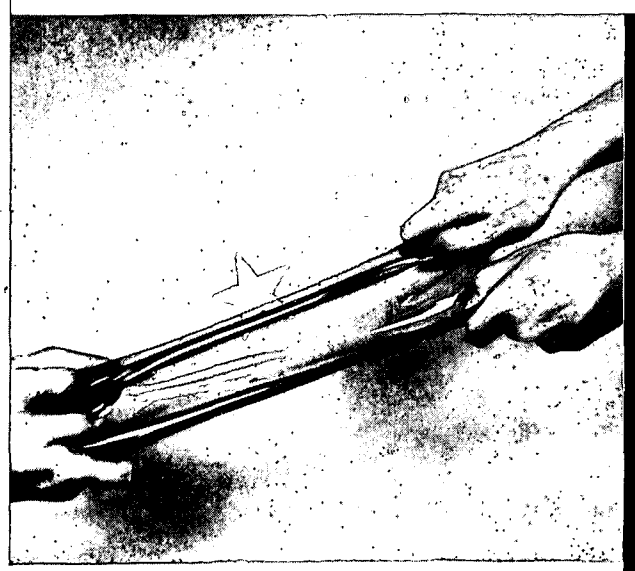
"Sartin. Sartin. Stay here like all the rest of 'em till the gals gits yo' money. Then walk home. But you'll come back again. Ev'body comes back to Orleans."

"Yep. I'll come back soon with a gang of the boys an' grab this town. I likes Orleans."

Another article by Harris Dickson about the Port of Queer Cargoes will appear in an early issue of Collier's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Famous VALSPAR tests



This shows a film of Valspar stretched between the hands,—what you would have if you could lift several coats of dry Valspar from a Valsparred surface. It can be stretched double its length.

"The Famous Valspar Boiling Water Test." Here you see a "close-up" of the test intensified by pouring boiling water on a Valsparred table covered with Dry Ice. Dry Ice is many times colder than ordinary ice.

THE tests shown above, dramatically picture two of the unusual qualities of Valspar.

When you pour scalding water on a Valsparred surface covered with "dry ice," (more than 100° below zero), a terrific warfare between heat and cold goes on amongst clouds of steam. And even with an instantaneous temperature change of over 300 degrees, Valspar is unharmed!

The other test shows the tremendous elasticity of Valspar. A Valspar film will stretch twice its own length and return to its original size. Elasticity means ability to expand and contract in extremes of hot and cold weather that would break down brittle finishes. Elasticity means long life!

You will probably never have occasion to perform these experiments. Nevertheless, boiling water, ammonia, vinegar, soap solution, alcohol and perfume,—all these things do get on varnished surfaces. But if Valspar is the varnish used, there is never a white ring or spot formed to mar appearances and ruin the finish.

Valspar is super-protection which gives added years of life and service.

VALSPAR Paints and Enamels contain Genuine VALSPAR!

Valspar Paints and Enamels contain the finest ingredients—lead, zinc, oil—combined with the utmost skill; and in addition they contain what no others do contain —*Valspar.*

Valspar imparts to paint and enamel remarkable properties of durability, waterproofness and color brilliancy. Its use as an ingredient of paint and enamel has been likened to the reinforcing that twisted steel rods give to concrete.

Its use means, for you, economy and satisfaction. To get best results ask your Valspar dealer for the correct Valspar Paint or Enamel for your purpose.

VALSPAR

VARNISHES • PAINTS • LACQUERS • ENAMELS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gastrogen *nips* Indigestion *decisively .. quickly*

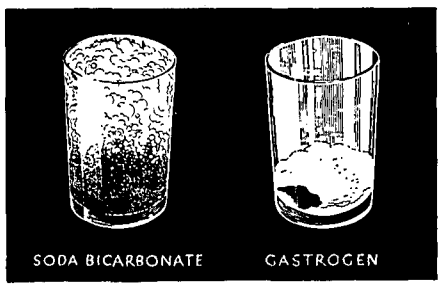
GET rid of that logy, fulsome feeling that follows your meals! Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets as soon as you leave the table. Acidity, heartburn and indigestion will quickly, quietly and comfortably disappear.

Gastrogen gives quick relief without the embarrassment of hiccups or gas that follows the use of soda. Nor can it alkalize the stomach or retard digestion because, unlike "bi-carb", it contains only insoluble antacids.

Your druggist has Gastrogen in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ and bottles of 60 for 60¢. It's harmless yet decisive in effect, and you'll like its spicy, aromatic taste!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)*
2. *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.*
3. *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. N-31
73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

The Deathless Miracle

Continued from page 28

"What, here in Walbrook? So do I," said John. "I say, will you . . . would you mind . . . what I mean is—please, what's your name?"

"Mary—Mary Willis."

"Thanks! Mine's John Martin. Perhaps we'll meet again?"

"If you like . . . perhaps," she murmured, and was gone.

"Determined! Me! Good Lord!" muttered John. Then, squaring his shoulders, he strode along the crowded pavement until, catching sight of a slim, young fellow, a little shabby yet very blithe and confident of air, he halted suddenly, amazed to see this was his own reflection cast by a mirror in a shop doorway.

ANGIER, the head clerk, greeted him with his usual matutinal scowl and the question:

"Well, what are you so dashed spry about this morning?"

"Old lad," answered John, setting his hat on its customary peg, "I'm thinking it's about time the boss gave me a raise."

"Have another think, then, my poor fish!" moaned Angier, climbing wearily upon his lofty stool.

John pulled down his cuffs, moistened and smoothed their rough edges, and two minutes later was gazing down upon that awesome object, to wit: the pink cranium of the Olympian—George Dale, Esquire, of Dale, Peek and Dale—just now spread-eagled above his morning correspondence.

"Wassmatter?" hissed this demigod, eyes cocked and a-glare beneath shaggy, white eyebrows.

"Sir, it's about a—" John swallowed violently, squared his shoulders again and continued in voice a little louder, "a raise in my salary, sir."

"Eh—eh?" barked the Olympian. "Ha, damme, a raise? How long have you been with us?"

"Five years, sir."

"How many raises have you had?"

"None, sir."

"See me later! Tell cashier! G'tout!"

So came John's first step, and he in such fever to tell Mary that daily in his luncheon hour he haunted Walbrook and the vicinity until he espied her at last, and felt himself the more elated because of the glow in her brown eyes and murmurous commendation.

Within this narrow and busy thoroughfare is, or was, a small sedate teashop wherein moves a sedate and elderly waitress answering to the name of Sibyl; and here daily it became the custom for this ordinary young man to break bread with the Princess, who, though she filled the place with the magic of her gentle, inspiring presence, was for him only Mary Willis, especially when of a Saturday afternoon (and the time their own) she would pour his tea and listen with such glad sympathy, her wise brown eyes upon his preoccupied, commonplace features, while he told her of his failures or successes and discussed his problems, relying upon her quick judgment.

So time sped, bringing its changes as time must. John was greatly changed, his shoulders seemed broader, his eye bright and purposeful, his slouching step quick and firm; his clothes were no longer shabby, his small bedroom had burgeoned into a cozy flat, for John was climbing apace.

Though pressure of business kept him prisoned all the week or sent him traveling far and wide, yet every Saturday afternoon brought him to the humble little teashop and mere Mary. On this particular Saturday he was so obsessed with momentous affairs that he was less aware than ever of the Princess and blind to the trouble in her gentle eyes.

"I'm glad you've succeeded, John. I knew you would!"

"But I haven't told you half yet. . . . Mary, they want me to go abroad. . . . Africa! To open a new branch!"

"Abroad, John! When?"

"At once! They're offering me . . . fifteen hundred a year!"

"Oh!" said she, very softly, but the teapot clattered as she set it down.

"Fifteen hundred isn't so bad to begin with, eh, Mary?"

"It's . . . wonderful!" she murmured.

"But Africa's a long way off and I don't like leaving old London . . . and you, of course. Besides, I hate change."

"It's good for us . . . sometimes," said she breathlessly. "And . . . you've changed . . . very much since we . . . first met."

"Well, I should hope so!" snorted John, glancing down at his immaculate person. "But about this offer? I've a good mind to let it go. What do you say, Mary?" Dumbly she turned to glance across the little shop, empty now save for themselves and Sibyl crocheting demurely in her corner, and with head thus averted she whispered:

"Oh, why ask me?"

"Because you will advise me for the best. You always do, you always have." Then, being the Princess, she answered, though with face still averted:

"You must go . . . of course! This is the chance you've worked for. . . . And now . . . I'll go home."

"Why so early today, Mary?"

"My head aches and I'm . . . rather tired."

"I wonder," said John as they stepped into the street, "why you are so different from other girls? Lord, Mary, I shall hate to leave London and—"

"You'll get used to it, John. Africa must be wonderful . . . and you'll be . . . settling down . . . getting married—"

"Too busy, Mary! Besides I've never met—her yet. I mean the only woman, the dream girl."

"No, I thought you hadn't, John. But you'll find her . . . in Africa perhaps. I wonder what she'll be like? Beautiful, of course."

"Well, naturally! Someone with yellow hair and blue eyes. And yet—I fancy I'm not the marrying sort—"

"And there's my bus, John . . . Good-by! No, don't come any farther . . . I'd rather be alone, my head's cracking! You'll try to see me before . . . you leave?"

"Good Lord, Mary, of course!" And when she and the bus had vanished, John hurried to his cozy flat, there to lay plans for his ever-brightening future, while Mary, locked within the solitude of her bare little room, wept long and bitterly because her eyes were brown.

ENSUED a harassing week for John. Nevertheless on Saturday afternoon he entered the teashop, bright-eyed and eager, to find it a wilderness holding no more than an aged man who champed a muffin and Sibyl busied with her never-ending crocheting; crossing this howling desolation, John questioned her in tone aggrieved:

"Where is she, Sibyl? Has she gone? Couldn't she wait?"

Sibyl sniffed.

"Sir," she answered, "if you mean Miss Mary, she ain't been here since Monday, she ain't well—"

"Eh, d'you mean she's ill?"

"And, what's more, she's lost her job! Ah, lost it three weeks ago, she did—"

"Three . . . weeks!" gasped John. "But . . . why didn't she tell me?"

"P'r'aps because you never asked her. You never do. And now she's ill, pining away! Ain't been herself for a long time, but you never noticed—not you."

"No, I didn't, Sibyl, I didn't . . . damn it, I never even guessed—"

"No, you ain't much of a guesser, Mr. John! Some folks may think you're smart, and others, that's me, thinks you're a chump and—what's more—" Sibyl stopped, head cocked in romantic speculation for, with a sort of leap, John was off and away. He hailed a taxi and therein was whirled to a grim street of gloomy houses, into one of which he sped and, climbing many stairs, knocked upon a door, which had barely opened when:

"Mary!" said he.

"John!" she gasped.

"Why, Mary, how pale you look! May I come in? Are you ill? I never knew, never guessed—"

"Oh, I'm all right now," she answered breathlessly. "Do you mind sitting on the bed? And you . . . you've come to say good-by, of course—"

"Yes, Mary. But you see I didn't want to leave London and you, so I stuck the firm for another two hundred pounds and they agreed! So I simply must go, now."

"Yes . . . yes, of course you must."

"But I can't leave you like this . . . I mean out of a job. So I want you please to let me help you . . . I mean to say I'm going to lend you a hundred pounds—"

"THAT'S sweet of you, John, but there's no need. I found a situation yesterday. I'm going to begin on Monday."

"Fine!" cried he, clasping her nerveless hand. "I'm frightfully glad. Still, I'm going to lend you that hundred—"

"No, John—please, I'd rather not! Tell me, when do you sail?"

"Next Tuesday . . . I say, Mary, will you—I thought perhaps you'd let me take you out to dinner and a theater—"

"No—no, oh, I couldn't! I mean . . . I'm not quite up to it, John dear . . . but thank you all the same. And, John, I . . . always hate saying good-by—let's say it and have done." So John clasped her slim, cold hands, felt an impulse to kiss her, checked it, muttered, "Good-by!" and heard the door close behind him.

Having descended the many stairs he paused and stood irresolute, but this time, obeying impulses, went hurrying back for a last word. Receiving no answer to his knock he ventured to open the door. . . . She was kneeling by the open window, her slim body shaken by great sobs, her pale face agonized with bitter grief. Now as he stood, dumbstruck and aghast, he suddenly beheld this forlorn and woeful figure through a glitter of tears that burned and stung; and these tears being manly because they were so utterly unselfish wrought such magic that he visioned her truly at last, seeing not the grief-wrung features of poor, desolate Mary but the Princess radiant with a beauty imperishable, the very woman, his ideal and inspiration.

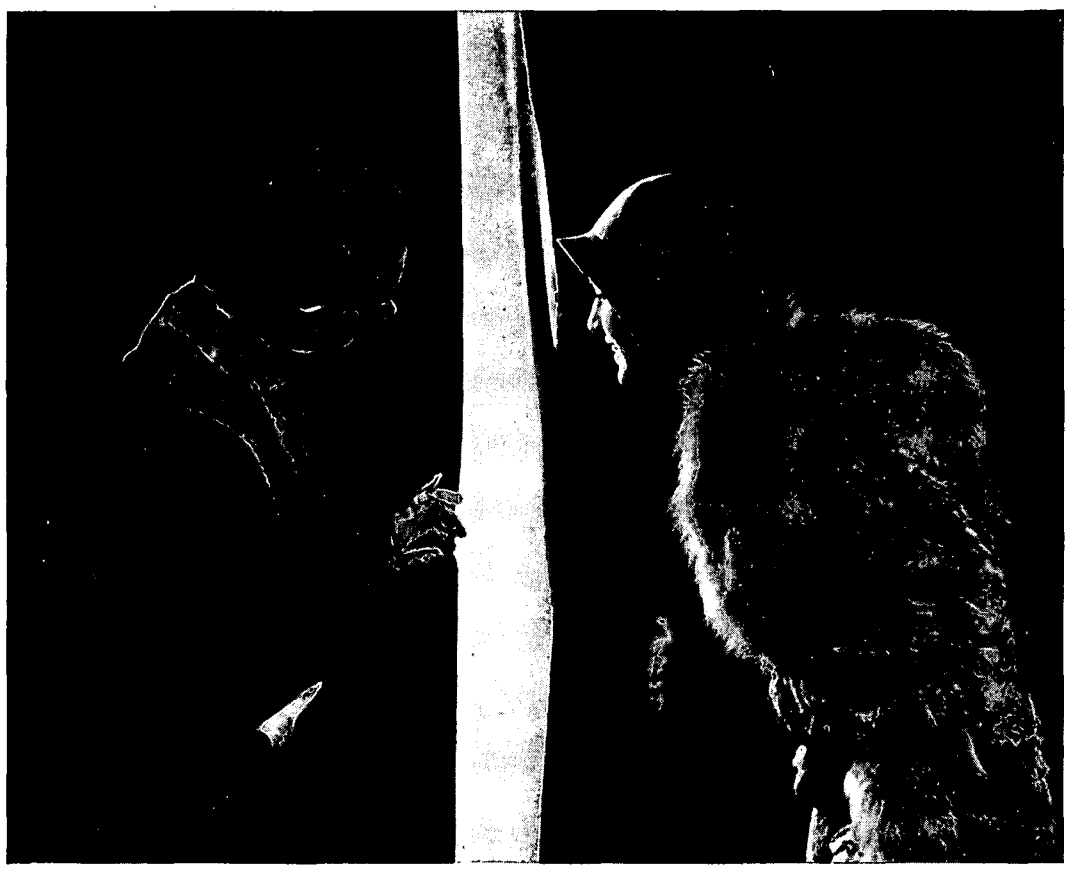
"Mary!" he cried; and, looking up, she saw commonplace John quite transfigured by the new-born adoration of his eyes, the half-fearful entreaty of his eager, outstretched arms.

"My dear!" she whispered, "oh, my dear!"

Thus the Princess in her mercy went to him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hail a New Super-Air-Way



Hail New Standards of Perfection in an Electric Cleaner . .

It remained for Air-Way to create a marvelous new type of electric cleaner to meet the greater modern demands for sanitation, safety, cleanliness and beauty . . . .

The new Super-Air-Way challenges the interest of discriminating women because it embodies the ideas not only of practical engineers and master craftsmen, but also the demands of prominent public health authorities whose recent researches have determined the health menace in germ-laden household dirt.

Hundreds of thousands of women who will buy electric cleaners this spring will demand more efficiency, higher standards of safety, greater health protection and larger value in home cleaning services than ever before. These greater modern requirements are squarely met by the new Super-Air-Way which is a wholly new and different type of cleaning device. Every woman is invited to telephone her local Air-Way branch for a free demonstration of this new achievement in electric cleaners, and judge for herself the value of new exclusive and superior Air-Way features:

1. Unusual stream-line construction and new super-power motor that combine to provide an unprecedented "pick up" power to get surface litter and deeply imbedded dirt.
2. An electric cleaner rightfully termed a Sanitary System because it offers protection from the dangers of infectious household dirt. Air-Way was the first to use the term Sanitary System in connection with a cleaning device, because Air-Way was the first to emphasize the need for a cleaning system that would be both efficient and sanitary.
3. A remarkable new invention presented to the public for the first time, that now makes it still more simple and easy to dispose of collected dirt safely, conveniently and finally, without removing a cloth bag.
4. An engineering accomplishment that has transformed an electric cleaner from a mere cleaning tool into a beautiful, artistic instrument that is pleasurable to use and that arouses a new pride in ownership.
5. A cleaning device that combines, in one complete unit, services for practically all cleaning problems that do not require soap and water—a floor polisher, a moth control, a floor cleaner especially designed to solve the various problems presented by new type rugs and carpets.
6. Lightness—ease of operation—quick cleaning.

See all of these things and scores of others in your own home. See how scientists, engineers, home economic experts, public health officials and practical housewives have collaborated to build a new type of electric cleaner to meet your present needs. You should know what Air-Way's exclusive patents provide in the way of services before you buy. Investigate Air-Way service before you invest in a cleaner.

Free Training—Helpful Direction—No Investment

This new Super-Air-Way offers an outstanding opportunity for high-class men to establish a pleasant, permanent and profitable business of their own. Write Air-Way Sales Director.

Air-Way

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SANITARY SYSTEM

No Cleaner Bag or Container to Empty

Phone or Write

Air-Way is represented in hundreds of cities and listed in the telephone books under "Air-Way Branch of (your city)." If no Air-Way Branch is listed in your telephone book, write direct to the factory and complete information will reach you promptly.

AIR-WAY ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CORPORATION, TOLEDO, OHIO, U. S. A. . . . . AIR-WAY LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

An Open Letter

to the Honorable

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

Chairman, National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Won't you clear up the confusion which still beclouds your prohibition report? So much of mystery surrounds your findings and your recommendations that your fellow citizens are unable to glean from your work that light and guidance which had been so confidently expected.

Your distinguished fellow citizen, Thomas Alva Edison, was quoted in the daily press as saying extravagantly that the prohibition report amounted to exactly nothing. Mr. Edison must have been speaking as a mathematician. Your "Yeses" and "Noes" do seem to cancel each other so that little remains, but actually there is more to your report than meets the hurried glance. You and your eminent associates evidently learned more during the nineteen months you devoted to the subject than you clearly admitted in your published statements.

Won't you answer plainly a few plain questions so that your fellow citizens may have the benefit of the experience you have gained as a public agent? Here are some of the things many would like to know:

First, how did you persuade a majority consisting of five men and one woman, each of whom filed an individual report recommending the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment, to join you in opposing the repeal of that amendment and in saying nothing jointly concerning its revision?

Why, specifically, did Colonel Henry W. Anderson say with you on page 145 that the Commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and say on his own behalf on page 173, "I am compelled to find that the Eighteenth Amendment and the National Prohibition Act will not be observed and cannot be enforced"?

What led Newton D. Baker to say on page 145 that the Commission is opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and on page 197, "In my opinion the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed and the whole question of policy and enforcement with regard to intoxicating liquors remitted to the states"?

Mr. Baker cannot at one and the same time both favor and oppose repeal.

How did it happen that President Ada L. Comstock of Radcliffe College joined you in silence concerning revision of the Eighteenth Amendment and yet in her separate report recommended its immediate change and revision?

How was Frank J. Loesch reconciled to opposing repeal on page 145 while saying on page 265, "I have come to the conclusion that effective national enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment in its present form is unattainable; therefore, steps should be taken immediately to revise the amendment"?

How did Kenneth Mackintosh come to recommend revision on page 269 while joining with you in upholding the amendment on page 145?

How did it happen that Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard permitted himself to be quoted as opposing Constitutional changes on page 145 while on page 280 he urged the revision of the amendment?

How, in plain words, were a solid majority of your organization induced to deny as a commission what they asserted as individuals?

Why were the misleading conclusions and recommendations issued to the press four hours before the report which qualified them was released?

Why did you permit your first statement to appear to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment while actually a majority of your members strongly recommended change in the Constitution and in the law?

Your fellow citizens realize the difficulties which you faced in dealing with a question so vast in its relationships and so obscured by partisanship and passion. The unwillingness of politicians and of elected persons to speak frankly upon a matter so controversial was in fact the occasion for inviting you and your colleagues to make a prolonged and costly inquiry into the subject. You were entrusted with this grave responsibility because your courage and your intelligence were respected.

You were not asked to make a report based upon political expediency. Congress and the President must deal with politics.

You were instructed by law to make "a thorough inquiry into the problem of the enforcement of prohibition under the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment." Large sums of public money were put at your disposal. You were expected to report what you found.

Not one of your commission found satisfactory conditions. A minority of you asked individually that more time be given to prove the possibility of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. A clear majority reported as individuals their beliefs that the law as now constituted was neither enforced nor enforceable. Why was it necessary for you as a commission to obscure the judgment at which individually you arrived?

You very well realize, Mr. Chairman, the gravity of the evils which afflict this Republic because of the corruption and contempt for law bred by the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment. Will you not deal frankly with the American people and rise to the opportunity put before you by President Hoover at your first meeting, May 28, 1929, when he said:

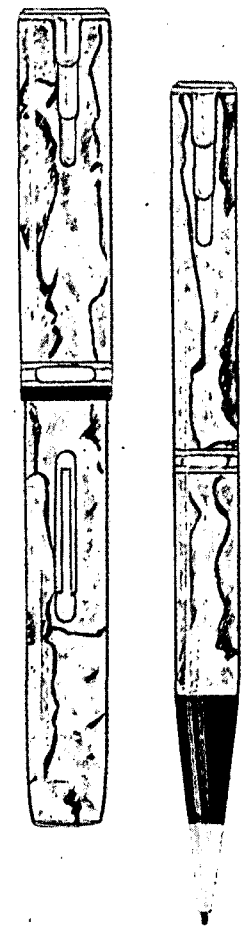
"It is my hope that the Commission shall secure an accurate determination of fact and cause, following them with constructive, courageous conclusions which will bring public understanding and command public support of its solutions."

Respectfully yours,

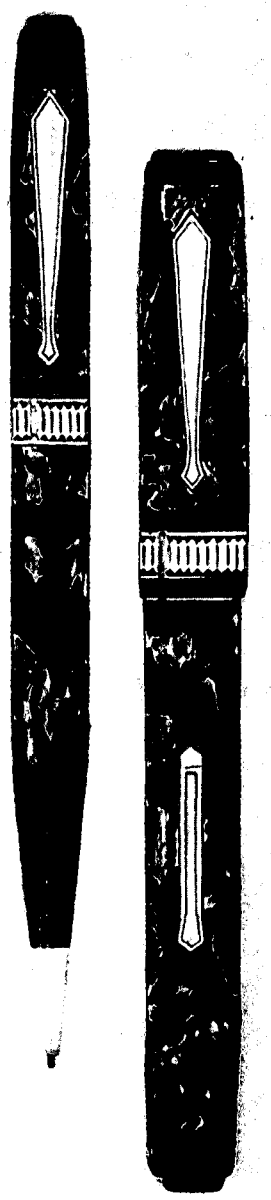
William L. Chenery
EDITOR

The President and the Wickersham Commission. Seated, left to right, are Roscoe Pound, Ada L. Comstock, Attorney-General Wm. D. Mitchell, President Hoover, George W. Wickersham and Wm. S. Kenyon. Standing: Kenneth R. Mackintosh, Monte M. Lemann, Paul J. McCormick, Wm. I. Grubb, Frank J. Loesch, Newton D. Baker and Henry W. Anderson

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Waterman's Lady Patricia, in choice of three colors. Pen $5. Pencil $3.



Waterman's Patrician, in choice of five colors. Pen $10. Pencil $5.

YOUR pen is here

colors and prices to suit all

Yours, no matter who you are! Because each of these pens fills every requirement that wise people demand.

If you're a man . . . successful . . . looking for the finest possible pen on the market—undoubtedly the PATRICIAN is yours.

If you're a smart woman, insistent on the charming yet practical details . . . it's the LADY PATRICIA.

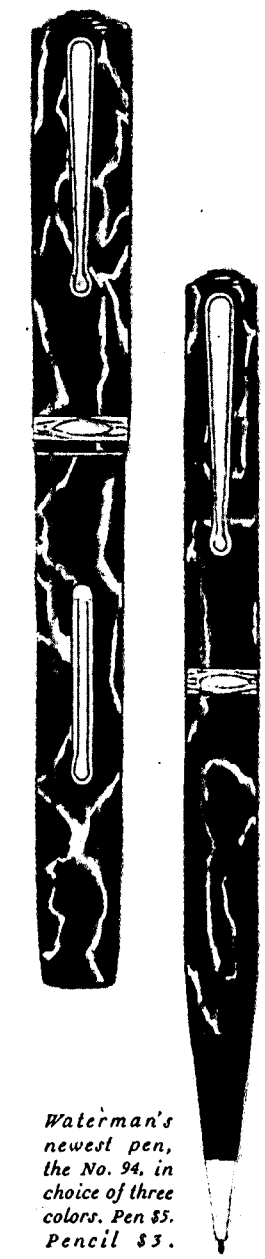
And if you're a student, business, or a professional person with $5 to spend — yet demanding quality and performance for that . . . it's Waterman's No. 94.

Remember, too, Waterman's INKS make *every* pen write better.

Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

L. E. Waterman Company
191 Broadway, New York • 40 School Street, Boston
129 South State St., Chicago • 609 Market St., San Francisco • 263 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

Waterman's



Waterman's newest pen, the No. 94, in choice of three colors. Pen $5. Pencil $3.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't let "Pink Tooth Brush" go on!

Check it, at once, with Ipana and massage

Learn this Modern Way of caring for Teeth and Gums!

WHY *shouldn't* your gums be flabby and tender? They don't have enough work to do! You eat soft foods, and lacking proper exercise, the gum walls become daily more infirm. Then "pink tooth brush" comes, with its solemn warning.

It's far wiser to stop "pink tooth brush" before it actually leads to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or the much feared but less frequent pyorrhea. It's *certainly* wise to stop it before you incur the risk of losing some of those perfectly sound teeth of yours through infection at the roots.

Get after "pink tooth brush" before it does any real harm. Clean your teeth with Ipana in the regular way. Then put some additional Ipana on your brush and lightly massage it into those lazy gums of yours. Ipana contains ziratol, widely used by dentists for treating tender gums. Ipana and massage will speed the circulation through your gums, firm and tone the tender tissues, and restore the sparkling whiteness of your teeth.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-31
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

© B.-M. Co., 1931

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED